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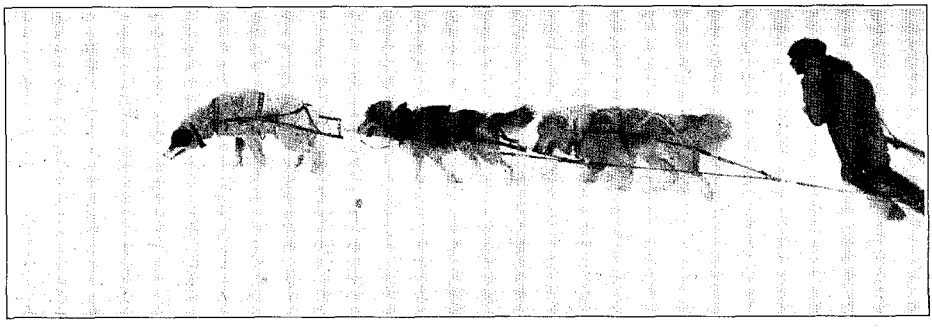

Hard work on Muldrow Glacier.

THE ASCENT OF DENALI

(MOUNT McKINLEY)

BY HUDSON STUCK, D.D.

Archdeacon of the Yukon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SAYS Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, in one of his essays, quoting from the Psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," and he adds, with something of the flippancy that at times disconcerts even the warmest admirers of this stimulating though whimsical genius, "but I will not lift up my body to them unless I have to." It is quite otherwise with the present writer. Again and again, now from one distant elevation and now from another, during eight winters of continuous travel in the interior of Alaska, the splendid vision of the greatest and loftiest mountain mass in North America has appeared before his eyes, and each time has left him with a keener longing to reach its summit. Always delighting in climbing, and interested in the annals of climbing, he brought the hypsometrical instruments used on this ascent, and the personal climbing equipment, to the country nine years ago, in the knowledge that it contained an unclimbed mountain of the first class. But the opportunity of using them did not come. Even to a man living in Alaska the time and the expense involved in an attempt to ascend this mountain are considerable, though the expense be solely that of equipment and subsistence. It was only last year that he found himself in a position to plan the enterprise satisfactorily, and was able to secure the co-operation of Mr. H. P. Karstens, without whom it would not have been entered upon at all. The expedition was thus a joint one, and this

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explanation is written because Mr. Karstens has been spoken of in the newspapers as a hired guide.

Meanwhile a number of attempts had been made to reach the summit—none with complete success. The expedition of 1912 was so nearly successful that it seems almost ungenerous not to call it the first ascent; yet the top is the top, and to be forced to turn back within three or four hundred feet of the top is to have failed to complete the ascent. So it seemed that the mountain-top had waited for us.

There is just one sensible, economical way to get supplies within climbing distance of Denali, and that is by water from the interior. In September, 1912, Mr. Karstens took his gasolene launch and a poling-boat loaded with a ton and a half of foodstuffs from Fairbanks, and pushed the "outfit" up the Kantishna River, and up its tributary, the Bearpaw, to a point about fifty miles from the base of the mountain, and there cached both the poling-boat and its contents. It was done in less than a week. Had we been able to send in the stuff a little earlier, when the rivers were higher, it could have been cached still nearer the mountain.

On 14th March, 1913, after a winter spent on the trail, the writer and his half-breed boy, Walter Harper, picked up Mr. Karstens in Fairbanks and went down with the dog-team to Nenana, on the Tanana River. Here, at the mission, the other members of the party joined us: Mr. R. G. Tatum and two native boys taken out of the school, Johnny and Esaias. Equipment and supplies that came from the "outside" too late to go in with the foodstuffs lay here, and another dog-team was procured, so that we started across country for the Kantishna mining-camp, six men and boys, and fourteen dogs strong.

The Kantishna camp is one of the smallest of Alaskan gold camps, supporting some thirty men. In 1906 there was a wild stampede to this region, and two or three thousand people went in, chiefly from the Fairbanks district. Town after town was built—"Diamond City," "Glacier City," "Bearpaw City," "McKinley City," "Roosevelt"; but the next summer the boom burst, and all the thousands streamed out. The "cities" are now mere collections of tumble-down cabins, ungrown with brush and weeds; and the moose roams through them at will. Gold there was and is yet, but in small quantities only. Our journey led us right through this camp, and we lodged over night in the solitude of some of these "cities." But even thirty men living and mining in a district break trails and keep them open, and our journey from Nenana of about ninety miles to "Diamond City," where our cache was made, was over good hard surface, either snow-trail or "overflow" ice. Packing on one's back a mercurial barometer that one dare not intrust to the sled, over the uneven slipperiness of the frozen overflow is a precarious business, but there was no help for it. From "Diamond" the relaying of the supplies began; but even yet, as far as the McKinley Fork of the Kantishna, we had a hunting-trail to follow, and only when we left that stream to ascend its tributary, the Clearwater Branch, did we begin to break trail through the winter's snow, some twenty-five miles from the base of the mountain, the mighty wall of the whole Alaskan range now stretching before us.

Long before, in the bright clear March weather, we had glimpse after glimpse of Denali and Denali's Wife, looming larger each day. But it should be stated that the view which this face of the group presents is never a satisfactory one. The foreshortened receding ridges, the receding dome, lack strong lines and decided character. The same is true in even greater degree of the aspects from the southern slope of the range, all travellers and all photographs agreeing as to their tameness. There is only one face of the Denali group that is entirely satisfying, that is adequate to the full picturesque potentiality of a twenty-thousand-foot elevation.

The writer knows no other view comparable with that of the west face from Lake Minchúmina, which he had upon a winter journey to the Iditerod, by way of the Kuskokwim, two years ago, but which very few white men have ever seen, and none others who have attempted the ascent. There the two mountains rise, side by side, out of a wide marshy country, probably not much more than one thousand feet above the sea, sheer precipitous rocks, utterly inaccessible, savage and superb. There are no rounded shoulders, no ridges, no receding slopes, no horizontal

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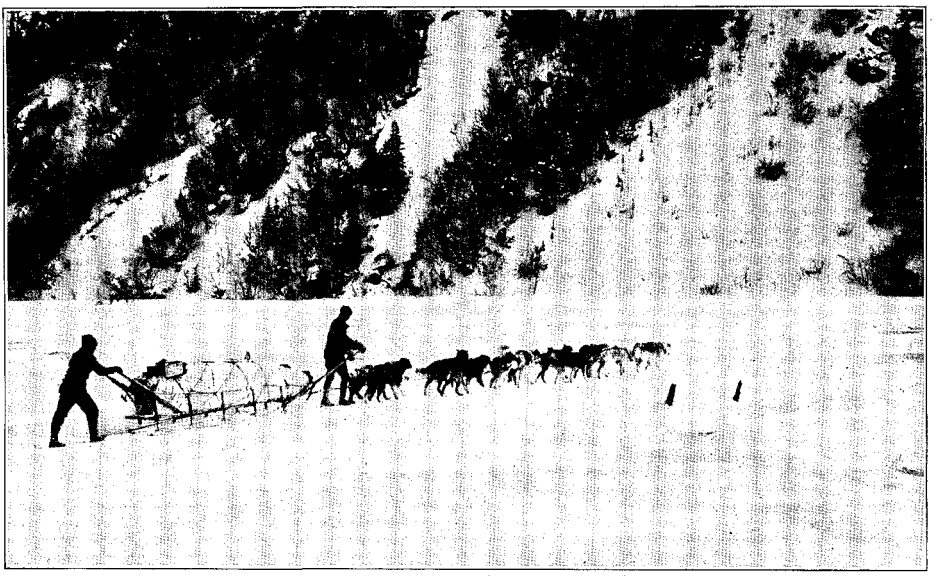
lines at all to break into the dignity and might of the uplift; the western face is stark. It may be doubted if there be elsewhere in the world so sheer an elevation from so low a plain. There is, perhaps, no photograph of this face in existence; the writer's films were spoiled.

The short and easy route by which the Muldrow Glacier is reached was discovered after much scouting and climbing by McGonogall and Anderson in 1910, on the occasion of the pioneer, or "Sourdough," attempt upon the mountain, to which a further reference will be made. The men in the Kantishna camp who took part in that attempt gave us all the information they possessed, as they had done to the climbing party of the previous summer. There has been no need to make reconnoissance for routes since these pioneers blazed the way; there is no other practical route than the one they discovered. The two subsequent parties have followed precisely in their footsteps as far as the Grand Basin, at sixteen thousand feet, and it is the merest justice that such acknowledgment be made.

From the Clearwater we struck straight across country to the opening in the range called Cache Creek, and pushed up the creek some three miles to its forks, and there established our base camp on 10th April, at about four thousand feet, hills and valley alike still covered with snow.

Our concern at this camp was the providing and preserving of a sufficient meat supply for subsistence on the mountain, and it was an easy task. First Karstens killed a caribou and then Walter a mountain-sheep. Then Esaias happened into the midst of a herd of caribou as he climbed over a ridge, and killed three. We could have had as many more as we cared to kill, but these were enough. Then we went to work preparing the meat. Why should any one haul canned pemican hundreds of miles into one of the greatest game countries on earth? We made our own pemican of the choice parts of this tender, juicy meat and never lost appetite for it or failed to enjoy it and assimilate it. The meat was boiled until well done in a fifty-pound lard-can. Then it was stripped from the bones and minced and salted and peppered. Some cans of butter having been melted, a mass of this minced meat was rolled in it and then moulded and compressed by the hands into a ball weighing about a quarter of a pound. We made a couple of hundred of such balls and froze them, and they kept perfectly, even until our outgoing journey. The liquor in which all this meat



Relaying from Diamond City, where the cache was made, to the base camp.

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had been cooked, with the marrow of the bones added, was then boiled down into about five pounds of rich, thick, meat-extract jelly. Four balls of pemican, two tablespoonfuls of this caribou extract, a package of Erbswurst and a cupful of rice made the chief ration for the evening meal for the four of us when we were on the higher reaches of the mountain, and we were always well nourished.

Ascension Day.
Muldrow Glacier.

There were other base-camp tasks. The climbing-irons had to be fitted to the individual moccasin; the snow-shoes had to be rough-locked by lashing a hardwood, wedge-shaped bar underneath them, just above the tread, and studding the side-rails with screw-calks. Thus equipped, they were of the utmost service on the lower glacier, steep and snow-covered in many places. The instruments were all overhauled, the mercurial barometer set up and read, and the two aneroids, a three-inch, three-circle Watkin, and a six-inch patent "Mountain" Watkin—the latter never in action at all until by turning a powerful thumb-screw the spring *outside* the vacuum box draws its walls apart—were adjusted to the mercurial barometer. The three-circle aneroid is not as well known in America as it deserves to be, for its concentric circles give a far more open scale than any other form of the instrument can give, and greatly enhance an aneroid's convenience. It had been carried for eight winters in the hind sack of the writer's sled, and had proved itself exceedingly sensitive and reliable at comparatively low altitudes. These instruments, and a boiling-point thermometer, comprised the hypsometrical equipment—all of adequate scale save the six-inch "Mountain" aneroid, which read only to a little below fifteen inches, and was taken along to observe its behavior—the first opportunity since it was purchased, nine years ago—and to judge whether or not the ingenious "throwing out" device is really a remedy for the inherent, persistent faults of elastic-chamber barometers.

The writer, at left, and H. P. Karstens in camp on the Clearwater.

Meanwhile the relaying had gone on; the freight was all forward to the pass by which the glacier is reached, and most of the two cords of dry wood cut at the last timber; and the time had come when one of the native boys with one of the dog-teams must return to Nenana while yet there was snow to return upon. So on the 15th April Esaias went back, bearing the last word from us that could be received until we came down from the mountain—the last word that was received for more than two months. Johnny we kept to help us with the freighting on the glacier and to stay at base camp and tend the dogs when that should be done.

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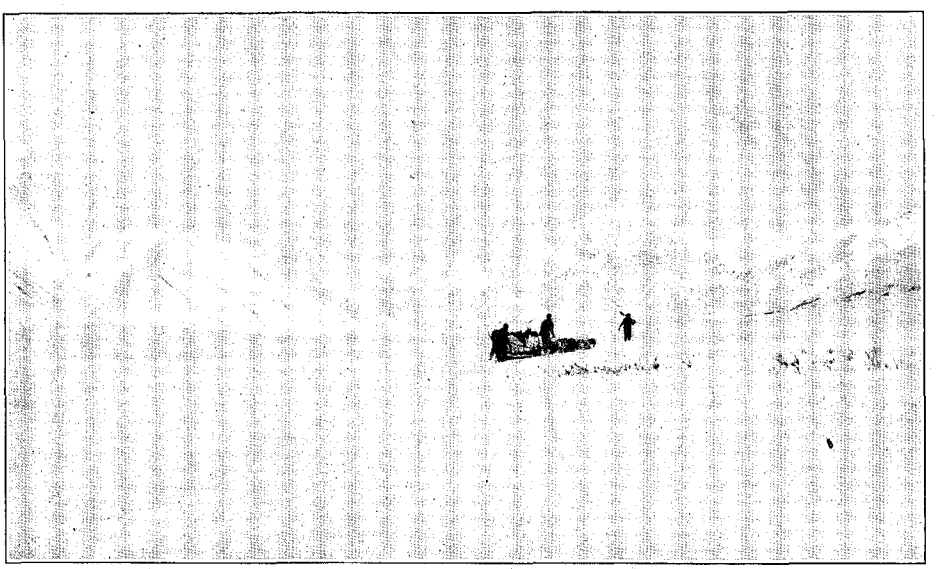
It was on the 11th April that Karstens and the writer wound their way up a narrow, steep ravine, and at the head of it, some twenty-five hundred feet above the base camp, came all at once in sight of the Muldrow Glacier, lying two hundred feet below. There it stretched, smooth and almost level, the great broad highway to the cliffs and peaks of Denali, the one avenue that permits approach to them. It was with a leaping of the heart that we stood and gazed at it, and traced its course in the distance where it swept toward the south and began to rise steeply, some four miles away. A week later we were camped upon its surface, at about the farthest point our vision had commanded from the pass. The elevation was near seventy-five hundred feet, and to that height the passage of the glacier was easy enough. But immediately above our camp the ice rose sharply a couple of hundred feet, and began to be badly crevassed. For half a mile or so beyond was an intricate tangle of crevasses that it took a long time to unravel. Back and forth across the glacier we had to go, now almost to this wall and now almost to the other, crossing here by a snow bridge and there by a jammed ice-block, building bridges of snow-blocks where none could be found, and staking out each section of the trail as we established it by willow shoots brought from below and thrust into the snow. It was not merely our own passage we had to provide for, but the passage of the dog-sleds. The team we retained was cut in two, three dogs to a little Yukon sled; for a full team would be difficult, if not impossible, to handle amidst those complicated crevasses.

Three miles further up, the Muldrow takes another and more decided southerly bend and is again much crevassed, receiving two steep but short tributaries from the western cliffs at an elevation of about ten thousand feet. It finishes its course in another mile and a half, with an almost due north-and-south direction (magnetic) at an elevation of about eleven thousand five hundred feet, in a basin bounded by rocks and ice.



Entering the range.

Almost directly opposite the pass by which we reached the glacier it unites with another great ice-stream at the base of a bold pyramidal mountain which, unless it already bears some name not known to us, we would take the liberty of naming Mount Farthing, in honor of the memory of a devoted gentlewoman who died at the mission at Nenana two years ago. These two glaciers come, one from one side, one from the other, of the northeast ridge that bounds the basin referred to in the preceding paragraph, and together they drain the ice from the whole north-

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Camp on the Clearwater, at the last timber.
(From left to right) Tatum, Esaias, Karstens, Johnny, and Walter.

eastern face of the mountain. The western containing-wall of the eastern branch (which Professor Parker named the McKinley Glacier), is also the eastern containing-wall of the western branch, and from the junction of the glaciers right up to their head and end, is one stupendous escarpment of ice-covered rock towering five or six thousand feet above the glacier floor. The other wall of the glacier, along which we travelled (which is the McKinley Glacier or the western fork of the Muldrow Glacier, as the geographers shall see fit), consists of a series of lofty, inaccessible cliffs, deeply seamed with snow gullies and crusted here and there with hanging glaciers.

It was the 3d May ere we had transported all our stuff to the head of the glacier and had established our immediate climbing-base. The work had been laborious both for dogs and men—sometimes carried on in snow-storm and keen wind, sometimes in a moist heat of sun beating down through vapor with never a breath of breeze. The cold we had expected, but it seemed strange that seacoast city heat should be possible at this altitude, with millions of tons of ice beneath our feet and naught but snow and ice visible anywhere. Snow-blindness none of us was troubled with at this or any time. The amber glasses with side-pieces of yellow celluloid are a perfect defence against this affection. Our experience on this mountain with these glasses, after long and distressing experiences in Alaska with all other descriptions of snow-glass, satisfied us that no man anywhere need suffer any more from snow-blindness. Our boric acid and zinc sulphate were never touched.

One man ahead of the dogs, and one man at the gee-pole behind the dogs, roped together, took each sled slowly along the winding trail, over the crevasses, and up the glacier; and when one load was safely cached we descended for another. At last everything was forward, and we found ourselves, with wood for a month and food for two months, established at the head of the glacier. That wood was precious; it had been hauled twenty miles and raised nearly ten thousand feet. It seems a great deal of labor to expend for fuel, but, as it turned out, it was wise. We had the large nine-by-eleven-foot tent to inhabit, and it took a wood-stove to heat it. And we were enabled to live in comfort during a long, tedious period of waiting.

Just before we moved into our upper glacier camp we met with a misfortune that might easily have been a disaster. A load had been hauled up to the head

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The base camp at about 4,000 ft.
The ridge is one of the glacier walls.

and cached, and when lunch was eaten Karstens and the writer lit their pipes. One or the other threw a careless match away, which must have fallen upon the pile of three small silk tents that lay on the top of the cache.

We went down for another load, not dreaming of danger from fire on a glacier, but when we returned the cache was almost consumed. A wind had sprung up and fanned the smouldering tents to flame, and we were greeted by the sight of dense smoke rolling from our painfully freighted supplies. All our sugar, our powdered milk, our baking-powder, a box of pilot bread, all our spare socks and stockings, thirty spools of photographic film, all our prunes, most of our raisins, most of our tobacco, with all sorts of wearing-apparel, and the three silk tents, were gone. Even the handles of one of the shovels and one of the axes were burnt off. We were just in time to save our far-hauled wood.

So the first three or four days at the new camp were devoted to the repair of our losses, so far as they were reparable—and those days were the only consecutive bright clear days in three weeks. Down to the base camp Johnny and Walter must go for canvas sled-covers to make new tents of; and while the tents were making others set to work constructing a dozen pair of socks out of the camel's-hair lining of a sleeping-bag. It was fortunate that Walter had a No. 3 kodak, with six or eight films for the same, that were not in the cache that burnt; fortunate also that the caribou pemican and the other supplies for the higher work had not yet been brought up; but the check was a severe one, and our losses, especially the sugar and the baking-powder, were felt keenly. We were without sugar for five weeks, and without bread for two, for our sour dough refused to sour at the higher elevations. However, there was no use fretting about it; we should have had to send nearly fifty miles for even a small supply, and Karstens's laconic advice, "Forget it!" was adopted. Then Johnny and the dogs went down, and, lest there be no other opportunity to record his fidelity and unselfishness, let it be told here as one instance of it that he would not touch the sugar left for his use, but saved every spoonful of it against our return.

When we first reached the head of the glacier we were puzzled by the scene that presented itself. The whole floor of the basin was strewn with great blocks of ice, and this we supposed to be the discharge of the hanging glaciers incrusting the walls. But the northeast ridge which bounded the glacier's head did in no way

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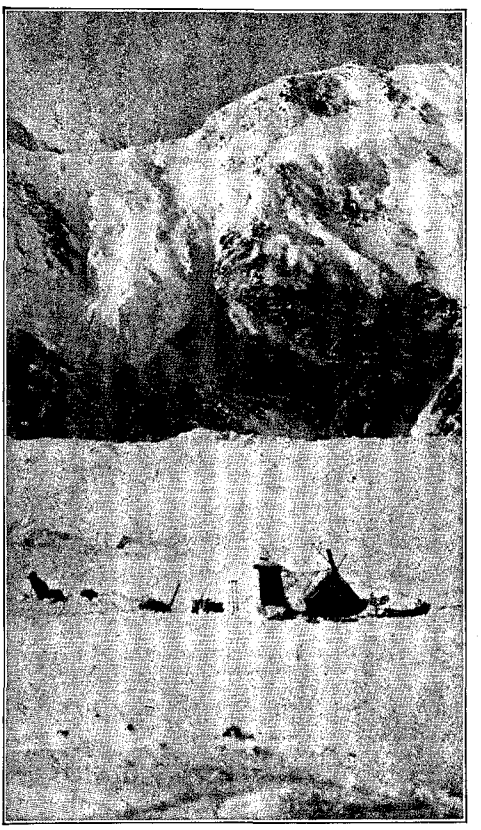
conform to the description given by the climbers of last summer, nor to the photograph of it which accompanied their description. In a magazine article we had received just before leaving Fairbanks, Mr. Belmore Browne described this ridge as "a steep but practicable snow ridge." On the contrary, it was a confused, jagged mass of rocks and ice. Twenty-five hundred feet above us it did, indeed, suddenly become a smooth, steep snow ridge, but at that point its smooth slope ceased with a clean, sharp, vertical cleavage, and all below was shattered confusion. The "low col" in which the Parker-Browne party made their camp no longer existed. In its place was a great gap from which the ridge rose again by a sheer ice gable. The explanation came to us in a flash, bringing the simultaneous ejaculation from Karstens and the writer—"the earthquake!" The Parker-Browne expedition reported a severe earthquake on the 6th July, 1912, two days after they had descended the mountain, and spoke of seeing great rocks dislodged. As was learned later, the seismographic instruments at Washington recorded it as the severest shock since the San Francisco disturbance in 1906. So this was the havoc it had wrought! The huge blocks of ice strewn upon the glacier floor were not the normal discharge of hanging glaciers, as we had wonderingly supposed; they were the incrustations of ages, maybe, ripped off the rocks, hurled down from the ridge by this convulsion. It was as though, so soon as the Parker-Browne party reached the foot of the mountain, the ladder by which they had climbed so nearly to the top was broken up. It is important that the reader be able to compose, in his mind's eye, the environment of our camp at the head of the Muldrow Glacier—to "visualize the scene," in the slang of the day; for to do so is to have the key to the simple orography of Denali—of this face of it at least. The great highway of the glacier comes to an abrupt end, a cul-de-sac. On the right hand the wall of the glacier soars up almost at once to the enormous ice-incrusted cliffs of the North Peak, eight or nine thousand feet above. On the left hand the great icy ridge which has formed the other wall of the glacier breaks down rapidly and sweeps to the right, enclosing the head of the glacier, and then climbs rapidly again about four thousand feet to a pass which gives access to the Grand or Upper Basin, still rising far beyond and above the basin to its culmination in the South Peak, the highest point of the mountain. Four thousand feet above the head of the Muldrow Glacier, at right angles to it, but thus still within the same walls, lies the upper glacier, occupying the Grand Basin between the two great summits of Denali. And there is no connection between the two glaciers save a perpendicular ice-fall by which the one discharges into the other. So here are the two ridges rising to the two summits of the mountain, and here are the two glaciers discharging the one



Camp at the head of Muldrow Glacier, at 11,500 feet.

In the background is the perpendicular ice-fall by which the glacier in the Grand Basin discharges into the Muldrow Glacier, a fall of about 4,000 feet.

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into the other at right angles by an ice-fall of four thousand feet. There is no possible passage up the right-hand cliffs; there they descend, and throw out before them clouds of snow and ice dust that curl and roll half-way to the other wall. The

Detail of northeast ridge shattered by the earthquake.

is no possible passage up the ice-fall. The ridge in front of us which climbs to the Grand Basin is the only means of reaching the higher regions of the mountain. Now slice the crest bodily from three-fourths of that ridge and deposit it in broken masses at the foot, hack and hew and shiver the ice, and upturn the rocks upon which that crest was founded, and you have the situation as it presented itself to us. One prominent feature was omitted: at the pass where the ridge gives access to the Grand Basin stands a granite tower, an uplift of the ridge itself far too large and imposing to be called by the mountaineering term "gendarme," which seems to stand sentinel over the way to the great heights, for only around its base may that way be found. It is the most picturesque and conspicuous feature of the mountain from below. We called it the Browne Tower, and the pass beside it, the gateway to the Grand Basin, the Parker Pass.

Into the lower basin, from time to time, snow avalanches descend from the lofty steep gullies of the north cliffs, while the frequent thunderous precipitations of the ice-fall from the Grand Basin shake and crack the whole broad sheet upon which greater of these discharges were startling, but really very noble sights. One does not recall the description of so high an ice-fall on any other mountain.

It was not difficult to gain the crest of the lowest portion of the ridge, degraded yet further as it has been by the earthquake; but when it was gained, at about three hundred feet elevation above the glacier floor, what a discouraging prospect stretched before us! Mile upon mile of huge ice-blocks, heaped in confusion, resting at every insecure angle, some on their points, some on their edges, with here and there gaps that went down to the black rock, and here and there pinnacles that soared forty or fifty feet in the air, and everywhere the snow-slope under them falling away too steeply for any passage—this was the sole path to the heights we wished to climb. We then sought to reach the crest of the ridge much further along, beyond as much of this chaos as possible, but it was three days ere we found a way to the crest that did not take us under overhanging icebergs that threatened to fall upon our heads as the overhanging hill threatened *Christian* in the "Pilgrim's Progress." At last we went straight up a steep gully, half of it snow

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and half ice-covered rock, cutting steps all the five hundred feet to the top, and were on the ridge half a mile further along, with half a mile of the ice-blocks outflanked. But ahead the prospect was just as difficult and dangerous. We could cut out no more of the ridge. The slopes beyond the gully by which we reached the crest of the ridge broke with the same sharp, earthquake cleavage the whole ridge displayed twenty-five hundred feet above, but horizontally instead of vertically.

Another detail of the northeast ridge shattered by the earthquake.

So our task lay plain and onerous, enormously more difficult and dangerous and laborious than that which our predecessors encountered. We must cut steps in those ice-blocks, over them, around them, on the sheer sides of them, under them, whatever seemed to our judgment the best way of circumventing each individual block. Every ten yards presented a separate problem. On either side the ridge fell precipitously to a glacier floor, five hundred feet below on the one hand, fifteen hundred feet below on the other, with yawning crevasses half-way down that eagerly swallowed every scrap of ice and snow dislodged by our axes, and would as eagerly have swallowed us. At the gap in the ridge, with the ice gable beyond it, the difficulty and danger were perhaps at their greatest. It took a day's cutting to make steps down the slope and then straight up the face of the colossal ice-slab of the gable. The steps had to be deep and wide. It was not merely one passage we were making. These steps would be used again and again by men with heavy packs on their backs, relaying food and camp equipage along the ridge. And we were determined from the first to take no unnecessary risks whatever. We realized that the passage of this ridge was a risky thing at best. To go along it day after day seemed almost like tempting Providence. Doubtless we erred on the side of caution, never trusting snow when steps could be cut in ice, always staying upon the top because nothing could fall on us there, conscientiously using the rope, yet never depending upon it at all.

The weather doubled the time and the toil of the passage of this ridge. Not until the trail had been made along more than half of it did we find a place where we thought it safe to pitch a tent, and thus had to descend each day to our glacier camp. It is easy to be critical of one's self and one's companions upon retrospect. Probably if we had *made* a place to camp on that ridge a week before we moved up, it would have furthered the enterprise. But it does not conduce to peace of mind to be lodged in such narrow compass that to roll out of bed would be to roll into eternity. From Whitsunday to Trinity Sunday inclusive were only two days in which we could make progress on the ridge at all, and on one of those days the clouds poured over so densely and enveloped us so completely that it was impossible to see far enough ahead to lay out a course. On that day we toppled into the abyss a mass of ice as big as a two-

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story house that must have weighed hundreds of tons. It was poised upon two points of another ice mass and held upright by a flying buttress of wind-hardened snow. Three or four blows of Karstens's axe sent it hurling downward. It passed out of sight into the cloud-smother immediately, but we heard it bound and rebound until it burst with a report like a cannon, and some days later we saw its fragments strewn all over the flat fifteen hundred feet below. What a sight it must have been when the whole ridge was heaving and shattering, and showering down its bergs upon the glacier floor! One day we were driven off the ridge by a high wind that threatened to tear us from our footholds, and on another a fine hopeful morning gave place to a sudden dense snow-storm that sent us hastily below again. Always, all day long, while we were on that ridge, the distant dull thunder of avalanches resounded from the Grand Basin far above us, into which the two summits of Denali were continually discharging their snows. It sounded as though the King of Denmark were drinking healths all day long to the salvoes of his artillery, that custom "more honored in the breach than in the observance." From such fancy the mind passed easily enough to the memory of that astonishing composition of Grieg's, "In the Hall of the Mountain Kings," and, once recalled, the stately yet staccato rhythm ran in one's ears continually. For if we had many days of cloud and smother of vapor that blotted out everything, when a fine day came, how brilliant, beyond all that the lower levels know, it was! From our perch on that ridge the lofty peaks and massive mountain shoulders rose on every side and gleamed in the dazzling sunshine; and, as little by little we gained higher eminence, ever new peaks and ridges thrust themselves into view. We were within the hall of the mountain kings indeed: kings nameless here in this multitude of lofty summits, but that elsewhere in the world would have each one his name and story. And how eager and impatient we grew to rise high enough, to progress far enough on that ridge, that we might gaze into the Grand Basin itself from which the thunderings came—the spacious hall of the two lords paramount of all the mountains of the continent—the North and South Peaks of Denali! Our hearts beat high with the anticipation, not only of gazing upon it, but of entering it and pitching our tent familiarly in the midst of its august solitudes. To come down again; to pass day after day in camp on the glacier floor, waiting for the bad weather to be done that we might essay it again; to watch the tantalizing, and, as it seemed, meaningless, fluctuations of the barometer for encouragement; to listen to the driving wind and the swirling snow or gaze out upon the blank nothingness of all-encompassing vapor—how tedious that was!

Our camp at Parker Pass, about 15,000 feet—looking up into the Grand Basin.

It was not quite so tedious for the writer as for some of the others, for there was always Walter's education to prosecute as

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it had been prosecuted for the last three years—desultorily, but not wholly unsatisfactorily. An hour or two of writing from dictation, an hour or two of reading aloud, a little history and geography, gave the day variety and occupation. A pupil is a great resource. Karstens drew plan after plan of a motor-boat in which the power of a single engine should be satisfactorily transmitted to twin propellers—no simple problem. Tatum learned the Thirty-nine Articles by heart. But naval architecture palled after a while, and even controversial divinity, and time hung heavily on their hands.

We made our camp at the head of the glacier on the 3d May; we left it on the 25th. Thus for three weeks we had been held there, and nearly all our wood had been burnt. Scarce an hour of usable weather had been lost, but those hours had been few, all told. At last a small flat place on the ridge had been reached where camp might be made, and we moved up there, to an elevation of about thirteen thousand feet, overjoyed at the opportunity of advancing.

We were now much nearer our work, and it progressed much faster, although as the ridge rose it grew steeper and steeper and even more chaotically disrupted. Our situation was decidedly pleasanter than it had been below; our spacious tent was indeed exchanged for a tiny one, in which we could no more than sit upright, and the four of us, lying side by side, could turn only by common consent; which was disgraceful overcrowding, but warm. Our wood-stove also was superseded by a little Primus stove, burning kerosene, which is still, in the writer's opinion, far and away the best portable stove despite all the new-fangled "alcohol utilities." But when the clouds cleared we had a noble, wide prospect; we had much more sunshine, and there was not the sense of damp immurement which the walls and mists of the glacier gave.

The aneroids had kept fairly well with the mercurial barometer and the boiling-point thermometer, until we moved to the ridge; from this time they displayed a progressive discrepancy therewith that put them out of serious consideration, and one was as bad as the other. Eleven thousand feet seemed the limit of their good behavior. To set them back day by day, like Captain Cuttle's watch, would be to depend wholly upon the other instruments anyway, and this is just what we did, not troubling to adjust them. They were read and recorded merely because that routine had been established. Says Burns:

> "There was a lad was born in Kyle,
> But whatna' day o' whatna' style,
> I doubt it's hardly worth the while
> To be sae nice wi' Robin."

So they were just aneroids: aluminum cases, jewelled movements, British-army-officer patented improvements, Kew certificates, import duty, and all—just aneroids, and one was as bad as the other. Within their limitations they are exceedingly useful instruments, but it is folly to depend on them for measuring great heights.

The rapidity with which the weather changed up there was a constant surprise to us. At one moment the sky would be clear, the peaks and ridges standing out with the sharpest definition; literally five minutes later they would all be wiped out by the dense volumes of vapor that poured over from the south. Perhaps ten minutes more and the cloud would have swept down to the glacier, and the sun would once more be dazzlingly bright on the heights, or the vapor might thicken and deepen to a heavy snow-storm. Perched up here one readily understood that Denali and his lesser companions of the Alaskan range are a prime factor in the climate of interior Alaska. They are our great barriers against inundation by the illimitable vapor of the ocean, our ramparts against the hateful humidity of the coast. They assure us our light snowfall and our clear, dry winters, full of the stimulation of windless cold.

Day by day Karstens and Walter went up to resume the finding and making of a way. Two were all that could profitably be thus employed, turn and turn about; with three or four on the rope some were always cold through inaction and merely hampered the workers. So Karstens and Walter volunteered to make the trail, and Tatum and the writer relayed the stuff from a cache below to a cache above, and then on to another above that. The point

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toward which the advance party was working was the earthquake cleavage, a clean, sharp vertical cut in the ice and snow fifty feet in height. Above that point all was smooth, though fearfully steep; below was the confusion the earthquake had wrought.

At last, late in the evening of the 27th May, looking up the ridge upon our return from packing a load to the cache, we saw Karstens and Walter standing clear-cut against the sky upon the surface of the unbroken snow above the earthquake cleavage, and we gave a great shout of joy. They heard us, far above as they were, and shouted a response, and all hearts were light that night. The way was clear to the Grand Basin now; the slow, laborious chopping was over; the trail was made. Yet the weather was still against us, and, with fierce winds and blinding snow, held us from advance until the 30th. On that day we went up the ridge, bag and baggage, threading the intricacies of the step-cutting, passing the specially dangerous sérac below the cleavage, mounting by a flanking approach the vertical wall of the cleavage itself, and then pursuing our way along the cockscomb of hard snow, steep to the very limit of climbability, that stretched up and up to the Parker Pass.

Just before reaching the steepest portion of the snow ridge, where it seemed to go straight up, we came upon vestiges of a camp made by our predecessors of a year before, dug in a hollow of the snow. An empty biscuit carton, a raisin package, some trash and brown paper, were as fresh as though they had been left yesterday. Truly the terrific storms of this region are like the storms of Guy Wetmore Caryl's clever rhyme, that "come early and avoid the *rush*." They will sweep a man off his feet, as once they threatened us, but will pass harmlessly over a cigarette-stump and a cardboard box; our tent in the glacier basin, surrounded by a wall of ice-blocks as high as itself, we found overwhelmed by snow that had melted to ice upon our return, but each rush with which we had staked the trail was still standing all the way down to the pass.

Above the clouds and above all the Alaskan range except Denali himself.

At last the slope was ended and the upstanding granite slabs, amongst which is the natural and unmistakable camping-place, loomed through the mist that had enshrouded us all day. A shovel and an empty alcohol can proclaimed that our predecessors had used the spot; any party that ever climbs the mountain will probably use it.

The storms and snows of ten or a dozen winters may make a "steep but practica-

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ble snow-slope" of the northeast ridge again. One winter only has passed since the convulsion that disrupted it, and already the snow is beginning to fill up its gaps and chasms. All the summer through, for many hours on clear days, the sun will melt those snows, and the frost at night will glaze them with ice. The more conformable ice-blocks will gradually be cemented together, while the fierce winds that beat upon the ridge will gradually wear away the supports of the more egregious and unstable blocks, and one by one they will topple into the gulf. It will probably never again be the smooth, homogeneous slope it used to be; the "gable" will probably always present a wide cleft, but the slopes beyond it, stripped now of their accumulated ice so as to be unclimbable, may build up again and allow the gable to be flanked. The earthquake cleavage, some fifteen hundred feet above the gable, will perhaps remain the crux of the climb, the broken masses below it being especially difficult and dangerous, with a loose snow-slope at an acute angle that it is impossible to avoid crossing; but with care and pains the cleavage can be surmounted, as we surmounted it, and wind and sun and storm may mollify the forbidding abruptness even of this break in the course of time.

The writer, having nothing to his credit in the matter at all, thinks that the successful passage of this ridge would be counted a brilliant piece of mountaineering in any country in the world, and would ask the privilege of naming it the Karstens Ridge, in honor of the man who led the way and, with Walter's help, hewed the staircase up this splintered backbone of ice and rock, three miles at least in length and rising four thousand feet.

With the exception of this ridge, Denali is not a mountain that presents any special difficulties of a technical kind. Its difficulties lie in its remoteness, its size, the great distances of snow and ice its climbing must include the passage of, the burdens that must be carried again and again over those distances. We estimated the actual linear distance of travel from the glacier pass to the summit of the mountain at about twenty miles. Like nearly all Alaskan problems, the ascent of this mountain is mainly a transportation problem. But the northeast ridge, in its present condition, adds all of sensation and danger that any man could desire.

The Parker Pass is the most splendid coign of vantage on the whole mountain, except the summit. From an elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet it overlooks the whole Alaskan range, and the scope of vision to the east, to the southeast, and to the northeast, is almost uninterrupted. Mountain range rises beyond mountain range until only snowy summits are visible in the great distance, and one knows that beyond the last of them lies the blue sea. The near-by summits, red with granite or black with shale, and gullied from top to bottom with snow and ice, the broad highways of the glaciers at their feet carrying parallel moraines that look like giant tram-lines, stand out with vivid distinction. Mount Hunter raises its head above the lesser peaks. The two arms of the Muldrow Glacier, right in the foreground, display their course from their head to their junction and from their junction to the terminal snout, receiving their groaning tributaries from every evacuating height. The dim, blue lowlands, now devoid of snow, stretch away to the northeast, with threads of stream and patches of lake that still carry ice along their banks.

Turning around and looking upward, the slabs of granite are like a gateway through which the Grand Basin opens to our view. The ice of its glacier sweeps with almost a cataract curve to its precipitation, four thousand feet below us, and the Grand Basin, between the two great summits, rises with progressive leaps of jagged blue sérac for five or six miles, until its upper rim is about four thousand feet above us. On the right are the sheer dark cliffs of the North Peak, soaring to an almost immediate summit five thousand feet above the pass; in the midst is the broken, heaving, glittering ice of the glacier, eager, as one fancied, for its fall; on the left is just visible the receding horned snow dome of the South Peak, the highest uplift of the mountain. And all this splendor and diversity yielded itself up to us at once; that was the most sensational and spectacular feature of it. We went to sleep in a smother of mist that hid

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everything; we had seen nothing as we climbed; we rose to a sparkling clear day. The clouds were mysteriously rolling away from the lowest depths, the last wisps of vapor were sweeping over the ultimate heights. The sun shone hot upon the granite slabs, and we basked in his rays and felt that living was once more a delight.

From this time on our advance was rapid, and the weather progressively fine. The clouds enveloped us from time to time still, but never for long. Traversing under the cliffs of the northeast ridge, we reached the Grand Basin and made our first camp therein at about sixteen thousand feet elevation. Cold it was at times, even in the sunshine, with "a nipping and an eager air," but when the wind ceased on the glacier it would grow intensely hot. On the 4th June at 3 P. M. the thermometer in the full sunshine rose to 50° F., the highest temperature recorded on the whole journey. But it was always cold at night, 10° below zero being the highest minimum during our stay in the Grand Basin, and 21° below zero the lowest. Here we appreciated our superabundant bedding of down quilts and camel's-hair blankets and wolf-robe, with caribou-skins under us next the ice. We were burnt as brown as Indians, lips split and noses peeled in spite of continual applications of lanoline; but, thanks to those beneficent amber glasses, no one had the slightest irritation of the eyes.

The North Peak, near the summit of which the Pioneer or "Sour-dough" party of climbers planted a flagstaff, in 1910, which is still standing.

Some passing reference has already been made to the fatigue of packing. It is certain that those who have carried a pack only on the lower levels cannot conceive how enormously greater the labor is at these heights. As one rises, and the density of the air is diminished, so it would seem that the weight of the pack, or the effect of the weight of the pack, is in the same ratio increased. We probably moved from three hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, decreasing somewhat as the food was consumed, each of the four times the camp was advanced in the Grand Basin. The packing of these loads, relaying them forward and all the time steeply rising, was labor of the most exhausting kind; and there is no possible way in which it may be avoided in the ascent of this mountain. Even Karstens, who packed his "hundred and a quarter" day after day over the Chilkoot Pass in 1897, and is still in his early thirties, would admit that he was "heavy." To roam over glaciers and scramble up peaks free and untrammelled is mountaineering in the Alps—to toil upward with a forty-pound pack on one's back and the knowledge that to-morrow one must go down for another is mountaineering in Alaska. In the ascent of this twenty-thousand-foot mountain every member of the party climbed at least sixty thousand feet.

The altitude affected the writer so seriously as he rose in the Grand Basin that his packing had to be reduced to the mercurial barometer and the ruck-sack of in-

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struments and cameras. But Tatum and Walter, in the vigor of their twenty-first year, were always most kindly willing to offer their broad shoulders for additional burdens. Even this load caused such constant stopping to regain breath, such fits of panting, that he had at last to be relieved of all save the mercurial barometer, to which he clung tenaciously. He had always expected it to be broken and much preferred to break it himself than subject any other to that mortification. By the time the eighteen-thousand-foot camp was reached, and Karstens had been congratulated upon making the highest camp ever made in North America, Mr. Fitzgerald's experience on Aconcagua had come to the writer's remembrance, and he recalled with a sinking of the heart that, although every other member of the party reached the summit, that gentleman himself was never able to do so despite repeated attempts.

While we were resting, on our way to this last camp, sitting on the glacier, now enjoying the beautiful turquoise blue of the sérac and now gazing at the sombre pinnacles of the North Peak, we fell to talking about the pioneer climbers of this mountain, who claimed to have set a flagstaff near the North Peak's summit; as to which feat a great deal of incredulity has existed in Alaska, not without some reason; and we renewed our determination that if the weather served, when we had ascended the South Peak and reached our goal, we would climb the North Peak also, to seek for traces of this earliest exploit on Denali. All at once Walter cried out, "I see the flagstaff!" eagerly pointing to the rocky peak nearest the summit, for the summit itself is covered with snow. Karstens, looking where he pointed, saw it also, and, whipping out the field-glasses, one by one we all looked and all saw it distinctly, standing out against the sky. Through the glasses it rose sturdy and strong, one side covered with crusted snow; and we were greatly rejoiced that we could carry down confirmation of the matter. It was no longer necessary to climb the North Peak. One would like to tell the laboriously unravelled story of this extraordinary ascent; as a *tour de force* of "sour-dough" mountaineering it is certainly unique in climbing annals. The bare fact is all that can be stated here: That in 1910 three miners of the Kantishna—Anderson, Taylor, and McGonogall—members of an expedition organized by Tom Lloyd, who had never been on a snow mountain before, without ropes or any special equipment save enormous climbing-irons strapped under their moccasins, carried a fourteen-foot flagstaff up twenty thousand feet and planted it so firmly that it stands there yet.

We could have attempted the summit from the seventeen-thousand-foot level of the Grand Basin without making our last camp at all, but we deemed it best to reduce the extent of the final climb as much as possible. So we packed everything up another thousand feet. Here the hypsometer boiled at 180.5 and the mercurial barometer stood at 15.061. This is about the level of perpetual snow on the great peaks of the Himalayas, but we had climbed some fourteen thousand feet of ice and snow since leaving our base camp.

We were now within about twenty-five hundred feet of the summit, with rations of food and fuel for a couple of weeks, which at a pinch could be stretched to three. The end of our painful transportation was accomplished as we had planned it; we were at the base of the final peak, prepared to besiege it. If the weather should prove bad we could wait. We could advance our parallels, could put another camp on the ridge at nineteen thousand feet, and yet another half-way up the dome. If we had to fight our way continuously and could advance but a couple of hundred feet a day, we were confident that, barring accident or desperate misfortune, we could reach the top. But it would be a poor success that did but set our feet on the highest point; we wanted a clear day. And we were prepared to wait for it.

As so often happens, when everything unpropitious is guarded against, nothing unpropitious occurs. It would have been a wonderful chance indeed if, supplied for only one day, a clear day had come. But supplied against bad weather for two or three weeks, it was no wonder at all that the very first day should have presented itself fine and bright. Our ill fortune had exhausted itself below; here, where above all other junctures we should

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have chosen to enjoy it, we encountered our good fortune.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th June, we went out into a brilliant day (one of which we were passing round), the centre of the ridge rising above both peaks.

It was bitterly cold; all the morning toes and fingers were without sensation, kick

Starting for the last day's climb.

The rocks on the upper left hand are at about 19,000 feet, and are the highest rocks on the mountain.

with never a cloud in the sky. The sun was shining, but a keen north wind was blowing and the thermometer stood at —4° F. The north wind that bit into us shrewdly was really our friend: it had swept the vapor from the whole mountain. We took a straight course up the great snow ridge that rose immediately south of our camp and then around the peak which rises from it—quickly told, indeed, but slowly and laboriously done, although the climbing-irons gave us sufficient grip upon its hard surface to avoid the toil of step-cutting for the most part. It was necessary to make the traverse high up on this peak instead of around its base, so much had the ice been shattered by the earthquake in the lower portions. But above this point there was no further earthquake sign. The summits were untouched. As we passed around the peak, there rose before us the horseshoe ridge which masks the final height of Denali—a horseshoe ridge of snow, opening to the east, with a low snow peak at either end

them and beat them as we would. All were clad in full winter hand and foot gear, more than had sufficed at 50° F. below zero on the Yukon trail. Within the writer's No. 16 moccasins were no less than five pairs of the heaviest socks. Upon his hands were a pair of the thickest Scotch wool gloves, thrust inside huge lynx-paw mittens lined with Hudson's-Bay duffle. Yet until nigh noon his feet were like lumps of iron and his fingers constantly numb. What should we have done with the usual leather foot-gear used in Alpine work? It is certain that cold is felt much more keenly at these altitudes than it is below. Karstens beat his feet so violently and so continually against the hard snow to restore the circulation that two of his toe-nails sloughed off afterward. By eleven o'clock we had been climbing for seven hours and were well around the peak, advancing up the hollow of the horseshoe ridge, but even then there were grave doubts if we should succeed in reaching the summit that day; it

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was so cold. An intimation from any member of the party that his feet were actually freezing would have sent us all back; and the word had trembled on the lips of more than one. However, when there is no sensation left in the feet it is hard to be quite sure whether they are actually freezing or not, and the attack upon the summit was given the benefit of the doubt.

Once entirely around the peak, we were in some measure sheltered from the north wind, and the sun full upon us gave us more warmth, with occasional hints of digital existences. It was hereabout that the climbing party of last year was driven back by the blizzard that descended upon them when so near their goal. And indeed not until we had stopped for lunch and had drunk the scalding hot tea from the vacuum bottles, did we all begin to be confident that this day would see the completion of our ascent. The writer's shortness of breath became more and more distressing as he rose; all were more affected than at any time before, but none of the others in this acute way. The fits of panting became more frequent and more violent; at such times everything would turn black before his eyes and he would choke and seem unable to recover his breath at all. Yet a few moments' rest recovered him as completely as ever, to struggle on another twenty or thirty paces, and to sink gasping on the snow again. There were no other symptoms; it was simply asphyxiation owing to the inability to inhale sufficient oxygen, where the pressure was considerably less than half an atmosphere. Walter had already insisted upon assuming the mercurial barometer, which the writer had hoped to carry to the top. He surrendered it, however, glad to accept the boy's eager kindness, content now if he should succeed in getting himself to the top.

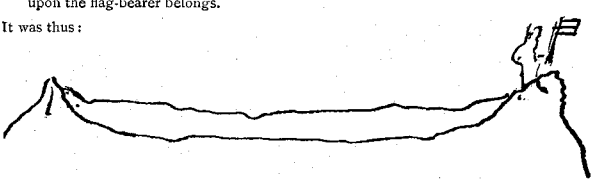
At last the crest of the ridge was reached and we stood well above the two peaks which rise at the ends of the horseshoe. We had been aware for some time that we were above the North Peak, for its apex had been like an index as we rose, and we had paused and noted the spot where we seemed level with it. But still there

The raising of the flag.*

[Extract from writer's letter accompanying the photographs.]

It is on one of the little haycock summits of the crater-like basin (60 ft. x 20 ft., or thereabouts) which occupies the summit of Denali.
It has been snapped on another picture, to which other picture the dark figure impinging upon the flag-bearer belongs.

It was thus:



*This and the two following pictures were considered failures by the writer, who said that his "first impulse was to tear them up"; but they have seemed of such interest as documents showing the difficult conditions, that it has been decided to print them. The intense cold made it practically impossible to feel when the camera was snapped.

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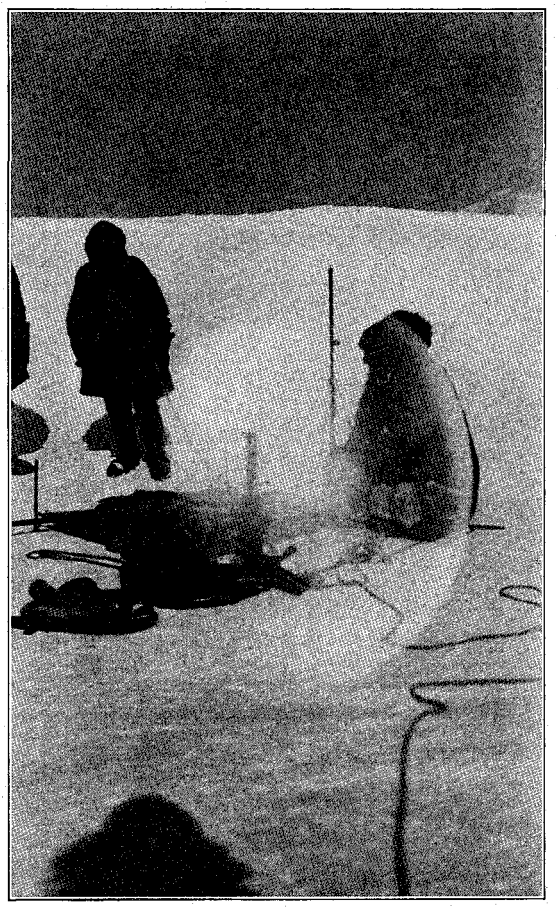
stretched ahead of us, and perhaps one hundred feet above us, another small ridge with a pair of haycock summits. This is the real top of Denali. From below it merges indistinguishably even on a clear day, with the crest of the horseshoe ridge, with which it is parallel, but it is not a part of it, but a culminating ridge beyond it. With keen excitement we pushed on. Walter, who had been in the lead all day, was the first to scramble up; a native Alaskan, he is the first human being to set foot upon the summit of Alaska's great mountain, and he had well earned the lifelong distinction. Karstens and Tatum were close behind him; but the last man on the rope, in his enthusiasm and excitement somewhat overpassing his narrow wind margin, had almost to be hauled up the few final feet, and lost consciousness for a moment as he fell upon the floor of the little basin that occupies the summit.

The top of this mountain is a small crater-like snow-basin, about sixty or sixty-five feet long, and twenty or twenty-five feet wide, much corniced on the southwest side, and looking as if every violent storm might somewhat change its form. Of its two little snow turrets the southern one is slightly the higher.



The reading of the instruments.

The tent has been thrown down that the picture might be taken, and shows the mercurial barometer on its tripod and the B. P. thermometer.

When breath was recovered and the panting was done, all the party gathered in a group and a brief prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God was said for granting us our heart's desire, and permitting us to reach in safety the top of his great mountain. This prime duty done, we fell at once to our scientific duties. The instrument tent was set up; the mercurial barometer, taken from its leather case, and then from its wooden case, was swung upon its tripod; a rough zero was established; and it was left awhile to adjust itself to conditions before attempting a reading. It was a very great gratification to find it uninjured. The boiling-point apparatus was put together and its candle lighted. The three-inch aneroid was read at once at 13.2 inches, with its mendacious altitude-scale pointing confidently at 23,300 feet. A thousand feet of this excess is, of course, the fault of the makers of aneroids, who persist in putting their zero at 31 inches instead of at 30; but the remainder represents the loss of the instrument since leaving the base camp. While we stayed upon the summit it dropped to 13.15, and shot us up another hundred feet into the air. Soon the water was boiling in the little tubes of the hypsometer, and the mercury column rose to 174.9° and stayed there. There is something positive and uncompromising about the boiling-point thermometer: it reaches its mark unmistakably and does not budge. The reading of the

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mercurial barometer is a slower and more delicate business, but with care will give a very much closer result. It takes a good light and a good sight to be sure the ivory zero-point is exactly touching the surface of the mercury in the cistern; it takes care and precision to get the vernier arm exactly level with the top of the column. And then there are all sorts of corrections to be applied before the figures can be used, and calculations to be made from the simultaneous or nearly simultaneous reading picked out from those kindly taken for us during our whole absence by Captain Michel, the officer in command of the signal corps at Fort Gibbon, on the Yukon. The reading on the mountain top was approximately 13.6 inches.

Meanwhile Tatum had been taking a round of angles of the prominent peaks with the prismatic compass. He could not handle it with sufficient exactness with his mitts on, and he froze his fingers doing it barehanded. We had talked about a small theodolite and a plane table, but were very glad we had not burdened ourselves with them; we could not have used them—it was too bitterly cold.

Not until this scientific work was all done did we indulge ourselves in the wonderful prospect that stretched all around us. We were above the whole visible world. Immediately before us, in the direction in which we had climbed, lay—nothing: an awful void, a sheer gulf many thousands of feet deep; and one drew instinctively back from the little parapet of the snow-basin when one had glanced below. Beyond, perhaps fifteen or twenty miles away, and three thousand feet below, with nothing but space between, was the great mass of Denali's Wife, or "Mount Foraker," as some white men misname her, majestically filling all the middle distance. It was our first glimpse of her during the whole ascent. Denali's Wife does not appear upon the horizon save from the actual summit of Denali, for she is completely hidden by his South Peak until the moment when his South Peak is surmounted. On that spot one understood why the view of the mountains from Lake Minchúmina is the grand view. There are no slopes and ridges, no buttresses, no lesser peaks—nothing but that awful void from the top to nigh the bottom of the mountain. Beyond Denali's Wife, stretched blue and vague to the southwest the wide valley of the Kuskokwim, with an end of all mountains. To the north we looked right over the North Peak to the foot-hills below, dotted with lakes and lingering snow, gleaming with water-courses. We had hoped to see the junction of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers, one hundred and fifty miles away to the northwest, as we had often, in the winter, seen the summit of Denali from that point, but the haze that almost always qualifies a clear summer day inhibited that stretch of vision. Perhaps the forest fires we found raging on the Tanana were already beginning to foul the northern sky.

It was, however, to the south and the east that the most marvellous prospect spread before us. What infinite complexity of mountains, range upon range, until gray sea merged with gray sky in the ultimate south! The near-by peaks and ridges stood out, startlingly stereoscopic— the glaciation, the river drainage, the relation of each part to the others, all revealed. There the Chulitna and Sushitna, with networks of shining tributaries, received the southern waters for Cook's Inlet; here the Kantishna and the Nenana, their forks and their affluents, gathered the northern waters for the Yukon and Bering Sea. In the distance, the snow-covered tops of a thousand peaks dwindled and dwindled away, floating in the thin air when their bases were no longer distinguishable, stretching perhaps one hundred and fifty, perhaps two hundred, miles; the whole beautiful crescent curve of the Alaskan range uncovered from Denali to the coast.

Overhead the sky took a blue so deep that none of us had ever gazed upon a midday sky like it before, yet by no stretch of speech could it be called black, as has been said by some about the sky at great altitudes; it was a deep, rich, lustrous, transparent blue, as dark as a Prussian blue, but intensely blue, a hue so strange, so increasingly impressive, that to one at least it "seemed like special news of God."

> "Surely 'tis half-way to eternity
> To go where only size and color live,"

as a new poet sings. We first noticed the dark tint of the upper sky in the Grand Basin, and it deepened as we rose.

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The saying of the Te Deum.

This picture was snapped three times instead of once. Karstens's fingers were freezing and the bulb-release was broken. Only three figures were in the group. Left to right, Walter, Tatum, and the author, with parkee hood drawn up.

It is difficult to describe at all the scene which the top of the mountain displayed, and impossible to describe it adequately; one was not occupied with the thought of description, but wholly possessed with the breadth and glory of it—with the amazing immensity of it. Only once, perhaps, in any lifetime is such a vision granted; certainly never before had been vouchsafed to any of us. Not often in the summer-time does Denali completely unveil himself and dismiss the clouds from all the earth beneath. Yet we could not linger, unique though the occasion, dearly bought our privilege; the miserable limitations of the flesh gave us constant warning to depart; we grew colder and still more wretchedly cold. The thermometer stood at 7 in the full sunshine, and the north wind was keener than ever. The writer's fingers were so cold that he would not venture to withdraw them from his mitts again to change the film in the camera, and the other men were in like case; indeed our hands were by this time so numb as to render it almost impossible to operate a camera. A number of photographs had been taken, though not half we should have liked to take—and there yet remained the ceremonies we had determined upon.

When the mercurial barometer had been read, the instrument tent was thrown down and abandoned, and its tent-pole used for a moment as a flagstaff, while Mr. Tatum hoisted a little United States flag he had patiently and skilfully constructed in our camps below out of two silk handkerchiefs and the cover of a sewing-bag. Then the tent-pole was put to its permanent use. It had already been carved with a suitable inscription, and now a transverse piece was securely lashed to it, and it was planted on one of the little snow turrets of the summit: the sign of Our Redemption, raised high above North America. It was of light, dry birch—had been one of the rails of a basket-sled—and, though six feet high, so slender that we think it may weather many a gale; and Walter planted it so deeply and so firmly that it could not be withdrawn again. Then we gathered around it and said the *Te Deum*.

There is much else to tell, but the space is gone. The descent was full of interest; the return journey in the first flush of summer as different as possible from the journey of approach.

But even this narrative, hydraulically compressed into prescribed limits, must

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not close without an earnest plea for the restoration of the native names of this mountain and its companion peak. If there be any authority or standing whatever in such a matter from the accomplishment of a first complete ascent, the writer values it only as it may give weight to this plea. To have the incomparable view of these mountains from Lake Minchúmina, as he did in 1911, is to recognize at once the simple appropriateness of the native names. There, side by side, they rise: Denali, "the Great One," the master peak; Denali's Wife, the lesser but still enormous mass; while far below, the little peaks that stretch between like ruined arches of some Gothic cloister, are the children. Why should a man who saw them a hundred miles away, fifteen years ago, be permitted to abolish names immemorially bestowed by the original inhabitants of the land and substitute for them the names of modern politicians? The geographical societies of the world have long since set their faces against this clapping of modern names upon great mountains that lift their ancient heads amongst ancient peoples. The English geographers prefer K2, the surveyor's designation of the second highest peak of the Himalayas, which the Duke of the Abruzzi climbed in 1909, the highest point ever reached by man, to "Mount Godwin-Austin," so long as there is question about the native name, despite Colonel Godwin-Austin's long connection with the Trigonometrical Survey of India; and the Continental geographers will not yet call the world's highest known peak after Sir George Everest, who first fixed its position and altitude, despite the accidental appropriateness of the name, and the assurance of the British Government that it bears no distinctive native name, until they are better satisfied of this last. Some call it Gaurisankar, and some Lupti Chang. There seems, indeed, to men of feeling, a certain ruthless arrogance in the temper that comes to an unexplored land and contemptuously ignores the native names of conspicuous natural objects, almost always significant and appropriate, and overlays them with new names that are neither the one nor the other: this, in general, without specific application to the renaming of Denali. Even great men have not been free from this folly. The world lost one of its most stately place-names when David Livingstone, in an excess of loyalty, substituted "Victoria Falls" for "the Thundering Smoke."

If it be permitted to propose a compromise, the writer would venture the following suggestion: since the name of the martyred President is closely associated in the popular mind with this mountain, and no one would wish to detract from honor done his memory, let that name be retained for the highest peak, perhaps twenty thousand five hundred feet high, or even a little more, which the present expedition is the first to climb; let it be called the "McKinley Peak of Denali"; let the North Peak, some twenty thousand feet high, be called after the men who climbed it and set the flagstaff upon it in 1910, the "Pioneer Peak of Denali," members as they were of the Order of Alaskan Pioneers; but let the name "Denali" be retained for the whole mountain mass. As regards the companion peak, not associated with any martyred or heroic character, the plea is entered for the simple restoration of the native name, "Denali's Wife."

There yet remains of obligation a tribute to the three members of the expedition who displayed a kindly consideration for one, much their senior, who could not always measure up to their physical strength and endurance; to Karstens, indomitable, indefatigable, resourceful, the real leader of the party; to Tatum, gentle and willing, bearing his full share of every burden; to Walter, strong and agile, eager and loyal, who took to mountaineering as a duck takes to water. Nor must Johnny be forgotten, who stayed a month all by himself at the base camp, and killed caribou and fed the dogs—and would not use the sugar. To Bishop Rowe, who gave his "cordial assent" to the undertaking and the necessary leave of absence, and so rendered it possible, there is lasting obligation—one more added to a long list. To the men in the Kantishna, generous of help and hospitality, we all owe our thanks; and to those at the various mission stations who took a personal interest in the enterprise and furthered it by every means in their power there is a debt of deep gratitude.

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THE MASTER STRATEGIST

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

RIGID in immaculate linens, whiter than white samite, the admiral sat at the veranda rail. There was not a glint of expression in his hard, handsome, elderly face. His heavy jaw was set. His narrow ice-blue eyes, always so oddly light in his bronzed face, stared unblinking, past columned marble and velvet-green terrace, past the rainbow sunken gardens, past the gray cliff-rim, down to the silver bar that was the sea.

Across the veranda, sheathed like an ancient empress in her dull-hued sumptuous wrappings, his aunt sat watching him. She had laid down the knitting which her restless old hands craved. Against the rich blurred silken rug that covered her knees, that gray-yarn sock, with its homely needles, fairly stuck out of the picture, as comically astray as a dandelion in the flaunting exotic borders below. Above their naïve pastime the aunt's brown, withered hands lay locked and tense. Half-hidden in swathing lace, her brown face peered out, masked inscrutably beneath its hundred wrinkles. Her deep eyes, hooded in dark, shrivelled lids, like the eyes of a tired old hawk in the sunshine, held a dim yet steady flame. And on her face lay a faint amusement, a queer sardonic gleam.

She was eighty-seven years old. For twenty of those interminable years she had sat in her chair, bound prisoner. On her face glimmered always that calm, pitying humor of one who, aloof, waiting, has long watched the hurrying world rush by on its futile road. Although, as a flippant grandson once put it, there was precious little that had ever got by Aunt Celestia.

At length she spoke.

"So you've made up your mind. Christiny shall not marry Lawrence Gardiner. That's settled and solid. H'm. Then why are you actin' so pouty, 'Siah?"

The admiral squirmed. When you have toiled for half a century to live down a droll old rustic name, it is a little trying to have that buried chagrin dug up once more. Worse, he felt darkly that Aunt Celestia often dragged it out, much as she dragged out her own quaint old ways of speech, purposely to heckle him a bit.

"Yes. I have made my decision. It is final."

"That's no great job for an Ipswich Stafford." His aunt fumbled with her needles. Her voice was amazingly young. It flowed with a round sweetness and depth from her lean old throat. "The Staffords were all as set as the Champney Elm. Queer, that the Stafford blood in Christiny doesn't bob up, right now, and have its say. But that child gives up to you at every turn. And she's your own granddaughter. I don't understand it."

The admiral frowned.

"Christine is a dutiful child. As to disposition, she is very like—" he halted. Then his harsh face lighted with a curious inward shining. "She is very like Marianna used to be. Marianna was always so—so gentle." That white glow vanished from his face. He sagged a little in his chair.

"Anybody'd need to be gentle to live in the same house with you, 'Siah. Or with me, either. Now, why aren't you satisfied with Lawrence?"

"It is no use to discuss my reasons, Aunt Celestia."

"I aim to discuss 'em, just the same." Aunt Celestia's needles snapped. "Lawrence is good blood. None better in New England. He's well educated; stood up head at Harvard Medical, they say. He's poor, of course. But he has eight hundred a year. So they needn't starve out-

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right. He has three good hospital offers this minute——"

"You must have looked him up thoroughly, Aunt Celestia."

"I did that. What else do I keep my secretary-woman for? And he's young, and healthy, and grand to look at. And he and Christiny think the world belongs to them. Now, 'Siah, it's your turn."

The admiral glowered at the horizon. He held his venerable aunt in deep esteem. Yet in his soul he longed to order her to the brig for insubordination.

"I have little to say." His face dropped into iron grooves. "Christine is too young for marriage."

"She's twenty-two. You were twenty-three when her ma was born, weren't you?"

"That was very different, Aunt Celestia. Christine is only a child. And Lawrence is a spoiled cub. He has no judgment."

"No judgment?"

"He wants to resign out of the service. When I myself suggested his appointment as surgeon on the *Connecticut!*" The admiral reddened ominously. "Says he has 'other plans for his life-work.' Impudent young blockhead!"

"Oho. So he won't be a navy doctor? Wants to stay out and be his own boss?"

"Listen, Aunt Celestia. That boy is a waster, I tell you. An utter waster. He has no gratitude. He has heaved all his chances overboard. Says all the godlike splendors of gold braid and buttons aboard the *Connecticut* won't balance a working laboratory ashore. Says he's going to spend his life on preventive medicine. Preventive poppycock! Glorified hygiene, that's all it means. Says he wants to be a public-school physician in New York. Can you believe it? He'll take a piffling job ashore, because it will give him plenty of mumps and measles to practice on, and three or four hours a day to tinker with his condemned germs!" The admiral sat back, quite purple.

"Yes." His aunt nodded. She bent over her knitting. "I've talked with Lawrence myself. He's some obstinate, too, 'Siah. Says he's perfecting a new stain, so's he can sort out some germs that have never been sorted out before. 'Isolated,' he calls it. Says if he can just isolate one single germ, and find one antitoxin, he'll feel prouder than if he'd blown up all the navies of Europe." She raised her dusk lids and gave the admiral a long glance. "That's no ha'penny aim, Josiah. It's the fighting will of the great pioneers, the great discoverers. If I was you, I'd full as lieve watch my grandchild's husband build up health for coming generations as build himself a fine figure in the navy. What d' you say?"

The admiral found his broad sea-way blocked by a small but convincing reef.

"I want Christine's future provided for. I don't propose that her life shall be cramped by her husband's needs."

"Tut, tut. Christiny won't be a pauper. Unless I live forever, she'll be pretty well fixed. Try again, Josiah."

"I do not like Lawrence's change of plan. It looks as if the boy were vacillating."

"Maybe Lawrence and Christiny want to do their own plannin'. Listen, Josiah." Her sweet, deep voice rose, challenging. "When folks are young and healthy and high-spirited, they don't ask to be settled. They want to break away from the trodden roads, to set out and explore. If I know Christiny, she's eager to share Lawrence's life, to the last ditch. She won't care whether she's rich or poor, long's she knows she's Lawrence's partner. And knows she's doing her share." Her voice rang on a strange and passionate note. "My, what wouldn't I give to be young again! An' startin' out with my own partner—an' doin' my share!"

The admiral fell back upon vested authority.

"Christine will listen to my advice. There is nothing more to say."

There was a long silence. It might—perhaps—have been the silence of defeat. At last Aunt Celestia's needles began again their clicking rhythm.

"Where will Christiny stay next month while you're conducting battle manœuvres? Can't I keep her with me?"

"Thank you, Aunt Celestia. But Mrs. Fitzgerald Jones has begged me to let her have Christine for a month. At Lenox, you know."

"Mrs. Fitzgerald Jones!"

Aunt Celestia's knitting fell from her

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hands. Her lean old body stiffened erect. Her eyes blazed wide.

"That dough-faced Ensign Jones's ma! I see. You'll send Christiny to visit them. You'll give that sissy young snip every chance. Right over poor Lawrence's head!"

The admiral leaped up as if a mine had exploded under his port bow. Aunt Celestia stormed straight on.

"I know now, 'Siah. That's why Lawrence doesn't suit! Fitzgerald Jones has two millions in his own right. And *he'll* never worry you by vacillatin' behavior. He hasn't enough git-up-and-git to vacillate, if he tried. So you're deliberately puttin' those children apart! So you're deliberately planning an engagement——"

"I'm deliberately doing nothing of the sort!" roared the admiral. "I'm the last man on earth to force Christine into an unwelcome marriage. But give the sissy snip his due. Jones is not an entrancing object, I'll admit. But he has money, position, a settled place in life. All those things count. Your idea that Christine shall be her husband's partner, share his struggles, fight beside him to the last ditch—all very charming, Aunt Celestia. But those romantic days are past and gone. Moreover, Lawrence has had the whole road. Now Jones shall have his chance. And I'll wager you anything you say, Aunt Celestia, that Jones will win!"

Then the admiral looked down the garden. And the admiral's mouth closed with such precipitation that he narrowly escaped biting his eloquent tongue.

Up the terrace came two loitering figures. The late sunshine laid kindling fingers on Christine's fair head, her beautiful downcast face. Close beside her walked young Gardiner, that husky, splendid young giant, his black head bent eagerly above her grave white loveliness. The two mounted the stairs and greeted the elder people deferentially. But it was obvious that to their blank intent young eyes the stately Aunt Celestia and the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic Fleet were as the marble columns behind them. Silent, as wrapped in some still enchantment, they wandered down the veranda to the deep arch where late wistaria drifted in violet shadows on the marble floor.

For a long minute the admiral stared absently at Christine. Then, with an odd, sharp sigh, he turned away and sat looking out to sea.

Aunt Celestia knitted on. Her face was tranquil as a mask of ivory. At last she spoke.

"See, it's the eighteenth that battle manœuvres begin, 'Siah?"

"Yes."

"I've always laid out to ask you just what battle manœuvres are." Her voice was suave as honey. "I wish you'd explain 'em, slow and easy, so I'll understand."

The admiral looked at the two rapt young faces, deep in the wistaria shade. This was tactful of Aunt Celestia. He took up the shrewdly neutral topic.

"Battle manœuvres are battle manœuvres, that's all. Our ships, the Red Squadron of the North Atlantic, are ordered to attack a certain port. The Blue Squadron is sent to defend that port. All methods of actual warfare are used. Torpedoes, submarines, night attack, everything."

"If you'd get a chance, would you slip up on the other admiral, 'Siah? Would you take him by surprise?"

"*Would* I?" The admiral's glum face warmed with delighted reminiscence. "Don't you remember the time I bagged Admiral MacMahon and his whole division?"

"What did you do to him, 'Siah?"

"Do to him? Put him out of action. Forced him to unconditional surrender." The admiral chuckled sinfully. "My orders were to hold him back from attacking Provincetown. He, on his part, was to take Provincetown, and scoop in my squadron at the same time. Now, I know MacMahon pretty well. So I sent a decoy after him. One of my crack destroyers, looking completely disabled, was towed diagonally across his course, headed for Boston Light. MacMahon is a grasping old pirate. I'd counted on that bargain-grabbing nature of his; I knew he couldn't see one lone destroyer limp by, without giving chase. Give chase he did, though it was late afternoon, and threatening fog, and a mighty ticklish chance. My destroyer dodged into Fairport Harbor.

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Pelting after, like so many rats into a trap, came MacMahon's ships. They were within a mile of the breakwater when the fog rolled in. That was all I wanted. My ships were hidden just past the headlands. We came steaming round the cape, and bottled him up at the harbor mouth before you could say Jack Robinson. That trick put his whole squadron out of action. It would have cost him his sword in real war. Poor old MacMahon! He was pretty well cut up."

"So you treat the other admiral just like your enemy." The clicking needles stopped short. Beneath the hooded lids Aunt Celestia's old eyes lighted with a cold flame—like the eyes of a wise old hawk, dozing in the sun. "You'd fool him with a decoy boat, then slip up and trap his ships, and disqualify him as an officer——"

"Nonsense; no. Not 'disqualify.' Never." The admiral glanced restively at those still absorbed young faces. "To lose is no proof of inefficiency. It shows that the loser is lacking in strategy. He is short on forethought. He isn't watching out for surprises. 'The essence of strategy is forethought,'" he quoted, a little pompously. "Precisely as 'the essence of tactics is surprise.' I outplayed him, that was all. And there is no ill feeling between MacMahon and myself. The old chap is a good loser. I could not pay him a higher compliment." There was a mild complacence in his eye.

"I see." The steady needles flashed on. Again the admiral looked at the two in the wistaria shade. Again that odd wistful light crossed his harsh face. They did not heed his glances. Their quiet voices came and went, low as the bee-murmur in the garden below.

He glanced at Aunt Celestia—her helpless, chained old body; her dim old face, with its brave humor, its stony patience. His own face softened. What a long, strange, eventful comedy her life had been!

Seventy years ago Aunt Celestia and his mother had been sisters together in a quiet old Puritan home, back in the New Hampshire hills. Celestia was the elfin changeling of that sober flock, a beautiful, vivid, self-willed girl—"our cardinal-flower," he had heard his mother call her, many a time. Celestia was destined for the missionary field. So her pious father had decreed. But when she was seventeen Warren Boardman, her boy sweetheart, now a daring young adventurer from the West, came back, and demanded her for his wife.

Kind, inexorable, her parents put him aside. Their Celestia was called to a higher path. Their Celestia, however, arose straightway, and packed her skimpy little hair trunk. Then she called her kinsfolk together. Over and over the admiral had heard his mother tell those quiet, defiant words.

"Warren is not just my lover. He is my man. He is the other half of me. We shall be wed to-day. Then we go away, to the Far West—to Ohio. You will choose, my father, whether we go in peace or in anger. But go we shall. For we two are one flesh."

Swallowing his wrath, the wise father had given her a seemly wedding, and a brand-new feather-bed. Insolently happy, she and her Warren had set their faces to the sunset.

For twenty-two years they had toiled and prospered. Celestia's rare letters home were so many exultant chronicles of thriving children, of widening lands. Then came the Civil War. Warren and the two eldest boys joined the Union army. Celestia and the five younger children stayed at home and worked the farm—and waited.

In '62 Warren was brought home to her. For two years he was to Celestia as her adored piteous child. With her soul and with her body she cherished him, pouring her indomitable spirit into him, holding the life in his shattered flesh by the sheer power of her passion and her tenderness. In '64 he died. Then the two boys came back, worn and haggard, the spring of life broken in them. Celestia put her dead away and gave herself to her children.

The admiral remembered his first sight of her. Through those hurtling war years he had thought of her, his mother's dearest sister, with sympathy, yet with a comfortable sense of her secure means. When the war broke out he knew that she and Warren had owned over a thousand acres of land. It was good to feel that she need not face poverty as well as bereavement.

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In '71, not six weeks after he and Marianna were married, he was ordered to Vicksburg. By snatching a day out of their journey they could make a détour and see Aunt Celestia.

From a bleak way-station they had driven miles on miles, down through wet gray November country. They did not see the desolate roads, the bare, cold fields. Young and gay and successful, they were going to see Aunt Celestia—Aunt Celestia, herself the one young, gay, successful, vivid figure in all their bleak traditions.

"She's just like a cardinal-flower, mother used to say," he told Marianna over and over. And Marianna, all lovely eagerness, looked forward as to the vision of a princess—a princess in a strange palace, far away.

At last they drove up a miry lane and stopped before a low log house. Around it stretched dead gray bottom-lands. Above it hung a gray and bitter sky.

"This can't be the place!" Marianna's blue eyes were wide.

"Of course not. But I'll stop and ask the way."

A group of shy tow-headed children hovered round, and stared at the wonder of Marianna. One stammered bashfully, would they not 'light and get warm?

They crossed the puncheon floor to the hearth. The dusky room was clean and bare, and gaunt as poverty. But over the mantel hung a queer little faulty drawing in india-ink—a girlish face, under languishing ringlets—his own mother's face.

Amazed, he turned to Marianna. Then he looked through the low door.

Up the dripping lane floundered two tired plough-horses. Their shaggy heads drooped. The black mud clung to their fetlocks. Behind them strode a woman. Her coarse skirts were heavy with loam. Her sun-browned face was ashen with fatigue. But she held her head high, and she entered her mean cabin with a noble graciousness.

"If I'd known you were coming, I'd have left my ploughing till to-morrow." Her deep eyes searched the man and the girl. "No need to tell me. You're my sister Evelina's own boy. And this is your wife?" She put out her big, stained hands, with a beautiful greeting. "And I—I'm Celestia."

This Celestia! This lank, gray, beaten field-woman was the cardinal-flower of his mother's wistful memory!

She had made them welcome. She had built up her scanty fire. She had set her poor best before them: bread and mush on earthen plates, and a hoarded golden morsel of honey. Nothing more.

"You'll think it shame that I don't even offer you silver spoons to eat with." She flushed painfully. "But it's all gone, every piece. I sold it, and all our furniture, too, when I sold our house and came down here to live. I had to do it, so's to pay the taxes and hold on to our land. For—for *he* said I mustn't let one inch go." Her gray eyes burned with sombre fire. "Now he's gone, seems like the least I can do is to hold it fast. There's over twelve hundred acres, countin' the unbroke land in Michigan, and that forest tract in Arkansas. Folks say I'm foolish to try. But I'll never let it go."

She had kept her word. Summer and winter she slaved to hold that land. She rose before daybreak to cook and churn. She bent her weary back to the plough. She studied nights to help the younger children along. At last, long after she had seen her youngest child safely through college, when the grim, breaking strain was ended, then, with arch-irony, Fate turned the wheel. On the wild Michigan land copper was discovered. A year later a great railroad built a terminal on the very edge of her Arkansas forest. Wealth poured in upon Aunt Celestia, a golden stream.

She took it with the same sardonic quiet that she took the curious weakness that had already bound her to her chair. She gave bountiful allowances to her children. In her dead love's name she set up charities with a shrewd and generous hand. Then she did what nobody on earth but Aunt Celestia would ever dream of doing. Old and frail and helpless, she had herself carried to the sea-shore. There, on a high cliff, she had ordered the building of this palace where she now sat, a moveless ancient chatelaine.

"Yes, it's queer I didn't go back to New Hampshire and fix up the old home, instead," she said crisply to her bewildered kin. "But I'm past eighty years old. And all my life I've hankered to sit and

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neighbor with the sea. *He* used to know. He promised me, time and again, that some day we'd go back and build us a house, high on a rock, lookin' straight out toward sunrise. And we'd fill it with beautiful things, and have all our friends to visit us. Now I shall have my house and my friends, and my sea, and my sunrises, just as we two planned. He'd be better satisfied so. And so shall I."

Those years which had brought her such changes had brought bitter changes to the admiral. His Marianna had slipped away within the year. Their baby daughter had grown to womanhood; then she, too, had been taken from him. Her three children came home to the admiral. They had been the pride of his lonely days. The boys were fine youngsters; but Christine—Christine, this tall, golden-headed, rose-cheeked young Dian, had somehow a deeper hold. The admiral was the type of man who loves to lavish on his womenkind. It rasped his grim loving old heart to think how little he had been able to give to Marianna and his daughter. Of late a dogged aim had crystallized in his mind. In so far as his slender income permitted, he had trained Christine to the habits and the view-point of wealth. A girl of Christine's beauty and distinction—it was all very obvious. In time she would possess great riches. He would fit her for all the obligations that her high estate would entail.

Aunt Celestia's needles clicked on, a mystic tune. In the late sunlight they wove a checkered arras on the marble floor, a mesh of eerie sorcery. Bent above them, her old face took on the veiled, watchful calm of an old necromancer watching her thin, potent web of shadow and sun.

"You planning to spend a week at camp, Josiah?"

The admiral brightened. Of all the sumptuous playthings that Aunt Celestia gave her guests, the Boars' Head Camp was his delight.

"I've been figurin' that you'd like to go. You'll find a whole parcel of my friends there. Doctor Benedict, and Judge Curtis, and so on. And—" her dark lids flickered. The silver needles were flying like airy shuttles in that charmed web. "You might's well take Lawrence along. That will show folks that there's no hard feeling. No matter what happens afterward."

The admiral's eyes twinkled at this guileless feminine surrender.

"That is a capital plan, Aunt Celestia. Lawrence will appreciate the opportunity. (And so will Fitzgerald Jones)," he added, under his breath. "I will talk it over with the boy at once. Lawrence!"

He stood up, a fine, imperious figure. Aunt Celestia's slow eyes turned from him to the two reluctant children. Then her old face brooded, bland.

Sullenly yielding in every burly inch, young Lawrence lagged away beside the admiral. Aunt Celestia looked at Christine. Her needles plied on.

"You look taller than ever to-day, Christiny. Seems like you must be 'most grown up."

"I am grown up." Christine's beautiful grave face turned angry scarlet. Her slim young body shook. "I am twenty-two years old. When you were twenty-two——"

"When I was twenty-two I had a husband and three children, and forty acres of cleared land, and a four-room house. And I owned the earth."

Christine's soft, docile mouth set hard. She stared down at the blue-and-silver bar that was the sea.

Aunt Celestia picked up a stitch.

"Your grandpa and I have had quite a chat." Her deep old voice was silken. "He's going to camp to-morrow. Lawrence goes with him."

Silence.

"Young Mr. Jones will stay right here. Nice young man, he is. Kind of slack-baked. But that's no fault of his."

The goaded damsel turned.

"Which of us are you siding with, Aunt Celestia?"

"Siding with, Christiny!"

Christine towered above the wheeled chair.

"Because—oh, you know, you know what I mean! It's all grandfather's doing. He—he wants me to have everything. The old pig-headed, precious lamb!" Quick mists blurred those angry young eyes. "If he wasn't so dear, it wouldn't be so hard for me. But he has set him-

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self against Lawrence always. He won't try to understand. Aunt Celestia! Can't you ram it into his darling solid head?"

"Ram in what?"

"What all this means. For Lawrence and for me." All the passion faded from her face. She stood there, white, tall, very gentle. "Grandfather plans for my future. But what I want is, my Now. And Larry has been Now to me ever since I was old enough to pull his hair and take his blocks away from him at kindergarten. Nothing has ever mattered, but just Larry.

"Larry isn't just my lover, either," she blundered on, in her droll, inarticulate young speech. "He's a piece of me. He's the whole thing. That's why I took biology, all through college, so I could help him in his laboratory. I want to work right with him, and play right with him. Just as we've always done. We used to build sand-forts at the beach, and he'd be commander, and I'd be the garrison, and the other children would be redskins. Then he'd rush out and attack them, and I'd stay and hold the fort; or if the redskins were too much for him, I'd rush out and fight too. We always did things together. And now we want to keep right on doing things together. I'll take any chances, along with Larry. I wouldn't mind danger, nor terror, nor pain. I don't suppose you can see what I mean, Aunt Celestia——"

"I can make out some idea."

"And grandfather wants me to give it all up. 'And make a suitable, successful marriage.' Oh, grandfather knows a lot about marriage, maybe!" She swept her wet lashes with a trembling hand. Then her blue eyes flashed, sweet, defiant. "But when it comes to Life, just you believe me, Aunt Celestia, grandfather has another guess coming!"

Aunt Celestia watched her race down the lawn in dryad flight. Her needles leaped fast and faster, clashing like pixy lances. Her old hawk eyes were points of light.

"Yes. Christiny put it pretty well. Josiah may know a lot about marriage. But when it comes to livin', breathin' flesh and blood, I reckon Josiah has another guess coming."

As always, the admiral found Aunt Celestia's camp much to his taste. He enjoyed every hour, although now and then the sight of young Lawrence's impassive face, the hard antagonism behind the boy's silences, gave him an ugly twinge. Each night he planned to talk the matter over with him and close the whole incident, kindly and finally. But somehow the opportune moment never presented itself. More, there were hours when even the admiral's disciplined memory broke bounds. Defeat is bitter to the young.

Then the blow fell.

On the last morning a fagged guide on a stumbling, lathered horse came pounding up from Eagle Point. He brought a telegram from Aunt Celestia—a grim, terrifying command.

"Come at once; bring Lawrence; tell entire party to follow immediately; I want you all here; it is Christine's wish."

Christine!

Baffled, panic-stricken, the two men dashed away, leaving the other guests to follow as they could. Heart-sick, bewildered to frenzy, they reached Eagle Point. There they found an automobile and a second telegram.

"Nobody dead, but come at once."

"That means Christine is hurt in an accident. Or else she's terribly ill. Why couldn't they tell us?" groaned Lawrence.

"Very likely it's Aunt Celestia herself." Shaken with dread, yet hotly angered at the torturing suspense, they rushed on.

It was early dusk when their car swung into the long drive. As they sped up through the lawns, their clutching fear yielded; for there was no pulse of terror in that calm air. In the twilight the great house bore a look of hushed and gracious festival. Soft light poured along the broad verandas. A deeper glow shone from the great windows. From the terraced garden there rose a misty amber gleam.

Aunt Celestia's excellent Pattison, looking very badly flustered indeed, met the tired, excited men at the door.

"Madam requests you, sir, to come to her sitting-room at once. And, Mr. Gardiner, madam asks you to read this note, and begs that you will go to your own room—immediately."

Not waiting to hear Lawrence's astounded word, the admiral strode across the hall.

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His aunt sat alone before her desk. The admiral's quick, anxious questions were silenced in amazement. He had never seen Aunt Celestia look as she looked to-night. It was not the flowing magnificence of her velvet gown, her pearls, her laces. It was the wonderful new light that fairly glowed upon her; a light that clasped her, enfolded her, like a very cloak of youth.

"Sit down, Josiah." Her voice rang high and clear. "Sit down, Josiah, I say. That big, solid chair yonder. You'll need it."

"What on earth——"

"Easy, Josiah. We haven't much time. It's just half past seven. At half past eight, Christiny is to be married. To Lawrence Gardiner. Bishop Soames performs the ceremony. You are to give her away. Go get ready now. You'll have to be pretty spry——"

"Christine—Lawrence! M—married to-night!" The words jerked gasping from the admiral's mouth. His face grew chalk-white.

"Yes. It's all fixed. Lawrence's mother just reached here. She's some astonished, but she's mighty pleased. She's always loved Christiny dearly. I wired for the boys. They came this noon. Then there's a parcel of Christiny's school friends, too. They'll be bridesmaids. Now, I hope you're going to be real reasonable, Josiah. I'm dependin' on it that you'll behave just as good-humored as Admiral MacMahon did. That time you bottled him up in Fairport Harbor."

"What!"

"There, you've no call to feel mortified, Josiah. It's no proof of inefficiency. It just means that I'm older than you, and some smarter when it comes to gettin' what I want. I kept in mind what you said about the best part of strategy bein' forethought. Well, I used all the forethought I've got. And how the essence of tactics is surprise. Well, I guess I've surprised you, and everybody else. I've outplayed you, as you say. Seems like I opened a pretty mean bag of tricks." Her old hands played restlessly with her laces. "And you my own nephew, too. But when I'd listened to Christiny, and looked in that child's face, then I knew I was right. So I went ahead."

"If you'd just tell me! If you'd make it clear——"

She sighed, then smiled patiently, as at an unruly small boy.

"Well. First, I got you out of the way, and sent Lawrence with you. Then I set to work. I couldn't do much myself." She cast an ironic glance at her useless, swaddled limbs. "But I could run things from my chair. Just as you run things from your flag-ship bridge. I had a-plenty folks to fire my guns for me." Her face broke into wicked crinkles. "Madame Lucile came from New York right off, and brought four sewing-women, and they made things fly. Christiny's wedding-dress is grand enough for a duchess. Then I didn't send out formal invitations. I had my secretary-woman write notes to a few folks that Christiny and Lawrence know best and like best. And to a few of my friends that they ought to know. Like Mrs. Woolvermann, and the Kings, and the German ambassador and his wife. And Justice Wells, and the Richardsons from Brookline. And they all wrote right away, and said they'd be pleased to come. Then I had my secretary write a full account of the wedding and send it to *The Postscript*. And she sent a copy to *The Times*, and one to the Washington *Record*, too. It's published to-night. Here it is."

The admiral got his breath at last.

"What did Christine say to all this?"

Aunt Celestia smiled.

"Christiny hasn't cheeped. She doesn't hear nor see nor think. She's going with Lawrence. That's all she knows or cares. It's all I could do to haul her down to earth long enough to have her wedding-dress fitted."

She unfolded the newspaper.

"It says that 'the engagement was perfectly understood by the immediate family.' (That's you and me, Josiah.) 'But this early marriage will be a surprise to many.' (That's you and me, too.) 'The young surgeon will be granted a month's leave, which will be spent at Mrs. Boardman's camp at Boars' Head.' No, he hasn't got that leave yet, Josiah. But you telegraph the department to-night, and they'll put it through. 'The ceremony will take place in the Italian garden of East Cliff, the north shore estate of

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the bride's grand-aunt, Mrs. Boardman. The Right Reverend William Carrington Soames, of Saint Stephen's, will officiate. The bride will be given away by her grandfather, Admiral J. Wentworth Stafford. She will wear a gown of point d'Alençon, the gift of Mrs. Boardman. Preceding the ceremony the boy choir from Saint Stephen's will sing. The guests include——'"

She laid down the paper. Perhaps she winced a little as she turned to her nephew. But there was no anger in the admiral's face. Only a blank, blind, groping amazement.

"But why did you do this? Tell me why."

She glanced at the clock.

"I'll tell you why when it's all over. Though I misdoubt you'll understand, even then. Now go put on your dress-uniform. Too bad you and Lawrence got your noses so sun-peeled, but that can't be helped. Now—I'm hopin' you're going to be a good loser, Josiah?"

Blanched, voiceless, stepping high like a sleep-walker, the admiral went to the door.

"And— Come back, Josiah. I 'most forgot. *The Postscript* says that your gift to Christiny is a string of matched pearls. Here they are. I sent for them the day you went away."

Obediently the admiral took the narrow white-velvet box that she pushed into his hand.

"Now hurry on your uniform. Then go to Christiny. Tell her you've brought her pearls. And that you want to clasp them on."

It was as if the mounting tide of summer had stopped at its flood to mark the high enchantment of Christine's marriage night. Topaz and fiery copper, chrysoprase and milky opal, the last sunset embers still burned on the gray east. A young moon hung low in the sky. Along the shore the soft night wind went whispering to the sea. Up through the shadowy garden came the call of the violins, rising, falling, like the pleading call of a human voice to wind and sky.

Under the lights of the pergola the guests waited, a stately company. At last, down the terraced stair came the lines of singing boys. Their sober child faces lifted; their voices soared, passionless, piercing sweet. Then came the bridesmaids, a blossomy file. White as a white star in her clouding veil, Christine floated past those waiting groups and stood beside her man.

Then up from the sea-wall, drifting silver, came a wraith of fog, like a strange and lovely guest. It wreathed the marble walls and columns in tapestry of gossamer. It witched the fountain to spray of pearl. Through its dissolving vistas the great lighted house seemed to waver and grow thin. Marble and turf were only mist and spume. And all those scores of faces, those solid, substantial, vital folk, seemed far, unreal, and all the world was some blown pageant on a bubble's rim.

Yet two there were on whom its magic laid no spell. Against that curtain of shimmer and gleam those two young faces shone out grave and clear. Keen, aglow, flaming as with the sovereign fire of life, stood Christine and her man. In all that masque of phantom they might have been the only living, breathing creatures. Strong and bold their voices rang out as they stood together and clasped their daring young hands upon their vows—those immortal promises, ancient, terrible, beautiful, that bound them to each other, that made them one with the rest of life that suffers, rejoices, labors, gives.

The admiral went through it all like a man in a dream. He did not even flinch when he gave the child away. Always his eyes followed her with a still and tender awe; as if, in her new mysterious loveliness, Christine was not Christine. As if she walked before him, some dearer vision of lost delight.

The last guest had departed. The great house was sinking into its wonted quiet. Aunt Celestia lay among her cushions, her eyes fixed on the admiral's face. Her own face was a little worn. As the irreverent grandson often said, Aunt Celestia was no quitter. But when you are eighty-seven years old, and half-paralyzed, and have just achieved a coup that has out-manœuvred the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic Fleet, you will have some warrant for fatigue.

The admiral looked down at her. His

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face was still flaccid with perplexity. Back he swung to his eternal question.

"But, Aunt Celestia, *why!* Yes, I know. Lawrence is a good boy, an admirable fellow. And they have been comrades all their lives. In time, I suppose, I might have given way. But why couldn't you give me more time? Why couldn't you wait?"

"Because I hadn't time to wait, Josiah. I'm gettin' along, you know. And I couldn't rest easy till I'd seen this thing through. Christiny didn't have time to wait, either. Christiny is twenty-two this minute. She's gettin' along, too. And she and Lawrence must have their youth while it lasts."

"But how dared you? How could you be so sure?"

"I dared because I was so sure. Because Christiny isn't just Christiny. Josiah, can't you understand? Christiny and I—we're cut off the same piece. We're not the kind of women that just get married. Our man—he's our mate. He's the other half of us. We'll chance everything. We'll go the whole road. We'll share whatever comes. All we ask is, the right to share."

"But for Christine to give up all opportunity!"

"You mean give up Sissy Jones? My stars, Josiah! Don't you know the flesh and blood that your own grandchild has sprung from?"

She drew herself erect, her hands gripping the chair-arms. Her eyes flashed. Her voice poured out, deep and sweet and stern.

"Don't you know that Christiny is the breathing image of your own great-grandmother Davenport? Ever hear how, back in 1740, when the Indians were so troublesome, she went with her husband and helped build the stockade? Then how she stood watch and watch, all that month of the uprising, though she wasn't but a slip of a girl, and her baby not two months old? Then think of grandmother's sister, Emily Preston. Her husband went up on the mountain one day to chop wood, and he didn't come home at dark, so she went in search. Along midnight she found him, lying in the snow, half-frozen, with a tree-trunk pinning him down. She went back and fetched a sled, an' dragged it up the hills an' put him on it, an' dragged him all the way to the cabin. Then she started out long before daybreak to get the doctor. She got him, too, after she'd walked and run eight miles through night and snow, with the wolves howlin' all around her. And think of her daughter, Felicia Stafford. She and her husband went down to Kentucky only fifty years ago, and built their house on a ridge alongside the Mississippi, and along came the high water and swept out every house in the valley. Felicia's husband was tryin' to save his stock, an' the flood caught him and threw him against the bluff and hurt him bad. Felicia swam out and got him, somehow. Then she nursed him day and night till the water went down, so's she could get him to the city. And there the doctors told her that it was his spine, and that it would take a year to heal. It took three years. All that time Felicia ran that farm, and took care of her children—she had four, and the oldest one goin' on nine—and managed to get to the city every month to see him. Though one time she had to sell her cameo breast-pin to pay her fare on the train. Don't talk to me, Josiah! Don't I know my own flesh? Ain't I sure?"

"But I wanted Christine to make a successful marriage—to have the money and the time to develop herself—to escape drudgery——"

"Money? Time? Cat's foot! It takes real livin' to develop folks. Give Christiny her life. Living won't spell drudgery to Christine and Lawrence. It'll be just a grand big game. Just like it was for Warren and me, Josiah!" Her voice thrilled on a strong and pleading note. Her eyes clung burning on his own.

"No, Josiah. Think! You couldn't bear to cheat Christiny out of what my life has given to me. You couldn't stand by and see her lose—what Marianna knew! Oh, Josiah! Christiny was right. You may be all very wise. You may know all about marriage, and all about success. But—oh, Josiah, when it comes to life, you—you've got another guess coming!"

The admiral stared past her, silent. He did not seem to hear. His big, handsome, elderly figure sagged a little. Upon his hard, handsome face there came again that

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curious inward shining. It was as if that little name, so long silenced, held a tender illumining, all its own.

He turned and looked out toward the softly lighted garden, all silver shadow and misty glow, where Christine, fair star bride, had stood an hour ago. But the face that gleamed before his longing eyes was not the face of Christine.

At last he spoke, half to himself.

"Christine was very beautiful to-night. Somehow—it's the first time I have ever noticed it—she looked a little as Marianna used to look. Do you remember Marianna, Aunt Celestia? Though I suppose not. It's more than forty years——"

Aunt Celestia leaned forward in her chair. Her voice was very low.

"Yes, Josiah. I mind Marianna well. That one time you brought her to see me, the little, lovely, happy thing! And I mind how she'd look at you, and her eyes would sparkle, and her cheeks get pink; she was so proud of you, and of everything you did and every word you'd say. And I mind how glad she was to go to that lonesome river-country with you, though it was yellow-fever year, and cruel heat, and she must live just like your laborers did, cooped up in a muddy little shack ashore. Yet she was prouder than Punch, and happy as a queen. Yes, Josiah. I remember."

But the admiral had not heard one word. His fine old face was spent and gray. His breath came short with stabbing memories. For the old brave, loving heart was torn within him.

"If Christine—if I thought——"

Then he turned his face to that old waiting, patient face. And he spoke out like a wistful boy.

"It's been a long road, Aunt Celestia. No, I wouldn't want Christine to miss what Marianna and I knew."

"Oh, Josiah!"

Suddenly she urged toward him. Bound prisoner that she was, it seemed as if the powerful mother-spirit of her would lift her worthless old body and carry it to him, to clasp him in her old powerful mother-arms, infinitely tender, infinitely compassionate. "Oh, Josiah! I knew time'd come you'd see, dear. I knew you'd understand!"

THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS

By Winifred Louise Taylor

SECOND PAPER*

DURING the last twenty-five years there has been a general tendency to draw sharp, hard-and-fast dividing lines between the "corrigible" and the "incorrigible" criminal. It has been assumed that a man only once convicted of a crime may yet be amenable to reform, but that a second or third conviction—convictions, not necessarily crimes—is proof that a man is "incorrigible"; that the criminal dye is set and the man should therefore be permanently removed from society. This really does appear a most sensible arrangement as we look down upon the upper side of the proposition; to those who look up to it from below the appearance is altogether different.

A distinguished professor in a law school has said: "If any person shall be a third time convicted of *any crime, no matter of what nature*, he should be imprisoned at hard labor for life." At a National Prison Congress, in 1888, another eminent professor thus indorsed this sentiment: "I believe there is but one cure for this great and growing evil, and this is the

* In reply to those who may charge me with extravagant optimism in regard to convicts, or may think that to me every goose is a swan, I wish to say that I have written only of the men—among hundreds of convicts—who have most interested me; men whom I have known thoroughly and who never attempted to deceive me. Every writer's vision of life and of humanity is inevitably colored by his own personality, and in these articles I have pictured these men as I saw them; but I have also endeavored, in using so much from their letters, to leave the reader free to form his own opinion. Doubtless the key to my own position is the fact that I always studied these prisoners as men; and I tried not to obscure my vision by looking at them through their crimes.

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imprisonment for life of the criminal once pronounced 'incorrigible.'" Later the governor of my own State told me that he would consider no petition for shortening the sentence of an "habitual criminal." Any leniency of attitude was stigmatized as "rose-water sentiment." And the heart of the community hardened itself against any plea for the twice-convicted man. What fate he was consigned to was not their affair so long as he was safely locked up.

In our eagerness for self-protection at any cost we lose sight of the fact that the criminal problem is one of conditions quite as much as of "cases." In our large cities, the great reservoirs of crime, we are but reaping the harvest of centuries of evil in older civilizations.

So far we have been dealing with effects more than with causes. Indeed our dealings with law-breakers, from police court to penitentiary, have served to increase rather than to diminish the causes of crime. True enough it is that thousands of our fellow men have found life one great quicksand of criminal and prison experience in which cause and effect became in time inextricably tangled.

I am free to admit that when I glance over the newspaper reports of brutal outrages and horrible crimes my sympathy swings over wholly to the injured party; I, too, feel as if no measures could be too severe for the perpetrator of the crime. That there are human monsters whose confinement is demanded by public safety I do not question. But modern scientific study is leading us to the conclusion that back of abnormal crimes are abnormal physiological conditions, or abnormal race tendencies. And the "habitual criminal" is *not* so designated because of the nature of his crimes, but because of the number of his infractions of the law.

I might have concurred with the opinions of the learned professors were it not that just when legislation in my own State was giving no quarter to second and third offenders I was being led into the midst of this submerged tenth of our prison population, and my loyalty to their cause has been unswerving ever since.

"Have any of your 'habituals' permanently reformed?" I am asked.

They certainly have, more of them than even my optimism expected; and under circumstances when I have been amazed that their moral determination did not break. In my preconceived opinion, the most hopeless case I ever assisted surprised me by settling down, under favorable environment, into an honest, self-supporting citizen; and we may rest assured that he is guarding his boys from all knowledge of criminal life.

After I came to understand how all the odds were against the penniless one, scarred and crippled by repeated crimes and punishments, it was not his past nor his future that interested me so deeply as *what was left of the man.* I suppose I was always in search of that something which we call the soul. And I sometimes found it where I least looked for it: among the very dregs of convict life.

John Bryan stands out in clear relief in this connection. How well I remember my first meeting with this man, who was then more than forty years old, in broken health, serving a twenty-year sentence which he could not possibly survive. He had no family, received no letters, was utterly an outcast. Crime had been his "profession." * His face was not brutal, but it was hard, guarded in expression, and seamed with lines. The facts of his existence he accepted apparently without remorse, certainly without hope. This was life as he had made it, yes—but also as he had found it. His friends had been men of his own kind, and, judged by standards of his own, he had respected them, trusted them, and been loyal to them. I knew this well, for I sought his acquaintance hoping to obtain information supposed to be the missing link in a chain of evidence upon which the fate of another man depended. I assured Bryan that I would absolutely guard the safety of the man whose address I wanted, but Bryan was uncompromising in his refusal to give it to me, saying only, "Jenkins is a friend of mine. You can't induce me to give him away. You may be sincere enough in your promises, but it's too risky. I don't know you; but if I did you couldn't get this information out of me." Knowing that "honor among thieves" is no fiction I respected his attitude.

* I seldom heard the terms "habitual" or "incorrigible" used by men of his class; but the "professionals" seemed to have a certain standing with each other.

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However something in the man interested me; and moved to break in upon the loneliness and desolation of his life I offered to send him magazines and to answer any letters he might write me. Doubtless he suspected some ulterior motive on my part, for in the few letters that we exchanged I made little headway in acquaintance nor was a second interview more satisfactory. Bryan was courteous —my prisoners were always courteous to me—but it was evident that I stood for nothing in his world. One day he wrote me that he did not care to continue our correspondence, and did not desire another interview. Regretting only that I had failed to touch a responsive chord in his nature I did not pursue the acquaintance further.

Some time afterward, when in the prison hospital, I noticed the name "*John Bryan*" over the door of one of the cells. Before I had time to think John Bryan stood in the door with outstretched hand and a smile of warmest welcome, saying:

"I am so glad to see you. Do come in and have a visit with me."

"But I thought you wanted never to see me again," I answered.

"It wasn't *you* I wanted to shut out. It was the thought of the whole dreadful outside world that lets us suffer so in here, and you were a part of that world."

In a flash I understood the depth of meaning in his words, and during the next hour, in this our last meeting, the seed of our friendship grew and blossomed like the plants of the orient under the hand of the magician. It evidently had not dawned on him before that I, too, knew his world, that I could understand his feeling about it.

For two years he had been an invalid, and his world had now narrowed to the "idle room," the hospital yard, and the hospital; his associates incapacitated, sick, or dying convicts; his only occupation waiting for death. But he was given ample opportunity to study the character and the fate of these sick and dying comrades. He made no allusion to his own fate, but told me how day after day his heart had been wrung with pity, with the agony of compassion, for these others.

He knew of instances where innocent men were imprisoned on outrageously severe and unjust sentences; of men whose health was ruined and whose lives were blighted at the hands of the State for some trifling violation of the law; of cases where the sin of the culprit was white in comparison with the sin of the State in evils inflicted in the name of justice. He counted it a lighter sin to rob a man of a watch than to rob a man of his manhood or his health. It was indeed in bitterness of spirit that he regarded the courts and the churches which stood for justice and religion, yet allowed these wrongs to multiply. His point of view of the prison problem was quite the opposite of theirs.

Now, as I could have matched his score with cases of injustice, as my heart, too, had been wrung with pity, when he realized that I believed him and felt with him, the last barrier between us was melted.

There were at that time few persons in my world who felt as I did on the prison question, but in this heart suddenly opened to me I found many of my own thoughts and feelings reflected, and we stood as friends on the common ground of sympathy for suffering humanity.

Another surprise was awaiting me when I changed the subject by asking Bryan what he was reading. It seemed that his starving heart had been seeking sympathy and companionship in books. He had turned first to the Greek philosophers, and in their philosophy and stoicism he seemed to have found some strength for endurance; but it was in the great religious teachers, those lovers of the poor, those pitiers of the oppressed, Jesus Christ and Buddha, that he had found what he was really seeking. He had been reading Renan's "Jesus," also Farrar's "Life of Christ," as well as the New Testament.

"Buddha was great and good, and so were some of the other religious teachers," he said; "but Jesus Christ is better than all the rest." And with that Friend of the friendless I left him.

Strange indeed it seemed how the criminal life appeared to have fallen from him as a garment, and yet in our prison administration this man stood as the very type of "the incorrigible." What his course of action would have been had Bryan been given his freedom I should not care to predict. Physically he was absolutely incapable of supporting him-

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self honestly; and he might have agreed with another who said to me, "Any man of self-respect would rather steal than beg." There are those to whom no bread is quite so bitter as the bread of charity. But I am certain that the John Bryan who revealed himself to me in that last interview was the *real* man, the man who was going forward, apparently without fear, to meet the judgment of his Maker.

A noted preacher once said to me, "Oh, give up this prison business. It's too hard on you, too wearing and depressing." And I replied, "Not all the preachers in the land could teach me spiritually what these convicts are teaching me, or give me such faith in the ultimate destiny of the human soul." Perhaps my experience has been exceptional, but it was the older criminals, the men who had sowed their wild oats and come to their senses who most deepened my faith in human nature.

I am glad to quote in this connection the words of an experienced warden of a large Eastern penitentiary, who says: "I have yet to find a case where I believe that crime has been taught by older criminals to younger ones. I believe, on the contrary, that the usual advice of the old criminal to the boys is, 'See what crime has brought me to, and when you get out of here behave yourselves.'"

My whole study of "old-timers" verifies this statement; moreover, I am inclined to believe that in very many instances the criminal impulses exhaust themselves shortly after the period of adolescence, when the fever of antagonism to all restraint has run its course, so to say; and I believe the time is coming when this branch of the subject will be scientifically studied.

It is greatly to be regretted that the juvenile court, now so efficient in rescuing the young offender from the criminal ranks, had not begun its work before the present severe discrimination, before the second or third offence had blotted hope from the future of so many of the younger men in our penitentiaries; for the indeterminate sentence under the board of pardons has done little to mitigate the fate of those whose criminal records show previous convictions.

Hitherto we have been dealing with crimes. It is now time to begin dealing with men.*

An habitual criminal of the pronounced type was my friend Dick Mallory. I have no remembrance of our first meeting, but he must have been thirty years old at the time, was in the penitentiary for the third time, and serving a fourteen-year sentence. Early in our acquaintance I asked him to write for me a detailed account of his childhood and boyhood, the environment and influences which had made him what he was, and also his impression of the various reformatories and minor penal institutions of which he had been an inmate. This he was allowed to do by special permission, and the warden of the penitentiary gave his indorsement as to the general reliability of his statements. The following brief sketch of his youth is summarized from his own accounts.

One cannot hold Dick Mallory as a victim of social conditions, neither was he of criminal parentage. One of his grandfathers was a farmer, the other a mechanic. His father was a workingman, his mother a big-hearted woman, thoroughly kindly and to the last devoted to her son. There must have been some constitu ional lack of moral fibre in Dick, who was the same wayward, unmanageable boy known to heart-broken mothers in all classes of life. Impulsive, generous, with an overflowing sociability of disposition, he won his way with convicts and guards in the different penal institutions included in his varied experience. I hate to put it into words, but Dick was undeniably a thief; and his career as a thief began very early. When seven years of age he was sent to a parish school and there, he tells me, "A tough set of boys they were, including myself. There I received my first lessons in stealing. We would go through all the alleyways on our way to and from school, and break into sheds and steal anything we could sell for a few cents, using the money to get into cheap theatres."

This early lawlessness led to more serious misdemeanors until the boy at thir-

* For full discussion of this subject the reader is referred to "The Individualization of Punishment," by M. Raymond Saleilles, a most valuable contribution to the study of penology. Sir James Barr, also, in "The Aim and Scope of Eugenics," demands the recognition of the individual in the criminal.

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teen was sent to the reform school. This reform-school experience—in the late seventies—afforded the best possible culture for all the evil in his nature. This reform school was openly designated 'a "hotbed of crime" for the State. Inevitably Dick left it a worse boy than at his entrance. Another delinquency soon followed, for which he was sent to jail for a month, the mother hoping that this would "teach him a lesson." "It did. *But, oh! what a lesson.* Oh! but it was a hard place for a boy! There were from three to seven in each cell, some of them boys younger than I, some hardened criminals. We were herded together in idleness, learning only lessons in crime. In less than six months I was there a second time. Then mother moved into another neighborhood, but alas for the change! . . . That same locality has turned out more thieves than any other portion of Chicago, that sin-begrimed city. From the time I became acquainted in that neighborhood I was a confirmed thief and a constant object of suspicion to the police.

"One evening I was arrested on general principles, taken into the police station, and paraded before the whole squad of the police, the captain saying, 'This is the notorious Dick Mallory. Take a good look at him, and bring him in night or day, wherever you may find him.'" This completed his enmity to law and order.

Soon after followed an experience in the house of correction, of which he says: "This was my first time there and a miserable time it was. Sodom and Gomorrah in their palmiest days could not hold a candle to it. You know that by this time I was no spring chicken, but the place actually made me sick; it was literally swarming with vermin, the men half starved and half clad." This workhouse experience was repeated several times, and was regarded afterward as the lowest depth of moral degradation of his whole career. "I did not try to obtain work in these intervals of liberty because I was arrested every time I was met by a policeman who had seen me before."

Thoroughly demoralized Dick Mallory sought the saloons, at first for the sake of sociability, then for the stimulant which gave temporary zest to life, until the habit of drinking was confirmed and led to more serious crimes.

Perhaps neither our modern juvenile courts nor our improved methods in reform school and house of correction would have materially altered the course of Dick Mallory's life, although a thorough course of manual training might have turned his destructive tendencies into constructive forces; and the right teaching might have instilled into him some principles of good citizenship. Be that as it may, the fact remained that before this boy had reached his majority his imprisonment had become a social necessity; he had become the very type against whom our most severe legislation has been directed.

But this was not the Dick Mallory whom I came to know so well ten years later, and who was for two years or more my guide and director in some of the best work I ever accomplished for prisoners. Strange to say this man, utterly irresponsible and lawless as he had heretofore been, was a model prisoner. He fell into line at once, learned his trade on the shoe contract rapidly, became an expert workman, earning something like sixty dollars a year by extra work. He was cheerful, sensible, level-headed, and settled down to convict life with the determination to make the best of it, and the most of the opportunity to read and study evenings. The normal man within him came into expression. His comparison between the house of correction and the penitentiary was wholly in favor of the latter. He recognized the necessity of a strict discipline for men like himself; he appreciated the difficulties of the warden's position, and his criticisms of the institutions were confined mostly to the abuses inherent in the contract system. Never coming in contact with the sick or disabled, himself blessed with the irrepressible buoyancy of the sons of Erin, physically capable of doing more than all the work required of him, his point of view of convict life and prison administration was at that time altogether different from that of John Bryan. He plunged into correspondence with me with an ardor that never flagged, covering every inch of the writing-paper allotted him, treasuring every line of my letters, and rereading

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them on the long Sunday afternoons in his cell. For years he had made the most of the prison libraries. His reading was mainly along scientific lines—Galton, Draper, and Herbert Spencer he treasured especially. His favorite novel was Mrs. Linton's "Joshua Davidson," a striking modern paraphrase of the life of Jesus. His good nature won him many small favors and privileges from the prison guards, and the time that I knew him as a prisoner was unquestionably the happiest period of his life.

We always had some young prisoner on hand whom we were trying to rescue from criminal life. It was usually a cellmate of Dick's with whom he had become thoroughly acquainted. And on the outside was Dick's mother always ready to help her boy set some other mother's boy on his feet. Our first mutual experiment along this line was in the beginning somewhat discouraging. The following extract from one of Dick's letters speaks for itself, not only of our *protégé*, Harry, but of Dick's attitude in this and similar cases:

"My brother wrote me that Harry had burnt his foot and was unable to work for a month, during which time a friend of mine paid his board. On recovering he went back to work for a few days, drew his pay, and left the city, leaving my friend out of pocket. Now, I would like to make this loss good, because I feel responsible for Harry. I have never lost confidence in him, and what makes me feel worst of all is, that I am unable to let him know that I am not angry with him. I would give twenty dollars this minute if I knew where a letter would reach him.

"I have never directly tried to bring any man down to my own level, and if I never succeed in elevating myself much above my present level I would like to be the means of elevating others." However, Harry did not prove altogether a lost venture, and Dick was delighted to receive better news of him later.

We had better luck next time when Ned Triscom, a young cellmate of Dick's, was released. Dick had planned for this boy's future for weeks, asking my assistance in securing a situation and arranging for an evening school—the bills guaranteed by Dick. Our plans carried even better than we hoped. Ned proved really the right sort, and when I afterward met him in Chicago my impressions more than confirmed Dick's favorable report. But Ned was Dick's *find*, and Dick must give his own report.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for my friend Ned. He has written me every week since he left, and it does me good to know that he is on the high road to success. As soon as you begin to receive news from your friends who have met him you will hear things that will make your heart glad. He is enthusiastic in his praise of Miss Jane Addams, has spent some evenings at the Hull House, and goes often to see my mother. He is doing remarkably well with his work and earned twenty-four dollars last week. He has no relative nearer than an aunt, whom he will visit in his vacation. I never asked him *anything about his past*, and he never told me anything. I simply judged of him by what I saw of him. I always thought him out of place here, and now I wonder how he ever happened to get here."

I liked Dick for never having asked Ned anything about his past. Now, through Dick's interest in the boy, Ned was placed at once in healthy moral environment in Chicago, and he was really a very interesting and promising fellow. He kept in correspondence with me as long as I answered his letters, and I had no reason to think that he ever again transgressed the law. . . . Mrs. Mallory was as much interested in Dick's philanthropic experiments as I was, and several men fresh from the penitentiary spent the first few days of freedom in the sunshine of her warm welcome and under the shelter of her hospitable roof. Thus Dick, his mother, and I became a sort of first aid to the ex-convict society. On one of my visits to him Dick greeted me with the remark:

"There are two Polish boys here that you must see; and you must do something for them."

"Not another prisoner will I get acquainted with, Dick. I've more men on my list now than I can do justice to. I haven't time for another one," was my decided reply.

"It makes no difference whether you have time or not. These boys ought to

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be out of here and there's nobody to get them out but you."

I saw instantly that not only was the fate of the Polish boys involved, but my standing in the opinion of Dick; for between us two was the unspoken understanding that we could count on each other, and Dick knew perfectly well that I could not fail him. Nothing in all my prison experience so warms my heart as the thought of our Polish boys. Neither of them were twenty years of age. They were working boys of good general character, and yet they were serving a fifteen-year sentence imposed because of some technicality of an ill-framed law.

My interview with the first one was very satisfactory. I found him frank and intelligent and ready to give me every point in his case. But with the second one it was different. He listened in silence to all my questions, refusing any reply. At last I said, "You must answer my questions or I shall not be able to do anything for you." Then he turned his great black velvet eyes upon me and said only, "You mean to do me some harm?" What a comment on the boy's experience in Chicago courts! He simply could not conceive of a stranger seeking him with any but a harmful motive. And we made no further progress that time, but when I came again there was welcome in the black velvet eyes, and with the greeting, "I know now that you are my friend," he gave me his statement and answered all my questions.

Now it seemed impossible that such a severe sentence could have been passed on those boys without some just cause. But I had faith in Dick Mallory's judgment of them, and my own impressions were altogether favorable; furthermore, my good friend, the warden, was convinced that grave injustice had been done.

It was two years before I had disentangled all the threads and marshalled all my evidence and laid the case before the governor. The governor looked the papers over carefully and then said:

"If I did all my work as thoroughly as this has been done I should not be criticised as I am now. What would you like me to do for these boys?"

Making one bold dash for what I wanted, I answered: "I should like you to give me two pardons that I can take to the boys to-morrow."

The governor rang for his secretary, to whom he said: "Make out two pardons for these Polish boys." And ten minutes later, with the two pardons in my hand, I left the governor's office. And so it came to pass that I was indebted to Dick Mallory for one of the very happiest hours of my life.

When I reached the prison next day the good news had preceded me. One of the officers met me at the door and clasped both my hands in welcome, saying:

"There isn't an officer or a convict in this prison who will not rejoice in the freedom of those boys, and every convict will know of it."

As for the Polish boys themselves, the blond, a dear boy, was expecting good news; but the black velvet eyes of the dark one were bewildered by the unbelievable good fortune. I stood at the door and shook hands with them as they entered into freedom, and afterward received letters from both giving the details of their home-coming. And so the purpose of Mallory was accomplished.

These are but few of the many who owed a debt of gratitude to this man. Only last year a man now dying in England, in one of his letters to me referred gratefully to assistance given him by Mallory on his release from prison many years ago. Mallory's letters are all the record of a helping hand. Through them all runs the silver thread of human kindness, the traces of benefits conferred and efforts made on behalf of others.

And what of Dick Mallory's own life after his release from prison? He had always lacked faith in himself and in his future, and now the current of existence seemed set against him. He was thirty-two years old and more than half his life had been spent in confinement, under restraint. In his ambition to earn money for himself while working on prison contracts, he had drawn too heavily on both physical and nervous resources. In his own words—"I did not realize at all the physical condition I was in. If I could only have gone to some place where I could have recuperated under medical attention. But no! I only wanted to get to work—*all I knew was work.*"

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The hard times of '93 came on, a man had to take what work he could get, and Mallory could not do the work that came in his way. His mother died and the home was broken up. He again resorted to the sociability of the saloon, and with the renewal of old associations and under the influences of stimulants, the reckless lawlessness of his boyhood again broke out into some action that resulted in a term in another prison.

The man was utterly crushed. His old criminal record was brought to light and he found himself ensnared in the toils of his past. He was bitterly humiliated; he was in no position to earn a penny and no channel for the generous impulses still strong within him was now open. The old buoyancy of his nature still flickered occasionally from the dying embers, but gradually darkened into a dull despair as far as his own life was concerned. But his interest in others survived, and the only favors he ever asked of me were on behalf of "the boys" whom he could no longer help. He still wrote me freely and his letters tell their own story:

"At one time in our friendship I really believed that everything was possible in my future. I never meant to deceive you. And when I realized my broken promises my heart broke too. I have never been the same man since and can never be again. I cannot help looking on the dark side, for life has been so hard for me. Ah! it is a hard place when you reach the stage where the future seems so hopeless as it does to me."

And hopeless it truly was. Imprisonment and dissipation had done their work, and his death came shortly after his release from this prison. Since his life had proved a losing game it was far better that it should end. But was not Robert Louis Stevenson right in his belief that all our moral failures do not lessen the value of our good qualities and our good deeds? The good that Mallory did was positive and enduring; and surely his name should be written among those who loved their fellow men.

To me the most cruel stroke in the fate of Dick Mallory was this:—that in the minds of many his history may seem to justify the severity of legislation against habitual criminals. With all his efforts to save others, himself he could not save; and knowing as well as I do the injustice resulting from life-sentences for "habituals," the sum of his life counted against clemency for this class.

However, the net cast over what the law classes as habitual criminals draws into its meshes all kinds of human nature, which are handled without discrimination, simply as "cases."

Essentially different from Dick Mallory, in the whole make-up of his nature, was Alfred Allen. His story is told at length, because the real test of what is in the man is not what he is under the restraints of prison, but how he meets the pressure and the vicissitudes of life afterward.

In one of my interviews with a young confidence man, who did not hesitate to state that he had always been studying how to sell the imitation for the genuine, to get something for nothing, my attention was diverted by his suddenly branching off into a description of his cellmate.

"Alfred is the queerest sort of a chap," the man began—"he's a professional burglar, and the most innocent fellow I ever knew; always reading history and political economy, and just wild to get into the library to work. He hasn't a relative that he knows, and never has a visit nor a letter, and I wish you'd ask to see him."

On this introduction I promised to interview Alfred Allen the next evening. The warden allowed me the privilege of evening interviews with prisoners, the time limited only by the hour when every man must be in his cell for the night.

It was an unprecedented event for Alfred to be called out to see a visitor, and he greeted me with a broad smile and two outstretched hands. With that first hand-clasp we were friends, for the door of that starved and eager heart was thrown generously open and all his soul was in his clear gray eyes. I understood instantly what the other man meant by calling Alfred "innocent," for a more direct and guileless nature I have never known. The boy, for he was not yet twenty-one, had so many things to say. The floodgates were open at last. I remember his suddenly pausing, then exclaiming, "Why, how strange this is! Ten minutes ago

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I'd never seen you; and now I feel as if I'd known you all my life."

In reply to my inquiries he rapidly sketched the main events in his history. Of Welsh parentage, he had learned to read before he was five years old, when his mother died. While yet a child he lost his father, and when ten years old, a homeless waif, morally and physically starving, in the struggle for existence he was a bootblack, newsboy, and sometimes thief. "To get something to eat, clothes to cover me, and a place to sleep was my only thought; these things I must have. Often in the day I looked for a place where the sun had warmed the sidewalks beside barrels, and I'd go there to sleep at night."

At last, when about thirteen years old, he found a friendly, helping hand. A man whose boots he had blacked several times, who doubtless sized up Alfred as to ability, took the boy to his house, fed him well, and clothed him comfortably. Very cautiously did the older man, who must have *felt* Alfred's intrinsic honesty, unfold to the boy the secret of his calling and the source from which he garnered the money spent for the comfort of the street waif. And Alfred had small scruple in consenting to aid his protector by wriggling his supple young body through small apertures into buildings which he had no right to enter. And so he was drifted into the lucrative business of store burglary.* After the strain and stress and desperate scramble for existence of the lonely child, one can imagine how easily he embraced this new vocation. It was a kind of life, too, which had its fascination for his adventurous spirit; it even enabled him to indulge in what was to him the greatest of luxuries, the luxury of giving. His own hardships had made him keenly sensitive to the suffering of others. But Alfred was not of the stuff from which successful criminals are made, for at eighteen he was in prison for the second time and was classed with the incorrigible.

It was during this last imprisonment that thought and study had developed his dominant trait of generosity into a broader altruism. He now realized that he could serve humanity better than by stealing money to give away. He was studying the conditions of the working and of the criminal classes, the needs of the side of society from which he was an outgrowth. The starting-point of this change was an Englishman's report of a visit to this country, as "A place where each lived for the good of all"(?). "When I read that," said Alfred, "I stopped and asked myself, 'Have I been living for the good of all?' And I saw how I had been an enemy to society, and that I must start again in the opposite direction." It was not the cruelty of social conditions which he accused for his past. His good Welsh conscience came bravely forward and convicted him of his own share in social wrong-doing. "Now that I'm going to be a good man," Alfred continued, "I suppose I must be a Christian"—reversing the usual order of "conversion"—"and so I've been studying religion also lately—I've been hard at work trying to understand the Trinity." Alfred did not undertake things by halves.

I advised him not to bother with theology, but to content himself with the clear and simple working principles of Christianity, which would really count for something in his future battle with life.

When we touched upon books I was surprised to find this boy perfectly at home with his Thackeray and his Scott; and far more deeply read in history and political economy than I. He said that he had always read, as a newsboy at newsstands, at mission reading-rooms, wherever he could lay his hands on a book. He talked fluently, picturesquely, with absolute freedom from self-consciousness.

In Alfred's physiognomy—his photograph lies before me—there was no trace of the so-called criminal type; his face was distinctively that of the student, the thinker, the enthusiast. His fate seemed such a cruel waste of a piece of humanity of fine fibre, with a brain that would have made a brilliant record in any university. But the moral and physical deprivations from which his boyhood suffered had wrought havoc with his health and undermined his constitution.

This November interview resulted immediately in a correspondence, limited on Alfred's side to the rule allowing convicts to write but one letter once a month.

* Alfred never entered private houses.

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On my part the letters were more frequent and magazines for the Sundays were regularly sent. Alfred was a novice in correspondence, probably not having written fifty letters in his life. I was surprised at the high average of his spelling and the uniform excellence of his handwriting. In order to make the most of the allotted one leaf of foolscap paper he left no margins, and soon evolved a small upright writing clear and almost as fine as magazine type.

In using Alfred's letters I wish I might impart to others the power to read between the lines that was given me through my acquaintance with the writer. I could hear the ring in his voice and often divine the thought greater than the word. But in letting him speak for himself he will at least have the advantage of coming directly in contact with the mind of the reader. The first extracts are taken from one of his earliest letters.

"My Dear Friend:

"On coming back to my cell the day after Christmas, I saw a letter, a magazine, and a book lying on my bed. I knew from the handwriting that they came from you. After looking at my present and reading the sunshiny letter, I tried to eat my dinner. But there was a lump in my throat that would not let me eat, and before I knew what was up I was crying over my dear friend's remembrance. I was once at a mission Christmas tree, where I received a box of candy. But yours was my first individual gift. It is said that the three most beautiful words in the English language are mother, home, and heaven. I have never known any of them. My first remembrance is of being in a room with the dead body of my mother. All my life it seems as if everybody I knew belonged to some one; they had mother, brother, sister, some one. But I belonged to no one, and I never could repress the longing in my heart to belong to somebody. I have my God, but a human heart cannot help longing for human as well as divine sympathy."

In a similar vein in another letter he writes:

"I've sometimes wondered if I should have been a different boy if circumstances in my childhood had been better. I have seen little but misery in life. In prison and out it has been my fate to belong to the class that gets pushed to the wall. I have walked the streets of Chicago to keep myself from freezing to death. I have slept on the ground with the rain pouring down upon me. For two years I did not know what bed was, while more than once I have only broken the fast of two or three days through the kindness of a gambler or a thief. This was before I had taken to criminal life as a business. . . . Still, when I think it over, I don't see how I could have kept in that criminal life. I remember the man who taught me burglary as a fine art, told me I would never make a good burglar because I was too quick to feel for others."

Only once again did Alfred refer to the bitter experiences of his childhood, and that was in a conversation. He had many other things to write about, and his mind was filled with the present and the future. Four years of evenings in a cell in a prison with a good library give one a chance to read and think, although an ill-lighted, non-ventilated four-by-seven cell, after a day of exhausting work, is not conducive to intellectual activity. The godsend this prison library was to Alfred is evident through his letters.

"All my life," he writes, "I have had a burning desire to study and educate myself, and I do not believe that a day has passed when I have not gone a little higher. Some time ago I determined to read a chapter in the New Testament every night, though I expected it would be tedious. But, behold! the first thing I knew I was so interested that I was reading four or five chapters every night. The chaplain gave me a splendid speller, and I'm going to study hard until I know every word in it."

Proof that Alfred was a genuine book-lover runs through many of his letters. He tells me: "Much as I hate this place, if I could be transferred to the library from the shop I should be the happiest boy in the State. I'd be willing to stay an additional year in the prison. Twice when they needed an extra man in the library they sent me. It was a joy just to handle the books and to read their titles, and I felt as if they knew that

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I loved them. . . . Thank you for the SCRIBNER MAGAZINE. But the leaves were uncut. I want all the help and friendship you can spare me. I am glad to have any magazines you are through with. But you must not buy new ones just for me. The *Eclectic* and *Harper's* were most welcome. 'Man versus the State' was a splendid article; also 'Education as a Factor in Prison Reform,' and Professor Ely on the railroad problem. The magazines you send will do yeoman service; they are passed on to every man my cellmate or I know." *

Alfred was devoted to the writings of John Draper, and devoured everything within his reach on sociology, especially everything relating to the labor problems. He had theories of his own on many lines of public welfare, but no taint of anarchy or class hatred distorts his ideals of justice for all. He always advocates constructive rather than destructive measures.

Occasionally Alfred refers to the poets. He enjoys Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Lowell is an especial favorite; while delighting in the Biglow Papers, he quotes with appreciation from Lowell's more serious poetry. The companionship of Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott brightened and mellowed many dark, hard hours for Alfred. "Sir Walter Scott's novels broke my taste for trashy stuff," he writes. Naturally Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" absorbed and thrilled him. "Shall I ever forget Jean Valjean, the galley slave, or Cosette? While reading the story I thought such a character as the Bishop impossible. I was mistaken." Of Charles Reade he says: "One cannot help loving Reade. He has such a dashing, rollicking style. And then he hardly ever wrote except to denounce some wrong or sham." Even in fiction his preference follows the trend of his burning love and pity for the desolate and oppressed. How he would have worshipped Tolstoi!

Complaint or criticism of the hardships of convict life forms small part of the thirty letters written me by Alfred while in prison. He takes this stand: "I ought not to complain, because I brought this punishment upon myself. I am almost glad if any one does wrong to me, because I feel that it helps balance my account for the wrongs I have done others." Shall we never escape from that terrible idea of the moral necessity of expiation, even at the cost of another?

Nevertheless Alfred feels the hardships he endures and knows how to present them. And he is not "speaking for the gallery," but to his one friend, when he writes:

"Try to imagine yourself working all day on a stool, not allowed to stand even when your work can be better done that way. If you hear a noise you must not look up. You are within two feet of a companion, but you must not speak. You sit on your stool all day long and work. Nothing but work. Outside my mind was a pleasure to me; in here it is a torture. It seems as if the minutes were hours, the hours days, the days centuries. A man in prison is supposed to be a machine. So long as he does ten hours' work a day, don't smile, don't talk, don't look up from his work, does work enough to suit the contractors, and does it well, and obeys the long number of unwritten rules he is all right. The trouble with the convicts is that they can't get it out of their heads that they are human beings and not machines. The present system may be good statesmanship. It is bad Christianity. But I doubt if it is good statesmanship to maintain a system that makes so many men kill themselves, go crazy, or if they do get out of the shadow alive, go out hating the State and their fellow men. As a convict said to me, 'It's funny that in this age of enlightenment they have not found out that to brutalize a man will never reform him. I have not been led to reform by prison life. It has made me more bitter at times than I thought I ever could be. One cannot live in a prison without seeing and hearing things to make one's blood boil. . . .'

"Times come to me here when it seems as if I could not stand the strain any longer. Then again, even in this horrid old shop I have some very happy times, thinking of your friendship and building castles in the air. My favorite air castle is built on the hope that when my time is out I can get into a printing-

* Mrs. Burnett's charming little story, "Editha's Burglar," went the rounds among the burglars in the prison till it was worn to shreds.

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office, and in time work up to be an editor, and perhaps do a little something to help the poor and to aid the cause of progress. Shall I succeed in my dream? Do we ever realize our ideals?

"'I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone warmed to his ardent heart;
Or if ever a painter with light and shade
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.'

"I did have doubts as to whether spring was really here till the violets came in your letter. Now I am no longer an unbeliever. I am afraid that I love all beautiful things too much for my own comfort. If a convict cares for beauty that sensitiveness can only give him pain while in prison.* I love music, and at times I have feelings that it seems to me can only be expressed through music; and I hope I shall be able to take piano lessons sometime."

I discovered later that there was a strain of the old Welsh minstrel in Alfred's blood; but small prospect there was at that time of his ever realizing the hope of studying music; for all this while the boy was steadily breaking down under the strain of convict life, the "nothing but work" on a stool for ten hours a day on the shoe contract. Physical exhaustion was evident in the handwriting of the shorter letters, in which he tells me of nature's revolt against the prison diet, and how night after night he "dreams of things to eat." "I sometimes believe I am really starving to death," he writes. But the trouble was not so much the prison food as that the boy was ill.

I went to see him at about this time and was startled by the gaunt and famished face, the appeal of the hungry eyes that looked into mine. I felt as if starvation had thrust its fangs into my own body, and all through the night, whether dreaming or awake, that horror held me. Fortunately: for well I knew there would be no rest for me until forces were set in motion to bring about a change for the better in Alfred.

In the general routine of prison life, if the prison doctor pronounces a convict able to work the convict must either work or be punished until he consents to work; or . . . ? In the case of Alfred, or in any case, I should not presume to assign individual responsibility; but as soon as the case was laid before the warden, Alfred was given change of work and put on special diet, with most favorable results as to health.

Alfred's imprisonment lasted about two years after I first met him, this break in health occurring in the second year. As the day of release drew near his hopes flamed high, breaking into words in his last letter.

"Next month I shall be a free man! Think of it! A free man. Free to do everything that is right, free to walk where I please on God's green earth, free to breathe the pure air, and *to help the cause of social progress* instead of retarding it as I have done."

Now I had in Chicago a heaven-sent friend whose heart and hand were always open to the needs of my prisoners; indeed, to the needs of all humanity. This friend was a Welsh preacher. He called upon me in Chicago one November afternoon when I had just returned from a visit to the penitentiary. I was tingling with interest in the Welsh prisoner, whom I had met for the first time the evening before. Sure of my listener's sympathy, I gave myself free rein in relating the impression that Alfred made upon me. I felt as if I had clasped the hand of Providence itself—and had I not?—when my friend said:

"Your Welsh boy is a fellow countryman of mine. If you will send him to me when released I think I can open a way for him." This prospect of a good start in freedom was invaluable to Alfred, giving courage for endurance and a moral incentive for the rest of his prison term.

Every man when released from prison in my State is given a return ticket to the place from which he was sent, ten dollars in cash, and a suit of clothing. These suits are convict made; and while not distinctive to the ordinary observer, they are instantly recognizable to the police all over the State. Half-worn suits I had no difficulty in obtaining through my own circle of friends. So when Alfred's day of freedom came a good outfit of business clothing was awaiting him,

* "To be contented here the soul in a man must die. He must become a stone image."—HIRAM JOHNSON, in the first of this series.

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and before evening no outward trace of his convict experience remained.

According to previous arrangement Alfred went directly to the Welsh preacher. This minister was more than true to his promise; for he entertained the boy at his own home over night, then sent him up to a small school settlement in an adjoining State, where employment and a home for the winter had been secured, the employer knowing Alfred's story.

And there for the first time in his life Alfred had some of the right good times that seem the natural birthright of youth in America. Here is his own account:

"I had a splendid time Thanksgiving. All the valley assembled in the little chapel, every one bringing baskets of things to eat. There were chickens, geese, and the never-forgotten turkey, pies of every variety of good things known to mortal man. In the evening we boys and girls filled two sleighs full of ourselves and went for a sleigh-ride. You could have heard our laughing and singing two miles off. We came back to the schoolhouse, where apples, nuts, and candy were passed round, and bedtime that night was twelve o'clock."

It was not the good times that counted so much to Alfred as the chance for education. He began school at once, and outside of school hours he worked hard, not only for his board, but picking up odd jobs in the neighborhood, by which he could earn money for personal expenses. He carried in his vest-pocket lists of words to be memorized while working, and still wished "that one did not have to sleep, but could study all night." The moral influences were all healthful as could be. The people among whom he lived were industrious, intelligent, and high-minded. Among his studies that winter was a course in Shakespeare, and the whole mental atmosphere was most stimulating. Within a few months a chance to work in a printing-office was eagerly accepted, and it really seemed as if some of his dreams might come true. But while the waves on the surface of life were sparkling, beneath was the perilous undertow of disease. Symptoms of tuberculosis appeared, work in the printing-office had to be abandoned after a few weeks, and Alfred's doctor advised him to work his way toward the South before cold weather set in, as another severe northern winter would probably be fatal. After consultation with his friends this course was decided upon; and confident in the faith that he could surely find transient work with farmers along the line he fared forth toward the South, little dreaming of the test of moral fibre and good resolutions that lay before him. The child had sought refuge from destitution in criminal life, from which his soul had early revolted; but the man was now to encounter the desperate struggle of manhood for a foothold in honest living.

For the first month all went fairly well, then began hard luck both in small towns and the farming country.

"The farmers have suffered two bad seasons; there seems to be no money, and there's hardly a farm unmortgaged," he wrote me, and then, "When I had used the last penny of my earnings I went without food for one day, when hunger getting the best of me I sold some of my things. After that I got a week's work and was two dollars ahead. I aimed for St. Louis, one hundred miles away, and walked the whole distance. What a walk it was! I never passed a town without trying for work. The poverty through there is amazing. I stuck to my determination not to beg. I must confess that I never had greater temptation to go back to my old life, and I think if I can conquer temptation as I did that day when I was *so* hungry I need have no fears for the future.

"I reached St. Louis with five cents in my pocket. For three days I walked the streets of the city trying to get work, but without success. I scanned the papers for advertisements of men wanted, but for every place there were countless applicants. My heart hurt me as I walked the streets to see men and women suffering for the bare necessaries of existence. The third night I slept on the stone steps of a Baptist church. Then I answered an advertisement for an extra gang of men to be shipped out to work on railroad-construction somewhere in Arkansas. A curious crew it was all through; half the men were tramps who had no intention of working, several were well-dressed men who could find nothing else to do, some

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were railroad men who had worked at nothing else. When one of the brakesmen found where we were bound for he said, 'That place! You'll all be in the hospital or dead in two months.'

"The second evening we stopped at the little town where we now are. The work is terrible, owing to the swamps and heat. Out of the twenty-five who started only eight are left. Yesterday I fainted, overcome by the heat, but if it kills me I shall stick to the work until I find something better."

The work did not kill Alfred, but malarial fever soon turned the workmen's quarters into a sort of camp hospital, where Alfred, while unable to work, developed a talent for nursing those who were helpless. His letters at this time were filled with accounts of sickness and the needs of the sick. He had never asked me for money—it seemed to be almost a point of honor among my prison friends *not* to ask me for money—but "if you could send me something to get lemons for some of the boys who haven't a cent" was his one appeal; to which I gladly responded.

Better days were on the way, however. Cooler weather was at hand, and during the winter Alfred found regular employment in a lumber mill, interrupted occasionally by brief illnesses. On the whole, the next year was one of prosperity. Life had resolved itself into the simple problem of personal independence, and with a right good will Alfred took hold of the proposition, determined to make himself valuable to his employer. That he accomplished this I have evidence in a note of unqualified recommendation from his employer.

When the family with whom he had boarded for a year were about to leave town he was offered the chance to buy their small cottage for two hundred and fifty dollars on monthly payments; and by securing a man and his wife as tenants he was able to do this.

"At last I am in my own house," he writes me. "I went out on the piazza to-day and looked over the valley with a feeling of pride that I was under my own roof. I have reserved the pleasant front room for myself, and I have spent three evenings putting up shelves and ornamenting them, and trying to make the room look pretty. I shall get some nice mouldings down at the mill to make frames for the pictures you sent me. And I'm going to have a little garden and raise some vegetables."

But the agreeable sense of ownership of a home and pleasure in the formation of social relations was invaded by haunting memories of the past. The brighter possibilities opened to his fancy seemed but to emphasize his sense of isolation. Outward conditions could not alter his own personality or obliterate his experiences. It was a dark hour in which he wrote:

"How wretched it all is, this tangled web of my life, with its suffering, its sin, and its retribution. It is with me still. I can see myself now standing inside the door of my prison cell, looking up to the little loop-hole of a window across the corridor, trying to catch a glimpse of the blue heavens or of a star, longing for pure air and sunshine, longing for freedom. . . .

"Strong as is my love for woman, much as I long for some one to share my life, I don't see how I can ever ask any woman to take into her life half of that blackened and crime-stained page of my past. I must try to find happiness in helping others."

But nature was too much for Alfred. Not many months later he tells me that he is going to be married and that his sweetheart, a young widow, "is kind and motherly. When I told her all of my past she said: 'And so you were afraid I would think the less of you? Not a bit. It only hurts me to think of all you have been through.'"

The happy letters following this marriage give evidence that the tie of affection was strong between the two. Here we have a glimpse of the early married days:

"I have been making new steps to our house, putting fancy wood-work on the porch, and preparing to paint both the inside and the outside of the house next month." (Alfred was night watch at the lumber mill.) "It is four o'clock in the afternoon; I am writing by an open window where I can look out and see my wife's flowers in the garden. I can look across the valley to the ridge of trees beyond, while the breeze comes in bringing the scent of the pines. Out in the

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kitchen I can hear my wife singing as she makes some cake for our supper. But my old ambition to own a printing-office has not left me. I am still looking forward to that."

Just here I should like to say: "And they lived happy ever after." But life is not a fairy-story; to many it seems but a crucible through which the soul is passed. But the vicissitudes that followed in Alfred's few remaining years were those of the common lot. In almost every letter there were indications of failing health, causing frequent loss of time in work. Three years after his marriage, in the joy of fatherhood, Alfred writes me of the baby, of his cunning ways and general dearness; and of what he did when arrayed in some little things I had sent him. Then, when the child was a year old, came an anxious letter telling of baby Alfred's illness, and then:

"My Dear Friend:
"My baby is dead. He died last night.
"Alfred."

This tearing of the heart-strings was a new kind of suffering, more acute than any caused by personal hardship. Wrapped in grief he writes me: "To think of those words, 'My baby's grave.' I knew I loved him dearly, but how dearly I did not know until he was taken away. It isn't the same world since he died. Poor little dear! The day after he was taken sick he looked up in my face and crowed to me and clapped his little hands and called me 'Da-da' for the last time. Oh, my God! how it hurts me. It seems at times as though my heart must break. . . .

"Since the baby died night-watching at the lumber mill has become torture to me. In the long hours of the night my baby's face comes before me with such vividness that it is anguish to think of it."

The end of it all was not far off; from the long illness that followed Alfred did not recover, though working when able to stand; the wife, too, had an illness, and the need of earnings was imperative. Alfred writes despairingly of his unfulfilled dreams, and adds: "I seem to have succeeded only in reforming myself," but even in the last pencilled scrawl he still clings to the hope of being able to work again.

I can think of Alfred only as a good soldier through the battle of life. As a child, fighting desperately for mere existence, defeated morally for a brief period by defective social conditions; later depleted physically through the inhumanity of the prison contract system; then drawing one long breath of happiness and freedom through the kindness of the Welsh preacher; but only to plunge into battle with adverse economic conditions; and all this time striving constantly against the most relentless of foes, the disease which finally overcame him. His was indeed a valiant spirit.

Of those who may study this picture of Alfred's life, will it be the "habitual criminals" who will claim the likeness as their own, or will the home-making, tender-hearted men and women feel the thrill of kinship?

Truly, Alfred was one with all loving hearts who are striving upward, whether in prison or in palace.

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IN A MONASTERY GARDEN

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

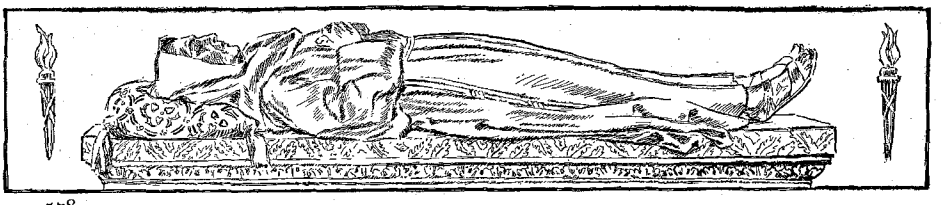
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

OVER the long salt ridges
And the gold sea-poppies between,
They builded them wild-brier hedges,
A church and a cloistered green;
And when they were done with their praises
And the tides on the Fore beat slow,
Under the white cliff-daisies
They laid them down in a row.

Porphyry, Paul, and Peter,
Jasper, and Joachim,—
Was the psaltery music sweeter
Than the throat of the thrush to him?
Tired of their drones and their dirges,
Where the young cliff-rabbits play,
Wet with the salt of the surges,
They laid them down for a day.

One may not call to the other
There on the rim of the deep.
Only the youngest brother
Lies and smiles in his sleep.
When the wild swan's shadow passes,
When the ripe fruit falls to the sod,
When the faint moth flies in the grasses,
He dreams in the hands of God.

Here for his hopes there follow
The violets one by one.
The dove is here and the swallow,
And the young leaf seeking the sun.
And here, when the last sail darkens
And the last lone path is trod,
Under the rose he hearkens
And smiles in the eyes of God.



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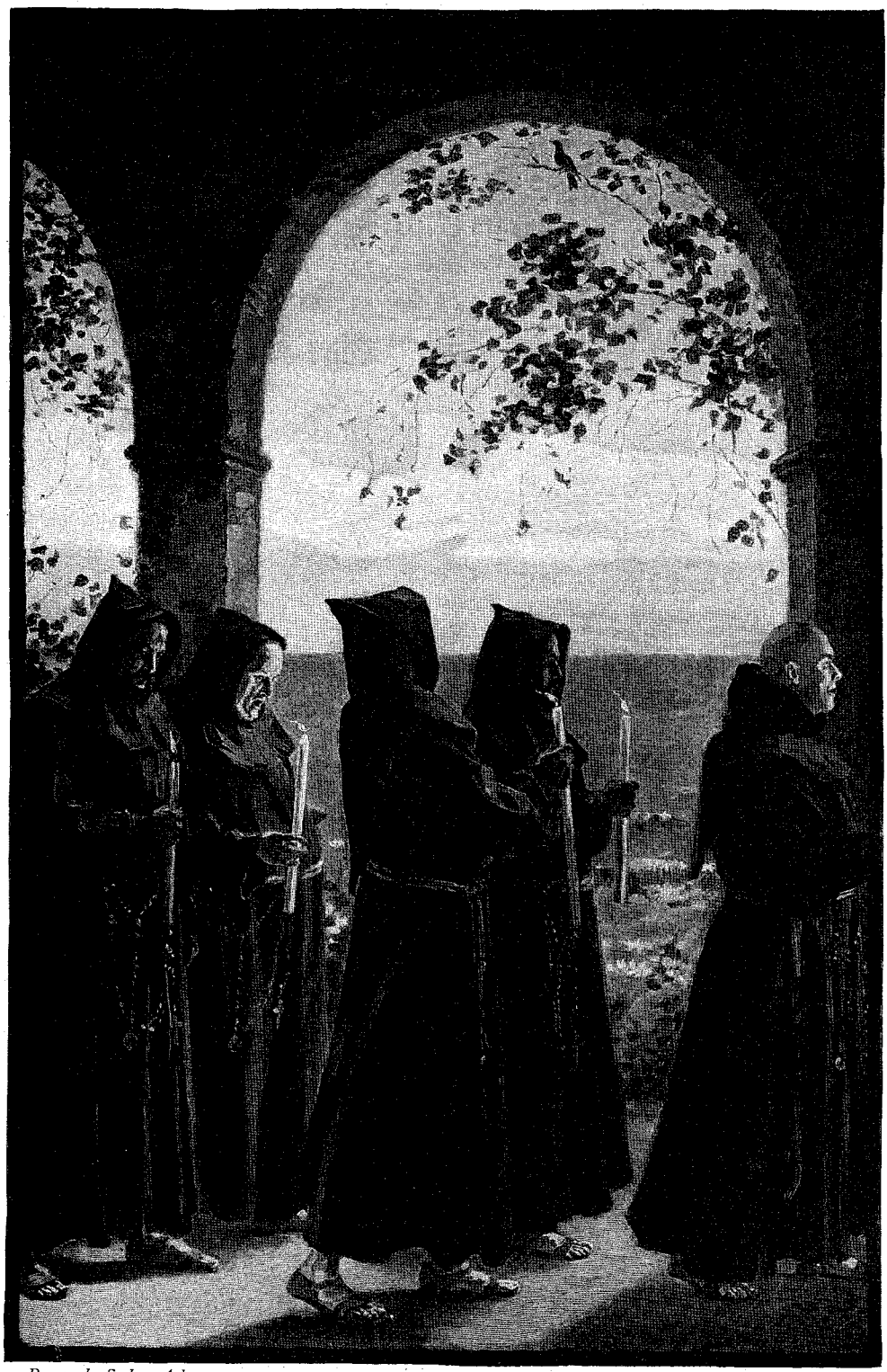

Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

Was the psaltery music sweeter than the throat of the thrush to him?

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THE LIFE-HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS AND HIPPOPOTAMUS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE HOOK-LIPPED RHINOCEROS

THE black, or common African rhinoceros was fairly plentiful in most parts of East Africa which we visited; there were stretches of territory, however, in which we found none, as for instance on the Uasin Gishu. Why the species was absent from these places I can not say, for elsewhere we came across them in all kinds of country. They were found in the dense, rather cold forests of Mount Kenia; they were found in the forest country near Kijabe; they were common in the thick thorn scrub and dry bush jungle in many places; and in the Sotik and along the Guaso Nyiro of the north, as well as here and there elsewhere, they were to be seen every day as we journeyed and hunted across the bare, open plains. "Plentiful," is, of course, a relative term; there were thousands of zebra, hartebeest, gazelle, and other buck for every one or two rhinos; I doubt whether we saw more than two or three hundred black rhinos all told, and I do not remember seeing more than half a dozen or so on any one day. Probably they were most abundant in the brush and forest on the lower slopes of the northern base of Kenia, where, however, they were hard to see. They prefer dry country, although they need to drink freely every twenty-four hours.

Apparently the cow does not permit her old calf to stay with her after the new calf is born. I never saw a cow with two calves of different ages (or, for the matter of that, of the same age); yet many times I saw a cow followed by a half-grown, or more than half-grown, beast that must have been several years old. Generally we found the bulls solitary, and the cows either solitary or followed by their calves. Occasionally we found a bull and cow, or a bull, cow, and calf, together. There is no regular breeding-time; the calf may be produced at any season. It follows its mother within a very few days, or even hours, of its birth, and is jealously guarded by the mother. When very young any one of the bigger beasts of prey will pounce on it, and instances have been known of a party of lions killing even a three-parts-grown animal. The adult fears no beast of the land, not even the lion, although it will usually move out of the elephant's way. Yet the crocodile, or perhaps a party of crocodiles, may pull a rhino under water and drown it. Mr. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, not merely witnessed but photographed such an incident, in the Tana River, where the rhinoceros was seized by the hind leg as it stood in the water, could not reach the bank, and after a prolonged struggle was finally pulled beneath the surface. Such an occurrence must be wholly exceptional; for the rhinoceros shows no hesitation in approaching deep water, not merely drinking but bathing in it.

The animals are fond of wallowing in mud-holes, and also at times in dusty places. In one place I found a cow rhino which had evidently been living for many weeks in the river-bottom of the Athi. There was plenty of food in the brush jungle which filled the spaces between the trees, and which afforded thick cover; there was abundant water in pools near by; and evidently the rhino had kept close to the immediate neighborhood. This rhino spent its time in the immediate vicinity of its drinking-place, and during most of the day lay up in the dense shade

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

The porter who was tossed and gored in the thigh by the charging rhinoceros.

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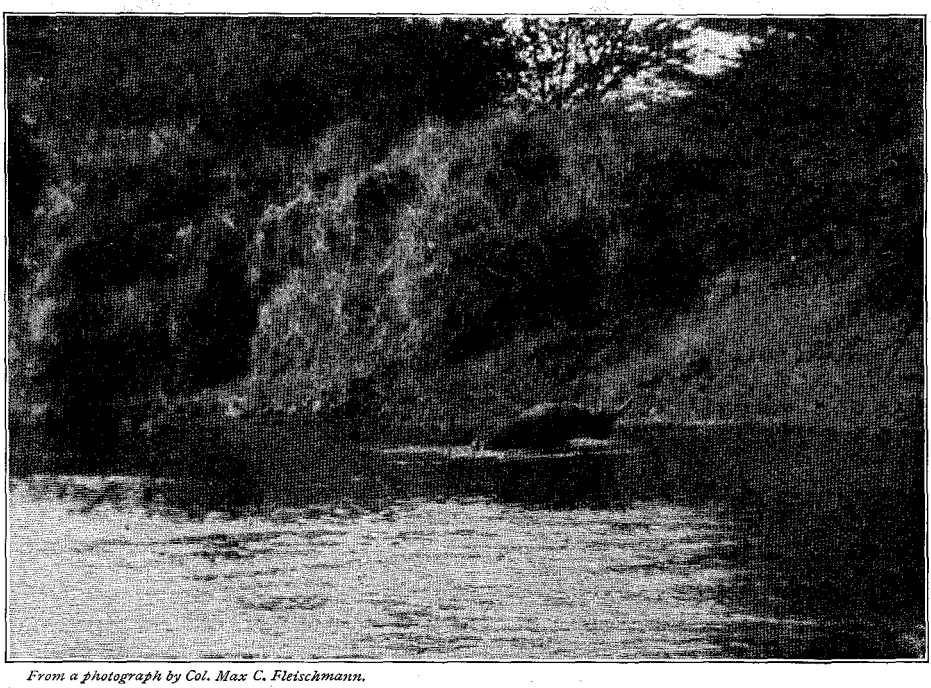
of the green river-bottom jungle, apparently feeding at night and in the early morning and late evening. In other localities the animals differed in their habits. On the Guaso Nyiro I found the rhinos drinking once every twenty-four hours, at night, and then travelling back at a good gait in a fairly direct course for eight or ten miles into the wastes of leafless thorn scrub, upon which they fed and in which they passed their noonday hours of rest. In the Sotik the rhinos spent their whole time in the bare, open plains, drinking at one or another of the widely scattered, rapidly drying little pools. They usually drank at dusk, that is about nightfall, and again about sunrise. Sometimes during the noon hours they lay out in the open, without a particle of cover; sometimes they lay under an acacia, or wild olive, or candalabra euphorbia. They sometimes stood while resting, but usually lay down, either on their sides or in a kneeling position. They not only browsed on the thorny, partially leaved twigs—the black rhino is a browser, whereas the white rhino is exclusively a grazer—but also fed greedily in the bare plains on the low-growing shrubby plants but a few inches high with woody stems; I do not believe that they were really grazing, but together with the shrub stems they cropped and swallowed the tough, jointed grass. They also ate aloes and a kind of prickly euphorbia with a blistering juice; it is hard to understand how even their palates could stand the thorns and the acrid sap. I saw them feed at noon; once I stumbled on one feeding by moonlight; but their favorite feeding-times were in the morning and afternoon.



From a photograph by Col. Max C. Fleischmann.

Rhino being pulled under water by crocodiles in the Tana River.

Like other game, rhinos are assailed by various insect pests. Biting flies annoy them much; even when resting, their ears are usually in motion to drive away their winged assailants. The ticks swarm on them, loathsome creatures, swollen with blood, which might be so crowded under the armpits, in the groin, and in the soft parts generally that they looked like mussels on an old dock. I do not quite understand why the tick birds fail to keep down these ticks. These tick birds, rather handsome, noisy creatures, are in most places the well-nigh invariable attendants of rhino when the latter dwell on the plains or in fairly open bush. They clamber all over their huge hosts, like nut-

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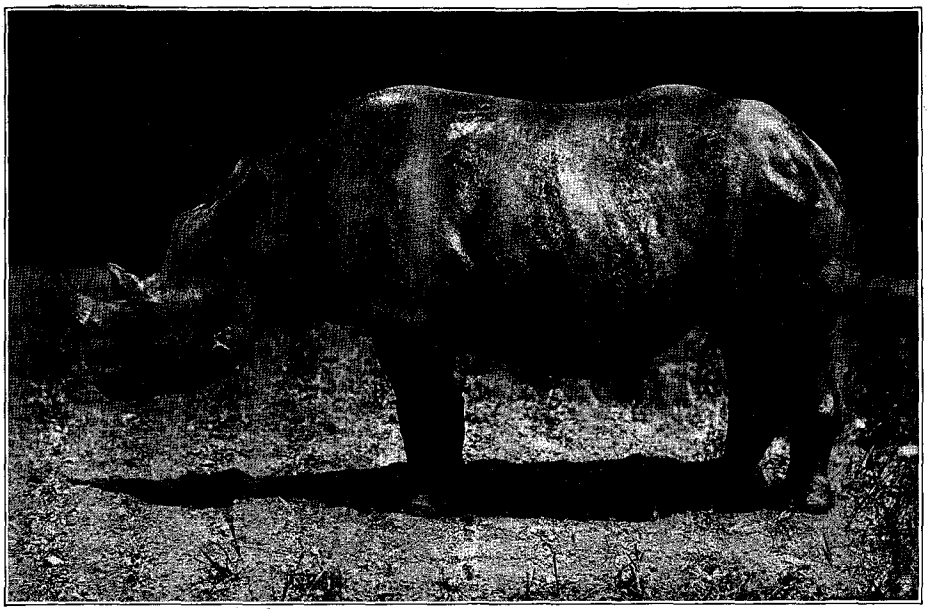

Reproduced by permission of New York Zoological Society.

Black rhinoceros.

Captured in Mwanza, German East Africa. In the New York Zoological Garden.

hatches round a tree-trunk, and usually go in flocks. So invariably are they attendants upon the big game that if we heard them chattering as we threaded our way among bushes we were always at once on the alert to see a rhino. Sometimes they are wary, and chatter and fly off on seeing the hunter; at other times they pay but little heed; and the rhino may or may not have its suspicions aroused when they fly away. If a party is seen on the wing, by watching their flight until they light it may be possible to discover the rhino.

The hook-lipped rhino is dull of wit and eyesight. Its sense of smell is good, and so is its hearing. But its vision is astonishingly bad. I doubt if it sees better than a very near-sighted man. Again and again I have walked up to one, on an absolutely bare and level plain, to within a hundred yards without its paying the least heed. I wore dull-colored clothes, of course, and made no abrupt motions; but it was unnecessary to take advantage of cover until I was well within a hundred yards. In thick brush it is often difficult to approach, for all bush-dwellers are harder to approach than plains-dwellers, as they can not be seen until within a distance so short that both their hearing and their smell have in all probability given them warning. But in all places—bush, forest, and open plain—it is the easiest to approach of all the creatures that dwell in that particular habitat, because of the dulness of its brain-matter and the poorness of its vision. It is the most stupid of the very big creatures. It seems to have a marvellous memory for local geography, as is shown by the way it will traverse many miles of country to some remote water-hole in the middle of a vast and monotonous plain; and it has the patience to stand motionless for many minutes listening for anything suspicious. But these seem to be well-nigh its only lines of mental effort. Its life is passed in feeding, travelling to and from water, sleeping, and when awake and at leisure either fidgeting or much more often standing motionless to rest. There is occasional love-making; and the exhibition of occasional fits of truculence and petulance or of muddled curiosity. When one rhino comes within ken of another the meeting always betrays bewilderment and incipient defiance on the part of both. Apparently the first suggestion that another rhinoceros is in the neighborhood always arouses suspicion and potential resentment in the bosom of the rhinoceros to which the suggestion comes. Usually the rhino which has heard, smelt, or dimly seen another trots toward it quickly and then stands

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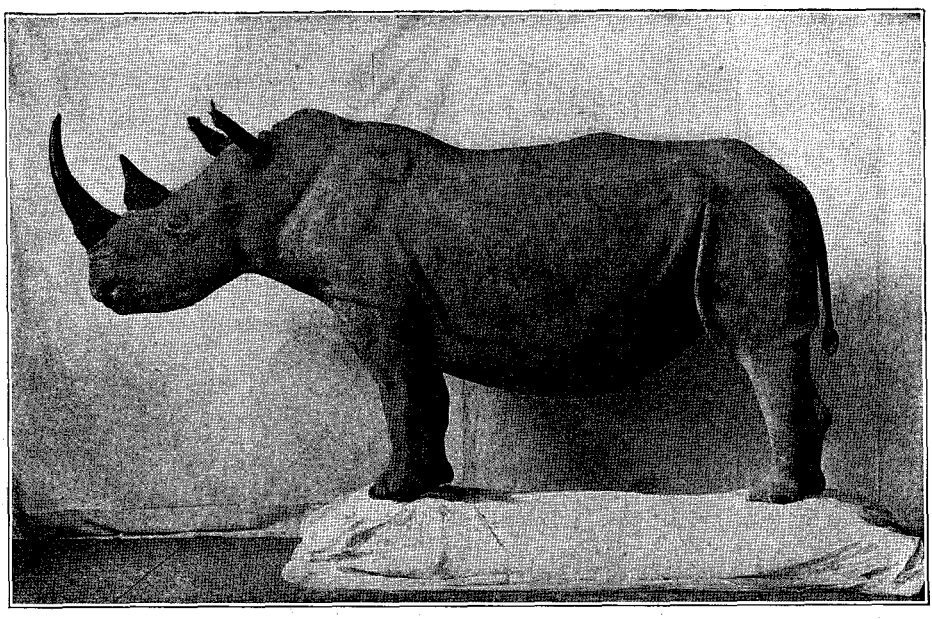

White rhinoceros.

Shot by Mr. Roosevelt, Rhino Camp, Lado Enclave. In the United States National Museum group. Mounted by J. L. Clark.

motionless for some minutes close to it, in the effort to decide whether to adopt an attitude of indifference or hostility—indifference almost always carrying the day. They are silent beasts, but very rarely utter a kind of squeal or squeak apparently when courting. They utter a shrill and long-drawn steam-whistle scream when dying; and they make a succession of puffs or snorts while charging or even when only startled.

The recognized presence of men rouses in the rhinoceros several emotions, which, in the order of their intensity, I should put as bewilderment, fear, dull curiosity, and truculence. If the men are merely seen, usually the only emotions aroused are bewilderment and curiosity; if smelt, fear is the usual result; but in a certain number of cases even the sight or the smell of men arouses senseless rage. Some rhinos are always cross and evil-tempered; but many others, which are normally good-natured, now and then have fits of berserker fury. Anything conspicuous which arouses their interest may also arouse their hostility. White has an evil attraction for them. My friends the McMillans, while travelling through a rhino country, found that the two white horses of their cavalcade were so frequently charged that they finally painted them khaki-color. I have never seen them charge other game, and gazelles and hartebeests feed in their immediate neighborhood with indifference; yet I have been informed by trustworthy eye-witnesses of one rhinoceros charging a herd of zebra, and another some buffalo. The rhinoceros usually gets out of the way of the elephant. It will, unquestionably, on occasions charge men and domestic animals entirely unprovoked. Twice I have known of one charging an oxen-wagon; in one case an ox was killed, in the other the rhino got entangled in the yokes and trek-tow, and the driver, an Africander, lashed it lustily with his great whip, until it broke loose and ran off, leaving the ox-span tumbled in wild confusion. The year before I was at Neri one killed a white man, a surveyor, near that station, charging him without any provocation at all. At that time all the rhinos in that immediate neighborhood seemed to suffer from a fit of bad temper; they kept charging any one they met, and killed several natives; at last the district commissioner undertook a crusade against them and killed fifteen, evidently including the various vicious ones, for from that time all attacks on human beings ceased. Rhinos frequently attack the long lines of porters on a safari, if they pass to windward of it. Probably this is not, as a rule,

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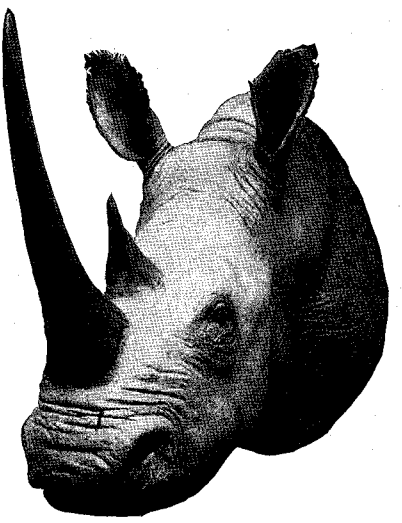
done from ferocity, but from angry bewilderment, the rhino finding the scent of man in his nostrils whichever way he goes, and finally thinking he is surrounded and charging the line. Usually he merely runs through the line, tossing any porter who happens to be in his way; but he may grow irritated and turn and hunt down a porter. One man was thus killed while we were in Africa. Von Höhnel, the companion of Teleki and Chandler on their explorations, was on one occasion thus hunted down and very badly wounded by a cow rhino which had charged through the safari and had then returned on her footsteps. Mr. Hurlburt, the head of the American mission at Kijabe, had been wantonly charged by a rhino which killed his mule.



Reproduced by permission of New York Zoological Society.

Nile white rhinoceros.

Shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Lado Enclave. Donated to National Collection, Heads and Horns.

A dozen times we came across rhinos while we were on safari, or while we were on the trail of game. In such cases I kept watch over the rhino, rifle cocked, while the safari, or, if we were hunting, the trackers, marched so as to keep to leeward. Once or twice the rhino never noticed us. On the other occasions the beast saw us, but dimly, and evidently could not make out what we were. It would gaze toward us, head and tail up and ears forward, and make little runs to and fro, perhaps even advancing a few yards; but in no case did the beast actually charge. In one instance, however, it did charge and toss a man, a few minutes after I had left it. This was a rhino we had come across while we were trailing a buffalo herd. Cuninghame did not wish to leave the trail, so I went toward the rhino, and by waving my hat and shouting—not too loud, for fear of scaring the buffalo—I finally made it move off a couple of hundred yards; and we went on unmolested. But a quarter of an hour afterward three of the porters returned to look for a knife which one of them had dropped while I was engaged in frightening away the rhino; and this time the brute came for them, and tossed one, goring him in the thigh, and then galloped on without turning. Whenever they got my wind they always ran, except on one occasion when a cow rhino advanced on me, unprovoked, from thick brush, tossing and twisting her head. I am not sure that she meant to charge; but when she got within forty yards I grew unpleasantly uncertain as to her intentions and shot her. Stewart Edward White states that on one occasion, near the Tana River, he struck a locality where rhinoceros after rhinoceros charged quite unprovoked, and he had to shoot half a dozen. I have known a rhino charge through a camp at night and cause wild panic; they not infrequently charge hunters or travellers after dark.

Personally, I consider the rhinoceros the least dangerous of all really dangerous game, although many good hunters hold the contrary view. The first one I ever saw, a bull, charged savagely when mortally wounded at a distance of a little over thirty yards, and was killed just thirteen yards from me. But I was never really charged again. I hit and knocked over one animal which we had stalked as it was galloping toward us at a distance of seventy or eighty yards, but I think that this rhino was curious rather than enraged, and would not have charged home. Kermit was charged by one which he had mortally wounded, but it turned upon receiving another and much slighter wound. Two or three of my American friends who have hunted in East Africa have had narrow escapes from rhinos which charged after being wounded, or when the effort was made to photograph them. Unquestionably, compared to his mild and placid square-mouthed kinsman, the hook-lipped rhino is a fidgety,

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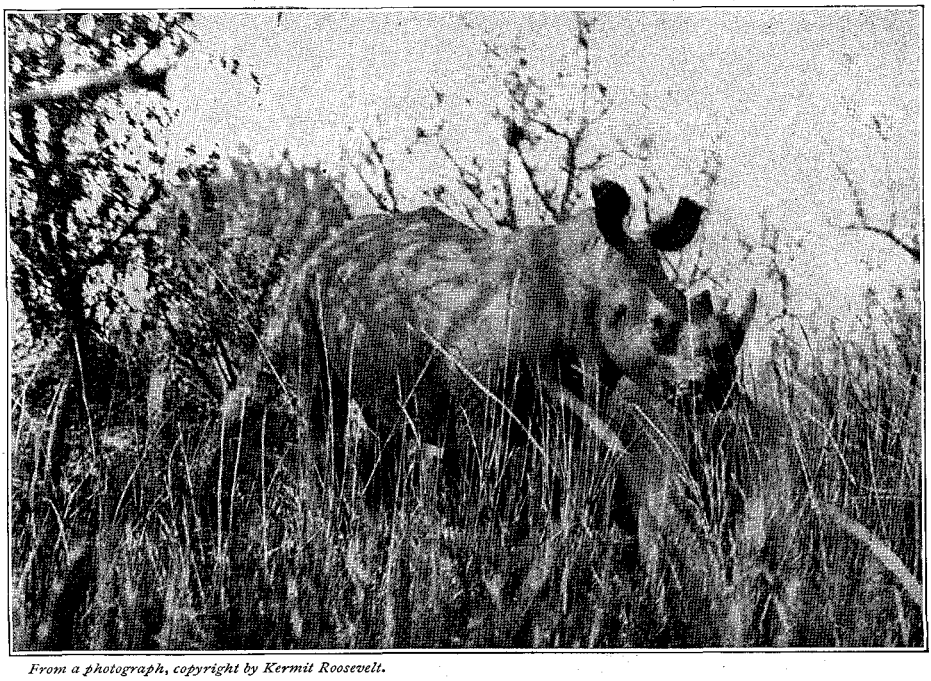

From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

White rhino photographed within a distance of twenty yards at Lado Enclave.

restless, irritable, and at times dangerous creature.

Yet the rhino's occasional truculence is more than offset by his stupidity and dull eyesight, so far as the actual contest with the hunter is concerned. As far as I know, but one white man has ever been killed while hunting rhino in East Africa (the English official already mentioned was not hunting the beast which killed him). This was a German, Doctor Kolb, who killed scores of rhino, and was finally mortally hurt by a cow which, upon being wounded, charged him and thrust her horn through his stomach. An English official was also crippled for life by a rhino he had wounded. In dense bush a rhino is undoubtedly a dangerous antagonist at times, as well as being difficult to approach. On the open plains I found them easy to approach and easy to kill, and only occasionally dangerous; they were slow to detect me, and then spent some moments deliberating before concluding either to make off or to charge. But though less dangerous than other dangerous game when hunted, the rhinoceros is more prone than any other beast to act aggressively when entirely unprovoked. The very stupidity and dulness of sense which tend to render his truculence of little danger to the hunter, immensely add to the menace which that truculence contains for the non-hunter, the wayfarer, who stumbles across him. He fails to make out the man until close by, and then waits, stupid and curious, until he suddenly thinks himself menaced, or is excited to rage by seeing the stranger near at hand, and forthwith charges. There are some rhinos who charge from sheer wickedness; but I am convinced that stupidity and curiosity are chiefly responsible for the conduct of the average rhino which makes people think that it is about to charge them. When it does charge, however, it shows astonishing speed and agility for such an apparently unwieldy animal, whipping round in its tracks like a polo pony, and galloping at a pace that forces a horse to stretch himself. If it loses sight of the man, it will sometimes quarter for him like a pointer dog, swinging its large head near the earth and snuffing for his tracks. The 'Ndorobo told me that they found the rhino more dangerous to assail than the buffalo, because it often had to be attacked where there were no trees.

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The rhinoceros, unlike the elephant and buffalo, does not haunt the neighborhood of the negro villages, to make raids on the fields and gardens. It is a beast of the lonely wastes. Even in the dry desert it is at home if there is an occasional pool of water; and it is only at these desert drinking-pools, when driven thither by thirst, that the solitude-loving beasts are found in any number. A score or over may congregate at night round such a pool, to which each has trodden his path through a dozen miles of barren wilderness; and then they may fight for the water. If two or three rhinoceros—a cow and a calf, or a bull and a cow, perhaps with a calf—come to such a pool together they do not loiter in the neighborhood. But I have seen a single rhino remain by such a pool motionless for an hour, until another appeared, when the two beasts approached each other, as if for company. It seemed as if they had each known that the other would come there about that time, and had reckoned on the meeting. I have seen the same thing with other game, where one individual waited with evident expectancy, as if at a rendezvous, until another of the same species appeared. But of course it is possible that in these cases the waiting animal's keen senses made it aware that the other was somewhere in the neighborhood long before the onlooker could discern the faintest hint of its presence.

THE SQUARE-MOUTHED RHINOCEROS

It has been said by first-rate observers that the square-mouthed rhinoceros is of exactly the same color as the hook-lipped rhinoceros. This did not seem to us to be the case when we saw the square-mouthed rhinos living; they seemed to be of a perceptibly lighter gray, which in some lights seemed very light indeed, although in some lights as dark as the ordinary rhino. A comparison of the skins shows that there is a very real difference of color, the hook-lipped rhino being of such a dark gray that it can legitimately be called black, while the square-mouthed species is of a smoky gray, a gray which can readily look whitish in certain lights. The ordinary name is by no means so much of a misnomer as I had supposed. The square-mouthed animal is totally unlike the hook-lipped one, so much so that it probably ought to go in a different genus; the two are almost as distinct as the moose and the wapiti. According to our observations the square-mouthed rhino averaged considerably larger than the hook-lipped; but there was overlapping between the smaller individuals of the first and the exceptionally big ones of the second; and the same was true of the horns, which averaged longer in the square-mouth.

African big-game animals offer many puzzling examples of discontinuous distribution, and none more so than the square-mouthed rhinoceros. It was first known from the region between the Orange and the Zambezi, where it abounded, but was practically exterminated in the late eighties, so that now only a few individuals are left in a game reserve. North of the Zambezi it is not found until the great Nyanza Lakes are past—and until Major Gibbons discovered it on the left bank of the upper White Nile it was believed to be confined to South Africa. Examination of the series of specimens we brought home shows that there is only the smallest distinction, barely of subspecific value, between these two widely separated groups of white rhinos. According to what Mr. Selous writes, it appears probable that all the rhinos west of the Nile belong to the square-mouthed species, which is never found east of the river, in the domain of the hook-lipped species. It is an added singularity in the distribution of these African rhinos, that in South Africa they should have abounded in the same localities, while in the north their ranges are sharply divided by the upper White Nile.

Our observations of the square-mouthed rhino were made during the three or four weeks we spent at and near our camp in the Lado, about midway between Lake Albert Nyanza and Nimule. All told we must have seen about fifty individuals. Of course, we molested none after obtaining the full series needed for the collection; the extreme rarity of the species in collections rendered it of much importance that the series should be full.

We found them rather more gregarious than the common kind. Once we found four, and once five, together; in the former case they were lying down, so that it was not a mere fortuitous gathering to graze.

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

A Nile group. Square-mouthed rhinoceros, elephant, hippopotamus, kob, waterbuck, and hartebeest.

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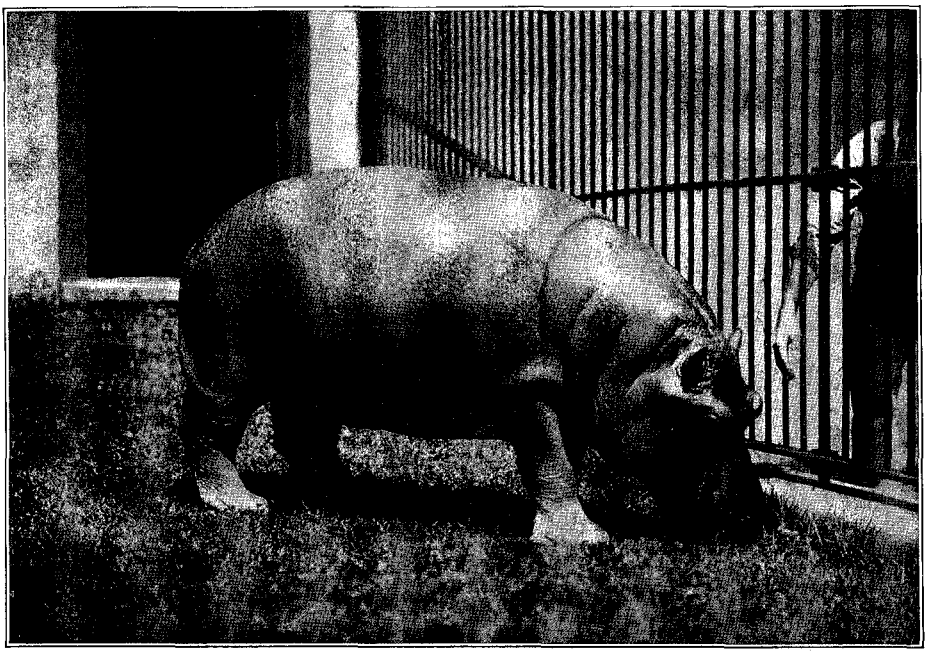
Ordinarily they were found singly, or a cow and calf—often two or three years old—together; or a bull might be with the cow and calf. They are purely grazers, grass-feeders, and live only where there are great plains covered with the dry African pasturage; but these plains are generally dotted with clumps of bushes, and with a scattered growth of scantily leaved thorn-trees, acacias. The country is crossed here and there by broad, smooth, well-trodden trails, made by the elephants with some help from the rhinos, and often travelled by other game. We found the rhinos going to water, either at the Nile or some pond, during the night. They would then feed slowly back into the dry wastes, their spoor through the tall grass or over the burnt places being readily followed by expert trackers. About ten o'clock they lay down under some tree; occasionally standing motionless in the half shade for an hour at a time. Usually we found them lying on their sides, but sometimes kneeling. When roused they sometimes jumped at once to their feet, and sometimes sat up on their haunches like a dog; once Kermit saw one, that had been walking to and fro trying to make out what he was, sit down in this position. About mid-afternoon they rose from sleep and began to feed, making their way toward the water after nightfall. They fed a good deal during the night also. They frequently rubbed their noses and horns against the big ant-hills, for what purpose I can not say. In



Female hippopotamus, four years old, Victoria Nyanza.
In the National Zoological Park, Washington, D. C.

walking they held their heads very low, the huge, square muzzles almost sweeping the ground. They trotted and if alarmed galloped at some speed.

They were slow, dull, stupid beasts, rather mild-tempered. Once a badly wounded one made an attempt to charge Kermit, and on another occasion, after he had spent some time taking photographs of a cow and calf, he got so close that the cow finally charged, coming on at a fair pace with the big, loose lips shaking from side to side. A big calf, over half-grown, also charged him, and he had to turn it by a shot in one cheek. None of the others of our party were charged, although we frequently watched the huge beasts close up and then withdrew while they trotted to and fro. They were not as nervous and irritable as the black rhinos, and their eyes were even duller. Once, having spent some time watching a cow

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and her big calf feeding, as I stood by a tree thirty yards off, they finally suspected my presence and stopped to look at me. I withdrew for forty yards or so, not wishing to have them charge and force me to shoot in self-defence. Then I found the skull of one of their dead kinsfolk; one of the party stopped to pick it up and give it to one of the porters. We were talking and laughing; and all the time the two rhinos, their ears cocked forward, looked toward us with solemn bewilderment. So off we strode, and left them still standing, foolish and puzzled, among the sparse and withered trees in the dry landscape.

If they got our wind the rhinos usually made off at once; but if they merely saw us they would stare at us and move to and fro, their ears up and perhaps their tails cocked, with dull curiosity. We frequently found cow herons with them and once a party of black-legged egrets. The herons perched on their heads and backs with entire indifference, and the result was that the rhinos generally looked as if they had been splashed with whitewash. Once, while walking through rather tall grass, I saw some white objects moving rapidly off in single file through the grass-tops; and it took a second glance before I realized that they were white herons perched on the back of a rhino bull.

I have never known of a white rhino attacking man or beast in wantonness; but one of the few white rhinos on the South African game reserve, a bull, was charged and killed, by a stab behind the shoulder, by a solitary bull elephant, a big tusker, which was also on the reserve.

The white rhino has been termed a slow breeder. Of course, such a huge animal can not breed like a guinea-pig. But our experience goes to show that it is, for its size, really a rather rapid breeder, that the cows breed before they are fully adult, and that they breed again before the calf they already have has left them. Two of the cows which we found accompanied by calves had not yet shed all their milk teeth; and one cow, accompanied by a good-sized calf, was nearly on the point of giving birth to another.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

The hippo often wanders far overland at night, and doubtless thus wandered by day in the past ages before man became the most formidable foe of all big creatures. In consequence, it is found in some land-locked waters, like Lake Naivasha, to which it can only have penetrated by extensive journeys across country containing no streams in which it could swim or hide itself. Where human beings are rare and relatively inoffensive, it is often found in streams so small that it seems extraordinary that so bulky a creature can dwell in them without being always in evidence; but in such streams it always finds some pool or quiet reach with a fringe of reeds or bush that offers it a chance to hide during the daytime. Where much molested it becomes excessively shy, and during daylight often lies for hours with only its nostrils above water, in the shelter of some tuft of water-grass or the like; and under such circumstances it is astonishingly hard to make out. But on the Nile, among the channels and shallows of the vast beds of papyrus, I frequently saw small herds or family parties of the obese, unwieldly creatures sunning themselves even at noon, half out of water, or out on the shore, with their heads resting on the mud or on one another's bodies. Biting flies hover over them and, instead of the ticks which infest the elephant and rhino, the hippos are hosts of small leeches which are often found in swarms fixed to the more tender parts. Not only have I seen herons and plover walking about and over them, but also birds that looked like tick birds.

We frequently found single hippo dwelling in tiny pools, usually surrounded by marsh, miles away from the nearest lake or river, and sometimes so high among the hills that the animals must have done some real climbing to get to them. On one occasion while on the Uasin Gishu we were camped by a reed-covered marsh with very little open water in it; we had no idea there was a hippo anywhere near; but when some of the men went to get water, after nightfall, they were threatened and thoroughly frightened by a hippo, and when we white men turned out to see what had happened we could hear the hippo in the darkness snorting and gambolling heavily about us, as we walked through the wet meadow of short grass. At night they were always very bold, and on their rambles came close to camp; or, if

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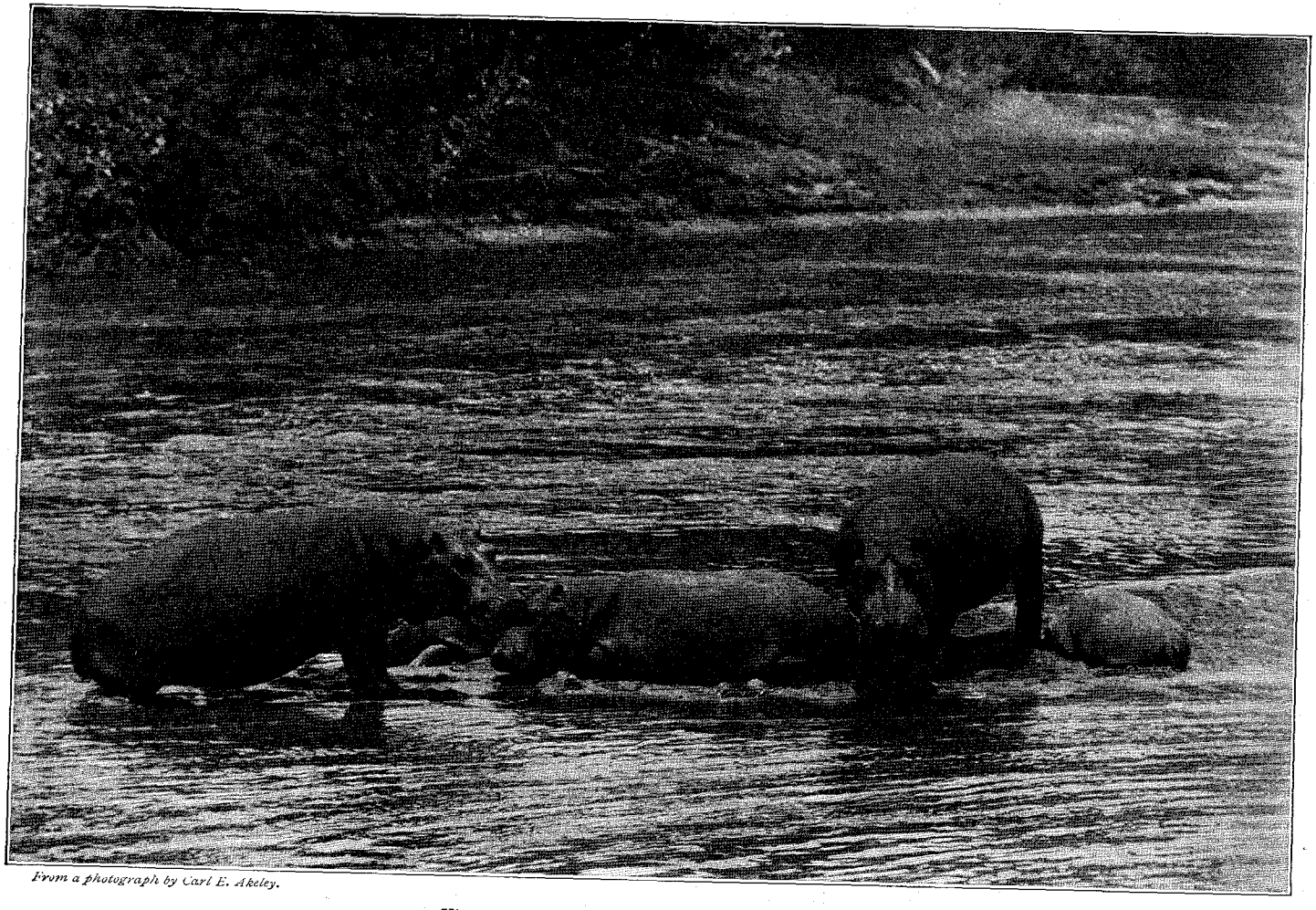

From a photograph by Carl E. Akeley.

Hippopotami in the Tana River, near Fort Hall, B. E. A.

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we were in boats, they would snort and plunge as they examined us with fearless curiosity close alongside. On the Nile there were masses of a little surface floating plant which we called water-cabbage, *Pistia stratoides*. Evidently when the hippos went ashore for a nocturnal walk they carried these plants with them, supposedly on their backs; for in the morning we would sometimes find them drying in the hot sun miles inland. In spite of their clumsy build, hippos trot and gallop fast. Their feet are kept far apart by the wide body and make paths with a ridge down the middle, so as to be recognizable at once. They swim well, but go at their greatest speed when they can gallop along the bottom in shallow water. They can stay under water a long time, and when they come to the surface they may send little jets of spray from their nostrils. I was puzzled by the noises they made. Occasionally at night I heard them roar, in a way that I thought must be done with the open mouth; but the ordinary sound was more like the exhaust of a steam-engine and I think it was made through the nostrils. At night they made all kinds of noises while in the water, and when on the bank, but I never heard them utter a sound when far inland on their rambles. In the daytime I once heard one uttering a series of meditative bubbling squeaks from its secure fastness behind the green wall of plumed papyrus.

The cow is devoted to the calf. When young it stands on her back as she swims. I do not understand the unconcern with which the hippos and crocodiles get on; for some of the latter are certainly large enough and greedy enough to kill a part-grown hippo. Probably the crocodiles dread the vengeance of the truculent old bulls and cows. They feast greedily on a hippo carcass; but so they will on the carcass of one of their own number. The hippo bulls fight savagely among themselves, and at times a ruthless old bully will maul other members of the herd. At Lake Naivasha a young bull which had been thus maltreated, and was badly scarred, must have gone slightly crazy in consequence, for he came on shore and attacked the cattle, and had to be slain.

Where unmolested hippos become very insolent and not only ravage the gardens and fields but attack any one who interferes with them; and in places they attack and upset canoes, sometimes quite wantonly, sometimes because the assailant has been wounded or is a cow with a calf. After the canoe is upset they may wreck it with their huge jaws, and they may or may not assail the swimmers; in one case, in the Lado, an old native was almost bitten in two by a savage bull after his canoe was upset, and I was informed by entirely trustworthy people that in swimming cattle across a river savage hippos had been known to assail and kill them, wholly without provocation. After we left Africa an English official we had met was upset in a canoe by a hippo and then carried off by a crocodile. Usually there is no sport in hippo-shooting; it needs nothing but good marksmanship, and, as the brain is the target, accuracy and penetration are the only qualities demanded in the rifle. Ordinarily, from the circumstances of the case, there is not the slightest danger in hippo-shooting; yet I was once resolutely charged by a hippo which I shot in shallow water; with jaws open it came straight for the boat, which was between it and deep water. A wounded hippo will sometimes attack the boat of its assailant; and in rare cases an unusually truculent animal will charge out of the water and try to reach the hunter on land.

Hippos feed on land at night, as a rule, although I once saw two tearing up and eating water-lilies, or some plants that were among water-lilies, in the late afternoon. Naturally they find corn, beans, melons, and other garden products particularly attractive, and if they are plentiful will destroy the crops of all villages which lie along the water-front.

Once, on the Nile, while Loring and I were watching a monitor stealing crocodile's eggs we noticed a hippo in midstream. Although it was in the forenoon, when most hippos were resting, it appeared above water at about two and a half minute intervals, in the same place, breathed, and sank. This continued for an hour. The current was too rapid for him to rest; and it hardly seemed that he could be feeding on anything. I do not know what he was doing.

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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART III—AUTUMN—(CONCLUDED)

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XII

TO deceive undoubtedly requires a course of training. And, unversed in this art, Lennan was fast finding it intolerable to scheme and watch himself, and mislead one who had looked up to him ever since they were children. Yet, all the time, he had a feeling that, since he alone knew all the circumstances of his case, he alone was entitled to blame or to excuse himself. The glib judgments that moralists would pass upon his conduct could be nothing but the imbecilities of the smug and pharisaic; of those not under this drugging spell, of such as had not blood enough perhaps ever to fall beneath it!

The day after the ride Nell had not come, and he had no word from her. Was she, then, hurt after all? She had lain back very inertly in that chair! And Sylvia never asked if he knew how the girl was after her fall, nor offered to send round to inquire. Did she not wish to speak of her, or had she simply—not believed? When there was so much he could not talk of, it seemed hard that just what happened to be true should be distrusted. She had not yet, indeed, by a single word suggested that she felt he was deceiving her, but at heart he knew that she was not deceived. . . . Those feelers of a woman who loves, can anything check their delicate apprehension? . . .

Toward evening the longing to see the girl—the sensation that she was calling him to come to her—became almost insupportable; yet, whatever excuse he gave, he felt that Sylvia would know where he was going. He sat on one side of the fire, she on the other, and they both read books; the only strange thing about their reading was that neither of them ever turned a leaf. It was Don Quixote he read, the page which had these words: "Let Altisidora weep or sing, still I am Dulcinea's, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful and unchanged, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world." And so the evening passed. When she went up to bed, he was very near to stealing out, driving up to the Dromores' door, and inquiring of the confidential man; but the thought of the confounded fellow's eyes was too much for him, and he held out. He took up Sylvia's book, De Maupassant's 'Fort comme la mort'—open at the page where the poor woman finds that her lover has passed away from her to her own daughter. And, as he read, the tears rolled down his cheeks. Sylvia! Sylvia! Were not his old favorite words from that old favorite book still true? "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth. It were unjust that such perfection should suffer through my weakness. No, pierce my body with your lance, knight, and let my life expire with my honor." . . . Why could he not wrench this feeling from his heart, banish this girl from his eyes? Why could he not be wholly true to her who was and always had been wholly true to him? Horrible—this will-less, nerveless feeling, this paralysis, as if he were a puppet moved by a cruel hand. And, as once before, it seemed to him that the girl was sitting there in Sylvia's chair in her dark-red frock, with her eyes fixed on him. Uncannily vivid—that impression! A man could not go on long with his head in Chancery like this—he would go crazed!

It was growing dusk on Saturday afternoon when he gave up that intolerable waiting and opened the studio door to go to Nell. It was now just two days since he had seen or heard of her. She had

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spoken of a dance for that very night—of his going to it. She must be ill! But he had not gone six steps when he saw her coming. She had on a gray furry scarf hiding her mouth, making her look much older. The moment the door was shut she threw it off, went to the hearth, drew up a little stool, and, holding her hands out to the fire, said:

"Have you thought about me? Have you thought enough now?"

And he answered: "Yes, I've thought, but I'm no nearer."

"Why? Nobody need ever know you love me. And if they did, I wouldn't care."

Simple! So simple! Glorious, egoistic youth!

He could not speak of Sylvia to this child—speak of his married life, hitherto so dignified. It was impossible. Then he heard her say:

"It can't be wrong to love *you;* I don't care if it is wrong"; and saw her lips quivering, and her eyes suddenly piteous and scared, as if for the first time she doubted of the issue. Here was fresh torment! To watch an unhappy child! And what was the use of even trying to make clear to her—on the very threshold of life—the hopeless maze that he was wandering in! What hope of making her understand the marsh of mud and tangled weeds he must drag through to reach her. "Nobody need know"—so simple! What of his heart, and his wife's heart! And pointing to his new work—the first man bewitched by the first nymph—he said:

"Do you see this, Nell? That nymph is you; and this thing is me." She got up and came to look at it. And while she looked he greedily drank her in. What a strange mixture of innocence and sorcery! What a wonderful young creature to bring to full knowledge of life within his arms! And he said: "You had better understand what you are to me—all that I shall never know again; there it is in that nymph's face—oh, no! not *your* face. And there am I, struggling through slime to reach you—not *my* face, of course!"

She said: "Poor face!" then covered her own. Was she going to cry, and torture him still more? But, instead, she only murmured, "You *have* reached me!" swayed toward him, and put her lips to his.

He gave way then. From that too stormy kiss of his she drew back for a second; then, as if afraid of her own recoil, snuggled close again. But the instinctive shrinking of innocence had been enough for Lennan—he dropped his arms and said:

"You must go, child."

Without a word she picked up her fur, put it on, and stood waiting for him to speak. Then, since he did not, she held out something white. It was the card for the dance.

"You're coming, aren't you?"

And he nodded. Her eyes and lips smiled at him; she opened the door, and, still with that slow, happy smile, went out. . . .

Yes, he would be coming; wherever she was, whenever she wanted him! . . .

With his blood on fire, heedless of everything but to rush after his happiness, Lennan spent those hours before the dance. He had told Sylvia that he would have to dine at his club—a small coterie of artists who had a set of rooms in Chelsea. He had taken this precaution, feeling that he could not sit through dinner opposite her and then go out to that dance—and Nell! He had spoken of a guest at the club, that he might dress—another lie, but what did it matter? He was lying all the time, if not in words, in action—must lie, indeed, to save her suffering!

He stopped at the Frenchwoman's flower-shop.

"*Que désirez-vous, monsieur? Des œillets rouges—j'en ai de bien beaux, ce soir.*"

Des œillets rouges? Yes, those tonight! To this address. No green with them; no card!

How strange the feeling—with the die once cast for love—of rushing, of watching his own self being left behind!

In the Brompton Road, outside a little restaurant, a thin musician was playing on a violin. Ah! and he knew this place; he would go in there, not to the club—and the fiddler should have all he had to spare for playing those tunes of love. He turned in. He had not been there since the day before that night on the river, twenty years ago. Never since; and yet it was not changed. The same tarnished

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gilt and smell of cooking; the same macaroni in the same tomato sauce, the same Chianti, the same staring light-blue walls wreathed with pink flowers. Only the waiter different—hollow-cheeked, patient, dark of eye. He, too, should be well tipped! And that poor, over-hatted lady, eating her frugal meal—for her, at all events, a look of kindness. For all desperate creatures one must feel, this desperate night! And suddenly he thought of Oliver. Another desperate one! What should he say to Oliver at this dance—he, aged forty-seven, coming there without his wife! Some imbecility such as, 'Watching the human form divine in motion,' 'Catching sidelights on Nell for the statuette'—some cant; it did not matter! The wine was drawn, and one must drink!

It was still early when he left the restaurant—a dry night, very calm, not cold. When had he danced last? With Olive Cramier, before he knew he loved her. Well, that memory could not be broken, for he would not dance to-night! Just watch, sit with the girl a few minutes, feel her hand cling to his, see her eyes turned back to him; and—come away! And then—the future! Ah! What of the future? The leaf of a plane-tree, fluttering down, caught on his sleeve. Autumn would soon be gone, and after Autumn—only Winter! But she would have done with him long before he came to Winter. Nature would see to it that Youth called to her, carried her away from him. Nature in her courses! But just to cheat Nature for a little while! To cheat Nature—what greater fortune!

Here was the place, with red-striped awning, carriages driving away, loiterers watching. He turned in with a beating heart. Was he before her? How would she come to this first dance? With Oliver alone? Or had some chaperon been found? To have come because she—this child so lovely, born 'outside'—might have need of chaperonage, would have been some comfort to dignity so wistful and so lost as his. Alas! he knew he was only there because he could not keep away.

Already they were dancing in the hall upstairs; but not she, yet. He stood leaning against the wall, where she must pass. Lonely and out of place he felt; as if every one must know why he was there. People stared, and he heard a girl say: "Who's that against the wall with the hair and dark moustache?" and her partner murmuring his answer, and her voice again: "Yes, he looks as if he were seeing sand and lions." For whom did they take him? Thank Heaven! They were all the usual sort. There would be no one that he knew. Suppose Johnny Dromore himself came with Nell! He was to have been back on Saturday! What could he say, then? How meet those doubting, knowing eyes, goggling with the fixed philosophy that a man has but one use for woman? God! and it would be true! For a moment he was on the point of getting his coat and hat, and sneaking away. It would mean not seeing her till Monday; and at that thought he stood his ground. But after to-night there must be no more such risks—their meetings must be wisely planned, must sink underground. And then he saw her at the foot of the stairs, in a dress of a shell-pink color, with one of his flowers in her light brown hair and the other tied to the handle of a tiny fan. How self-possessed she looked, as if this were indeed her native element—her neck and arms bare, her cheeks a deep soft pink, her eyes quickly turning here and there. She began mounting the stairs, and saw him. Was ever anything so lovely as she looked that moment! Behind her he marked Oliver, and a tall girl with red hair, and another young man; and he moved deliberately to the top of the stairs on the wall side, so that from behind they should not see her face when she greeted him. She put the little fan with the flowers to her lips; and, holding out her hand, said, quick and low:

"The fourth, it's a polka; we'll sit out, won't we?"

Then swaying a little, so that her hair and the flower in it almost touched his face, she passed, and there in her stead stood Oliver.

Lennan had expected one of his old insolent looks, but the young man's face was eager and quite friendly.

"It was awfully good of you to come, Mr. Lennan. Is Mrs. Lennan——"

And Lennan murmured:

"She couldn't; she's not quite—" and could have sunk into the shining floor.

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Youth with its touching confidence, its eager faith! This was the way he was fulfilling his trusteeship toward Youth!

When they had passed into the ballroom he went back to his position against the wall. They were dancing Number Three; his time of waiting, then, was drawing to a close. From where he stood he could not see the dancers—no need to watch her go round in some one else's arms.

Not a true waltz—some French or Spanish pavement song played in waltz time; bizarre, pathetic, chasing its own happiness. That chase for happiness! Had Life, with all its prizes and its possibilities, anything that quite satisfied—save just the fleeting moments of passion? Anything else quite poignant enough to be called pure happiness! And was not that justification for all his conduct, all his feelings?

The waltz was over. He could see her now on a rout seat against the wall with the other young man, turning her eyes constantly as if to make sure that he was still standing there. What subtle fuel was always being added to the fire by that flattery of her inexplicable adoration—of those eyes that dragged him to her, yet humbly followed him, too! Five times while she sat there he saw the red-haired girl or Oliver bring men up; saw youths cast longing glances; saw girls watching her with cold, defensive appraisement, or with a touching, frank delight. From the moment that she came in, there had been, in her father's phrase, 'only one in it.' And she could pass all this by, and still want him. Incredible!

At the first notes of the polka he went up to her. It was she who found their place of refuge—an alcove behind some palms.

Sitting there, he realized as never before, that there was no spiritual communion between him and this child. She could tell him her troubles or her joys, he could soothe or sympathize; but never would the gap between their natures and their ages be crossed. His happiness was only in the sight and touch of her. That, God knew, was happiness enough—a feverish, craving joy, which, like an overtired man's thirst, grew with the drink on which it tried to slake itself. Sitting there, in the scent of those flowers and of some sweet essence in her hair, with her fingers touching his, and her eyes seeking his, he tried loyally not to think of himself, to grasp her sensations at this, her first dance, and just help her to enjoyment. But he could not—paralyzed, made drunk by that insensate longing to take her in his arms, and crush her to him as he had those few hours back. He could see her expanding like a flower, in all the light and motion, and intoxicating admiration round her. What business had he in her life with his dark hunger after secret hours; he—a coin worn thin already—a destroyer of the freshness and the glamour of her youth and beauty!

Putting the flowers to his face, she said:

"Did you give me these because of the one I gave you?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with that?"

"Burnt it."

"Oh! but why?"

"Because you are a witch—and witches must be burnt with all their flowers."

"Are you going to burn me?"

He put his hand on her cool arm.

"Feel! The flames are lighted!"

"You may! I don't care!"

"Ah! Nell—why? What is it? How is it you can love me?"

She took his hand, and laid her cheek against it; yet, to the music which had begun again, the tip of her shoe was already beating time. That was reality, the real truth of things! And he said:

"You ought to be dancing, child."

"Oh, no! only it's a pity you don't want to."

How many things that he would not want!

And he said: "Nell, do you understand that it must all be secret—underground?"

She put the flowers to his lips, to stop his words. "You're not to think; never! When can I come?"

"Not to-morrow. I must find the best way. Nobody must know, Nell—for your sake—for hers—nobody!" His voice was trembling.

Nodding, she repeated softly:

"Nobody."

And her face was mystery itself, listening—looking!

But now she must dance, and he must

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go! It was not safe to stay. And here was Oliver coming for her!

Very composedly she rose and said: "It was awfully good of you to come. Good-night!" But as, on Oliver's arm, she left their little refuge, she looked back.

He lingered—to watch her through this one dance. How they made all the other couples sink into insignificance, with that something in them both that was better than mere good looks—that something not *outré* or eccentric, but poignant, wayward! They went well together, those two Dromores—his dark head and her fair head; his clear brown, daring eyes, and her gray, languorous, mesmeric eyes. Ah! Master Oliver was happy now, with her so close to him! It was not jealousy that Lennan felt. Not quite—one did not feel jealous of the young; something very deep—pride, sense of proportion, who knew what—prevented that. Besides, one did not feel exactly jealous of those one robbed. And happy she looked, too, as if her soul were dancing, vibrating with music and the scent of flowers. He waited for her to come round once more, to get for a last time that flying glance turned back; then found his coat and hat, and went.

XIII

Outside, he walked a few steps, then stood looking back at the windows of the hall through some trees, the shadows of whose trunks, in the light of a street lamp, were spilled out along the ground like the splines of a fan. A church clock struck eleven. For hours yet she would be there, going round and round in the arms of Youth! Try as he might he could never recapture for himself the look that Oliver's face had worn—the look that was the sign of so much more than he could ever give her. Why had she come into his life—to her undoing, and his own? And the bizarre thought came to him: "If she were dead should I really care? Should I not be almost glad?" If she were dead her witchery would be dead—and he could stand up straight again and look people in the face! What was this power that played with men, darted into them, twisted their hearts to rags? This power that had looked through her eyes when she put her fan, with those flowers, to her lips.

The thrumming of the music ceased; he walked away.

It must have been nearly twelve when he reached home. Now, once more, would begin the gruesome process of deception—flinching of soul and brazening of visage. It would be better when the whole thievish business was irretrievably begun and ordered in its secret courses!

There was a light in the drawing-room, but perhaps it had been left for him! If only Sylvia might have gone to bed! Then he saw her sitting motionless on the hearth.

He came to the fire and began his hateful formula:

"I'm afraid you've been lonely. I had to stay rather late. A dull evening." And, since she did not move or answer, but just went on looking into the fire, he forced himself to go close, bend down to her, and touch her cheek; even to kneel beside her. She looked round then; her face was white and quiet enough, but her eyes were strangely eager, and with a pitiful little smile she broke out:

"Oh, Mark! What is it—what is it? Anything is better than this!"

Perhaps it was the smile, perhaps her voice or eyes—but something gave way in Lennan. Secrecy, precaution went by the board; and, bowing his head against her breast, he poured it all out, while they clung clutched together on their knees before the fire, like two children. And while he was telling her, he thought: How wonderful of her not to push me away—refuse to let me touch her! Only when he had finished did he realize that if she had done so it would have been far less piteous, far easier to bear, than her poor white face and her poor hands clutching him, and her words: "I never thought—you and I—oh! Mark—you and I—" The trust in their life together, in himself, that those words revealed! Yet not greater than he had had—still had! She could not understand—he had known that she could never understand; it was why he had fought so for secrecy. She thought she had lost everything, and in his mind she had lost nothing. This passion, this craving for Youth and Life, this madness—call it what she would—was all apart, could never touch and destroy his love and need of her. If she would only be-

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lieve that! Over and over he repeated it—over and over again perceived that she could not take it in. The only thing she saw was that his love had gone from her to another. And that was not true! Suddenly she broke out of his arms, pushed him from her, and cried: "That girl—hateful, horrible, false!" Never had he seen her look like that, with flaming spots in her white cheeks, soft lips and chin distorted, blue eyes flaming, breast heaving as if each breath were drawn from lungs that received no air. And then, as quickly, the fire went out of her; she sank down on the sofa, covering her face with her arms, rocking to and fro. She did not cry, but a little moaning sound came from her now and then. And each one of those sounds was to Lennan like the cry of something he was murdering. At last he went and sat down on the sofa by her and said:

"Sylvia! Sylvia! Don't! oh! don't!" And she was silent, ceasing to rock herself; letting him smooth and stroke her. But her face she kept hidden, and only once she spoke, so low that he could hardly hear: "I can't—I won't keep you from her." And with the awful feeling that no words could reach or soothe the wound in that heart, he could only go on stroking and kissing her hands.

It was atrocious—horrible—this that he had done! God knew that he had not sought it—the thing had come on him—even she in her misery could see that. Deep down beneath his grief and hatred of himself, he knew—what neither she nor any one else could know—that he could not have prevented this feeling, which went back to days before he ever saw the girl—that no man could have stopped that feeling. This craving and roving was as much part of himself as his eyes and hands, as overwhelming and natural a longing as his hunger for work, or his need of the peace that Sylvia gave and alone could give him. That was the tragedy—it was all sunk and rooted in the very nature of a man. Since the girl came into their lives he was no more unfaithful to his wife in thought than he had been before. If only she could look into him, see him exactly as he was, as, without part or lot in the process, he had been made—then she would understand, and even might not suffer; but she could not, and he could never make it plain. Yet solemnly, desperately, with a weary feeling of the futility of words, he went on trying. It was all a thing outside him—could she not see? Only a craving, a chase after beauty and life, after his own youth! At that word she looked at him: "And do you think *I* don't want my youth back?"

He stopped, abashed.

For a woman to feel that her beauty—the brightness of her hair and eyes, the grace and suppleness of her limbs—were slipping from her and from the man she loved! Was there anything more bitter? —or anything more sacred than that he should not add to that bitterness, should not push her with suffering into old age, but help to keep the star of her faith in her charm intact!

Man and woman—they both wanted youth again; she, that she might give it all to him; he, because it would help him toward something—new! Just that difference! Was it strange that she would never grasp it, nor ever quite forgive?

He got up, and said:

"Come, dear, let's try and sleep."

He had not once said that he could give it up. The words would not pass his lips, though he knew she must be conscious that he had not said it, must be longing to hear it. All he had said was:

"So long as you want me, you shall never lose me" . . . and, "I will never keep anything from you again."

Up in their room she lay hour after hour in his arms, quite unresentful, but without life in her, and with eyes that, when his lips touched them, were always wet.

What a maze was a man's heart, wherein he must lose himself every minute! What involved and intricate turnings and turnings on itself; and fugitive replacement of emotion by emotion! What strife between pities and passions; what longing for peace! . . .

And in his feverish exhaustion, which was almost sleep, Lennan hardly knew whether it was the thrum of music or Sylvia's moaning that he heard; her body or Nell's within his arms. . . .

But life had to be lived, a face preserved against the world, engagements kept. And

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the nightmare went on for both of them, under the calm surface of an ordinary Sunday. They were like people walking at the edge of a high cliff, not knowing from step to step whether they would fall; or like swimmers struggling for issue out of a dark whirlpool.

In the afternoon they went together to a concert. It was just something to do—something that saved them for an hour or two from the possibility of speaking on the one subject left to them. The ship had gone down, and they were clutching at anything that for a moment would help to keep them above water.

In the evening some people came to supper—a writer and two painters, with their wives. A grim evening—never more so than when the conversation turned on that perennial theme—the complete freedom requisite for artists. All the stale arguments were brought forth, and had to be joined in with unmoved faces. And Lennan felt that, for all this talk of freedom, his friends would condemn him if they knew—condemn, because it was not 'the thing' to seduce young girls—as if forsooth, there were freedom in doing only what people thought 'the thing'! Their cant about the free artist spirit experiencing everything would wither the moment it came up against a canon of 'good form,' so that in truth it was no freer than the bourgeois spirit, with its conventions, or the priest spirit, with its cry of 'Sin!' No, no! To resist—if resistance were possible to this dragging power—maxims of 'good form,' dogmas of religion and morality, were no help—nothing was any help, but some feeling stronger than passion itself. Sylvia's face, forced to smile! Ah! that was a reason why they should condemn him! None of their doctrines about freedom could explain that away—the death in a man's soul when he makes a loving, faithful creature suffer.

But they were gone at last—with their "Thanks so much!" and their "Delightful evening!"

And those two were face to face for another night.

He knew that it must begin all over again—inevitable after the stab of that wretched argument plunged into their hearts and turned and turned all the evening.

"I won't, I mustn't keep you starved, and spoil your work. Don't think of me, Mark! I can bear it!"

And then a breakdown worse than the night before. What genius, what sheer genius Nature had for torturing her creatures! If any one had told him, even so little as a week ago that he could have caused such suffering to Sylvia—Sylvia, whom as a child with wide blue eyes and a blue bow on her flaxen head he had guarded across fields full of imaginary bulls; Sylvia, in whose hair his star had caught; Sylvia, who day and night for fifteen years had been his devoted wife; whom he loved and still admired—he would have given him the lie direct. It would have seemed incredible, monstrous, silly. Had all married men and women such things to go through? Was this but a very usual crossing of the desert? Or was it, once for all, shipwreck; death—unholy, violent death—in a storm of sand?

Another night of misery, and no answer to that question yet.

He had told her that he would not see Nell again, without first letting her know. So, when morning came, he simply wrote the words: "Don't come to-day!"—showed them to Sylvia, and sent them by a servant to Dromore's.

Hard to describe the bitterness with which he entered his studio. In all this chaos, what would become of his work? Could he ever have peace of mind for it again? Those people last night had used the words 'inspiration of passion, of experience.' In pleading with her he had used the words himself. She—poor soul! had but repeated them, trying to endure them, to believe them true. And were they true? Again no answer, or certainly none that he could give. To have had the waters broken up; to be plunged into emotion; to feel desperately, instead of stagnating—some day he might be grateful—who knew? Some day there might be fair country again beyond this desert, where he could work even better than before. But just now, as well expect creative work from a condemned man! Destruction if he gave Nell up, and with her, once for all, that roving, seeking instinct, which ought, forsooth, to have been satisfied, and was not; death, if he did not

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give her up, but took her, knowing that in doing so he was torturing a woman—a woman dear to him! That was as far as he could see to-day. What he would see in time to come God only knew! But 'Freedom of the spirit!' That was a phrase of bitter irony indeed! And there, amongst his work, like a man tied hand and foot, he was swept by such a feeling of exasperated rage as he had never known! Women! These women! Only let him be free of them, and the passions and pities they aroused, so that his brain and his hands might live and work again. They should not strangle—they should not destroy him!

Unfortunately, even in his rage, he knew that flight from them both could never help him. One way or the other the thing would have to be fought through. If only it had been a straight fight; a clear issue between passion and pity! But both he loved, and both he pitied. There was nothing straight and clear about all this; it was too deeply rooted in full human nature. And the appalling sense of rushing ceaselessly from barrier to barrier began really to affect his head.

True, he had now and then a lucid interval of a few minutes, when the ingenious nature of his own torments struck him as supremely interesting and queer; but this was not precisely a relief, for it only meant, as in prolonged toothache, that his power of feeling had for a moment ceased to work. A pretty little hell indeed!

All day he had the premonition, amounting to certainty, that Nell would take alarm at those three words he had sent her, and come in spite of them. And yet, what else could he have written? Nothing save what must have alarmed her more, or plunged him deeper. He had the feeling that she could follow his moods, that her eyes could see him everywhere, as a cat's eyes can see in darkness. He had had that feeling, more or less, ever since the last evening of October, the evening she came back from her summer, grown-up. How long ago was that? Only six days? Ah, yes! She would know when her spell was weakening, when the current wanted, as it were, renewing. And, sure enough, about six o'clock—dusk already—without the least surprise, with only a sort of empty quivering, he heard her knock. And just behind the closed door, as near as he could get to her, he stood, holding his breath. He had given his word to Sylvia—of his own accord had given it. Through the thin wood of the old door he could hear the faint shuffle of her feet on the pavement, moved a few inches this way and that, as though supplicating the silence. He could see, as it were, her head, bent a little forward to the blank door, listening. Three times she knocked; and each time Lennan writhed. It was so cruel! With that seeing sense of hers she must know he was there; his very silence would be telling her—for even his silence had its voice, that must rise into the air, its pitiful breathless voice. Then, quite distinctly, he heard her sigh, and her footsteps move away; and covering his face with his hands he rushed to and fro in the studio, like a madman.

No sound of her any more! Gone! And, seizing his hat, he ran out. Which way? At random he ran toward the square. There she was, over by the railings; languidly, irresolutely moving toward home.

XIV

Now that she was within reach he wavered; but surely he might see her out here in the street—must see her, to tell her what had happened! Then she turned and saw him. In the biting easterly wind her face looked small and pinched and cold; but her eyes only the larger, the more full of witchery, as if beseeching him not to be angry, not to send her away.

"I had to come; I got frightened. Why did you write such a tiny little note?"

He tried to make his voice sound quiet and ordinary:

"You must be brave, Nell. I have had to tell her."

She clutched at his arm; then drew herself up, and said in her clear, clipped voice:

"Oh! I suppose she hates me, then!"

"She is terribly unhappy."

They walked a minute that might have been an hour without a word; not round the square, as he had walked with Oliver, but away from the house. At last she

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said in a half-choked voice: "I only want a little bit of you."

And he answered: "There are no little bits, in love—there is no standing still."

That had been the very burden of Sylvia's cry, when he himself had said: 'She only has a little bit of me.' Then he had refused to believe; now he was repeating it!

Suddenly he felt her hand in his, the fingers lacing, twining restlessly amongst his own; and again the half-choked voice said:

"You *will* let me see you sometimes! You must!"

Hardest of all to stand against was this pathetic, clinging, frightened child. And not knowing very clearly what he said, he murmured:

"Yes—yes; it'll be all right. Be brave—you must be brave, Nell. It'll all come right."

But she only answered:

"No, no! I'm not brave. I shall do something."

And her face looked just as when she had ridden at that gravel pit. Loving, wild, undisciplined, without resource of any kind—what might she not do? Why could he not stir without bringing disaster upon one of them? And between these two, suffering so because of him, he felt exactly as if he had lost his own existence. In quest of his own happiness, he had come to this!

Suddenly she said:

"Oliver asked me again at the dance on Saturday. He said you'd told him to be patient. Did you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I was sorry for him."

She let his hand go.

"Perhaps you would like me to."

Very clearly he saw those two going round and round over the shining floor.

"It would be better, Nell."

She made a little sound—of anger or dismay.

"You don't *really* want me, then?"

That was his chance. But with her arm touching his, her face so pale and desperate, and those maddening eyes turned to him, he could not tell that lie, and answered:

"Yes—I want you, God knows."

At that a sigh of content escaped her, as if she were saying to herself: 'If he wants me he will not let me go.' Strange little tribute to her faith in love and her own youth!

They had come somehow to Pall Mall by now. And scared to find himself thus deep in the hunting-ground of the Dromores, Lennan turned hastily toward Saint James's Park, that they might cross it in the dark, round to Piccadilly. To be thus slinking out of the world's sight with the daughter of his old roommate—of all men in the world the last, perhaps, that he should do this to! A nice treacherous business! But the thing that men called honor—what was it when her eyes were looking at him, and her shoulder touching his?

Since he had spoken those words, "Yes, I want you," she had been silent—fearful, perhaps, to let other words destroy their comfort. But near the gate by Hyde Park Corner, she put her hand again into his, and again her voice, so clear, said:

"I don't want to hurt anybody, but you will let me come sometimes—you will let me see you—you won't leave me all alone, thinking that I'll never see you again?"

And once more, without knowing what he answered, Lennan murmured:

"No, no! It'll be all right, dear—it'll all come right. It must—it shall."

And again her fingers twined amongst his, like a child's. How wonderfully she seemed to know the exact thing to say and do to keep him helpless! And she went on:

"I didn't try to love you—it isn't wrong to love—it wouldn't hurt her. I only want a little of your love."

A little—always a little! But he was only bent on comforting her now. The thought of her going home, and sitting lonely, frightened, and unhappy all the evening, was so dreadful. And, holding her fingers tight, he kept on murmuring words of would-be comfort.

And then he saw that they were out of Piccadilly. How far dared he go with her along the railings before he said good-by? A man was coming toward them, just where he had met Dromore that first fatal afternoon nine months ago; a man with a slight lurch in his walk, a tall shining hat, a little on one side. But, thank Heaven!

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it was not Dromore—only one somewhat like him, who in passing stared sphinx-like at Nell. And Lennan said:

"You must go home now, child; we mustn't be seen together."

For a moment he thought she was going to break down and refuse to leave him. Then she threw up her head, and for a second stood like that quite motionless. Stripping off her glove, she suddenly thrust her warm, clinging hand into his cold one. Her lips smiled faintly, tears stood in her eyes; she drew her hand away and plunged into the traffic. He saw her turn the corner of her street and disappear. And with the warmth of that passionate little hand still stinging his palm, he turned and almost ran toward Hyde Park.

Taking no heed of direction, he launched himself into its dark space, all deserted in that cold, homeless wind. The east wind has little sound, no moods and fancies, no scent, travelling its remorseless road at even gait. The trees turn steadily away from it; lights lose their look of comfort, the sky is blank of emotion.

This dark firmament and that keen, cold air suited one who had little need of aids to emotion—one who had, indeed, but a single wish, to get rid, if he only could, of the terrible sensation in his head—that bruised, battered, imprisoned feeling a man has who paces his cell, never, never to get out at either end. Without thought or intention he drove his legs along; not running, because he knew that he would have to stop the sooner. What more comic spectacle for the good citizen than this married man of middle age, striding by the hour together over those dry, dark, empty pastures, and so hunted by passion and by pity that he knew not even whether he had dined! But no good citizen was abroad of an autumn night in a bitter easterly wind. The trees were the sole witnesses of this grim exercise—the trees, resigning to the cold breath of the wind their crinkled leaves, that kept fluttering past him, just a little lighter than the darkness. Here and there his feet rustled in the parched drifts waiting to serve the little bonfires, whose scent alone was in the air. A desperate walk, in this heart of London—round and round, up and down, hour after hour, keeping always in the dark; not a star in the sky, not a human being spoken to or even clearly seen, not a bird or beast; just the gleam of the lights far away, and the hoarse mutter of the traffic! A walk as lonely as the voyage of the human soul is lonely from birth to death, with no light to guide it but the flickering glow from its own frail spirit. . . .

And, so tired that he could hardly move his legs, but free at last of that awful feeling in his head—free for the first time for days and days—Lennan came out of the park at the gate where he had gone in, and walked toward his home, certain that to-night one way or the other it would be decided. . . . . .

XV

This, then—this long trouble of body and of spirit—was what he remembered, sitting in the arm-chair beyond his bedroom fire, watching the glow, and Sylvia sleeping there exhausted, while the dark plane-tree leaves tap-tapped at the window in the autumn wind; watching with the uncanny certainty that he would not pass the limits of that night without having made at last a decision that would not alter. For even the ebb and flow of conflict wears itself out; even indecision has that measure set to its miserable powers of torture. Any issue in the end is better than the hell of indecision itself. Once or twice in those last days even death had seemed to him quite tolerable; but, now that his head was clear and he had come to grips, death passed out of his mind like the shadow that it was. Nothing so simple, extravagant, and vain could serve him. Other issues had reality; death—none. To leave Sylvia, and take the girl away; there was even reality in that, but it had always faded as soon as it shaped itself; and now once more it faded. To put that public and terrible affront upon this tender creature whom he loved, do her to death, as it were, before the world's eyes—and then, ever remorseful, grow old while the girl was still young? He could not. If Sylvia had not loved him, yes; or even if he had not loved her; or if, again, though loving him she had stood upon her rights, in any of those events he might have done it. But to leave this faithful wife whom he did love, and who had said to him so generously, "I will not hamper

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you—go to her"—would be atrocity too black. Every memory from their boy-and-girl lovering to the desperate clinging of her arms these last two nights—memory, with its innumerable tentacles, the invincible strength of its countless threads, bound him to her too fast. What then? Must it come, after all, to giving up the girl? And sitting there, by that warm fire, he shivered. How desolate, sacrilegious, wasteful to throw love away; to turn from the most precious of all gifts; to drop and break that vase! There was not too much love in the world, nor too much warmth and beauty—not for those, anyway, whose sands were running out, whose blood would soon be cold.

Could Sylvia not let him keep both her love and the girl's? Could she not bear that? She had said she could; but her face, her eyes, her voice gave her the lie, so that every time he heard her his heart turned sick with pity. Once, too, these words had escaped her: "How would you feel if I took a young lover, and expected that we could go on as we are?" And the next minute had gone back to her: "No, no; I won't be a drag on you—I can bear it—I will—I must." This, then, was the real issue: Could he accept from her such a sacrifice; exact a daily misery; see her droop and fade beneath it? Could he bear his own happiness at such a cost? Would it be happiness at all? He got up from the chair and crept toward her. She looked very fragile sleeping there! The darkness below her closed eyelids showed cruelly on that too fair skin; and in her flax-colored hair he saw what he had never noticed—a few strands of white. Her softly opened lips, almost colorless, quivered with her uneven breathing. And now and again a little feverish shiver passed up from her heart. All soft and fragile. Not much life, not much strength; youth and beauty slipping! To know that he who should be her champion against age and time would day by day be placing one more mark upon her face, one more sorrow in her heart! That he should do this—they both going down the years together! While he stood there, holding his breath, bending to look at her, that sharp swish of the plane-tree branch flung against and against the window by the autumn wind seemed filling the whole world. And suddenly her lips moved—one of those little soft, hurrying whispers that unhappy dreamers utter, the words all lost in their wistful rush. And he thought: I, who believe in bravery and kindness; I, who hate cruelty—if I do this cruel thing, what shall I have to live for; how shall I work; how bear myself? If I do it, I am lost—an outcast from my own faith—a renegade from all that I believe in. And, kneeling there close to that face so sad and lonely, that heart so beaten even in its sleep, he knew that he could not do it—knew it with sudden, utter certainty, and a sense of peace. Over—over! the long struggle, over at last! For others it might be possible—for him, no! In his passion for this girl was no natural fitness, such as alone made passion inevitable, overwhelming, sacred—such as, once, had justified for him passion against the world. Youth with youth; summer to summer; falling leaf with falling leaf! And behind him the fire flickered, and the plane-tree leaves tap-tapped.

He rose and crept away. He went stealthily downstairs into the drawing-room, and through the window at the far end into the court-yard where he had sat that day by the hydrangea listening to the piano-organ. Very dark and cold and eerie it was out there, and he hurried across to his studio. There, too, it was cold and dark and eerie, with its ghostly plaster presences, stale scent of cigarettes, and just one glowing ember of the fire he had left when he rushed out after Nell—those seven hours ago.

He went first to the bureau, turned up its lamp, and, taking out some sheets of paper, marked on them directions for his various works; for the statuette of Nell he noted that it should be taken with his compliments to Mr. Dromore. He wrote a letter to his banker, directing money to be sent to Rome, and to his solicitor, telling him to let the house. He wrote quickly. If Sylvia woke, and found him still away, what might she not think? He took a last sheet to write to the girl herself—a deliberate lie. What did it matter, if it helped her over the first shock?

"Dear Nell,

"I write this hastily in the early hours, to say that we are called out to Italy to my only sister, who is very ill. We leave

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by the first morning boat, and may be away some time. I will write again. Don't fret, and God bless you.

"M. L."

He could not see very well as he wrote. Poor loving, desperate child! Well, she had youth and strength, and would soon have—Oliver! And he took yet another sheet.

"Dear Oliver,

"My wife and I are obliged to go post-haste to Italy. I watched you both at the dance the other night. Be very gentle with Nell; and—good luck to you. Don't say again that I told you to be patient, it is hardly the way to make her love you.

"M. Lennan."

That, then, was all—yes, all! He turned out the little lamp, and groped toward the hearth. But one thing left—To say good-by! To her, and Youth, and Passion! To the only salve for the aching that Spring and Beauty bring—the aching for the wild, the passionate, the new, that never quite dies in a man's heart. Ah, well! sooner or later all men had to say good-by to it. All men—all men!

He crouched down before the hearth. There was no warmth in that fast-blackening ember, but it still glowed like a dark-red flower. And while it lived he crouched there, as though it were that to which he was saying good-by. And beside him, a ghost among the ghostly presences, the girl seemed to stand; and on the door he heard her ghostly knocking. Slowly the glow blackened, till the last spark had faded out.

Then, by the faint glimmer of the night, he found his way back, softly as he had come, to his bedroom.

Sylvia was still sleeping; and, to watch for her to wake, he sat down again by the fire, in silence only stirred by the frail tap-tapping of those autumn leaves and the little catch in her breathing now and then. It was less troubled than when he had bent over her before, as though in her sleep she knew. He must not miss the moment of her waking, must be beside her before she came to full consciousness, to say: "There, there! it's all over; we are going away—at once, at once." To be ready to offer that quick solace before she had time to plunge back into her pitiful sorrow was a little island in this black sea of night, a single little refuge-point for his bereaved and naked being. Something to do—something fixed and certain. And yet another long hour before her waking he sat forward in the chair with that quaint eagerness, his eyes fixed on her face, staring through it at some vision, some faint glimmering light—far out there beyond—as a traveller watches a star. . . .

The End.

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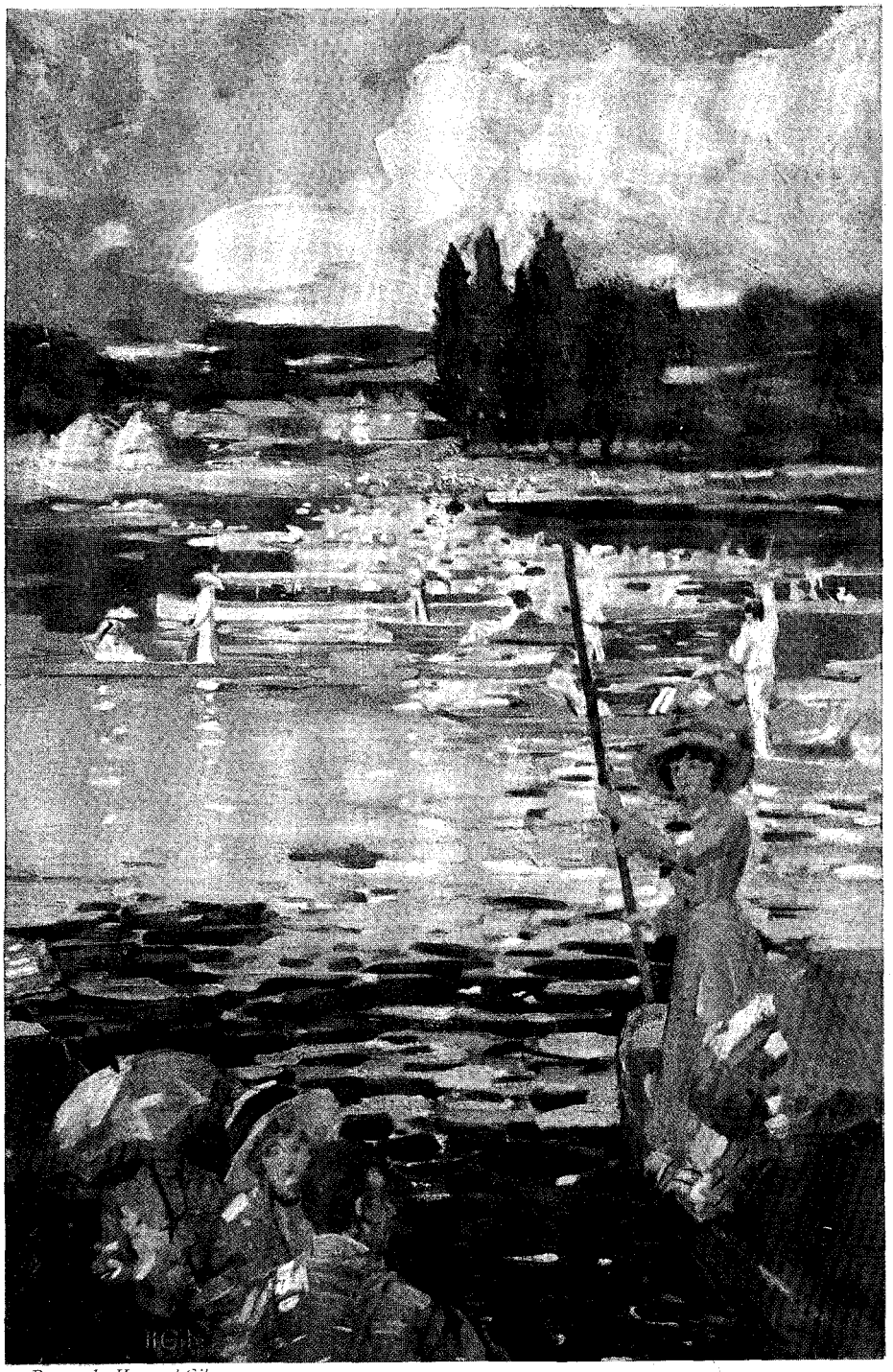

Drawn by Howard Giles.

The river itself . . . covered with craft: people sailing, punting, canoeing.—Page 619.

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AN ENGLISH WRITER'S NOTES ON ENGLAND

BY VERNON LEE

THINGS OF THE PRESENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS

THE odd, dreamlike impression—(for only seven days ago was I not driving down from Aros to Chur, travelling through that humane Swiss country?) of being so suddenly once more in the heart of things English; things, I mean, such as the Continent does not know!

It was characteristic of it all that the long motor run yesterday was through a country the precise position and name of which I did not know—a vague *North Country*, of green and sere hillsides, diapered with those walls of low black stones, treeless, houseless, the black vegetation of ashes and sycamores huddled in the valley troughs, not a tree even by the little black solitary cottages, so few and far between; without farms or steadings; without anything telling of the relations of man and the earth. The *North Country*, a sort of typical, unlocalized *North Country*, averaged by the rushing of the motor, thirty-five miles an hour or so, down and up again those long, straight hillsides; the noise of the engine mingling with that of the wind, our gale with the real one raging across the moors, the journey turned, for one's imagination, from a luxurious modern caprice into some sort of primeval flight on the wings of the blast through a vague and empty country, a country of dreams.

Then the grim little towns of black stone, that hateful black northern stone which forestalls soot and rejects all vegetation, even as these great moorland skies seem black as much with smoke as with storm; little tidy, joyless towns, making one think always what they must be in winter, towns with nothing of the past save occasionally a ballad-like name—say Barnard Castle; the heaps of coal and cinders at the stations, the colliery shaft-machine (vaguely like gallows) on a green hillside suggesting that the real inhabitants of this empty land are underground, like the monsters in Wells's *Time-Machine*. And then, what is so English, the arrival at Park gates, alighting at a melancholy huge stone house, then being shown pictures, given tea, being walked through sad, romantic parks by people whose names you have not heard any more than that of the place; and—talk—the unchanging talk—of cricket and grouse. This place with the brown trickling moor-streams among the slabs of stone is the Meeting of the Waters; that, under the yews, the Ghosts Walk; that pseudo-romantic cave, where Sir Walter sat; this house turns out to be Rokeby;—a *keepsake* England in the midst of this grim, bare north of moors, inhabited, it would seem, only by miners and by the people who put on ball dresses (or nearly) for dinner.

These moorland countries lack an element of poetry for me, the element of—how call it?—*human rightness*. One feels that they are made by the sweeping together of mankind, becoming thereby refuse, in the great towns. And my heart longs for those Swiss valleys where homesteads are scattered plentifully, and what to us means work, is wealth, and the chance of leisure to others.

IN THE TRAIN, NORTH COUNTRY

Between Leeds and Skipton the factories, gaunt glazed cages, astride across the polluted streams; the black houses, in broken-off streets, straggling up the green hills. There is something strange in all this refuse of hurry and toil having been thrown

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down by historic chance just among these remote hillsides, these high-lying fields of such immaculate green (even where the hay is ripe, the scythe reveals a fresh and juicy stalk), in this country forever renewed by wind and rain, so empty and silent, belonging so utterly to storm and sun-breathable token of that "prosperity," "supremacy," which England is bidden to fight for; this and those untenanted grass slopes where you drive for miles without meeting a soul.

Or is this self-satisfaction right? And is such hideous refuse of life and things the

A vague and empty country, a country of dreams . . . great moorland skies . . . black as much with smoke as storm.—Page 609.

set. The south of England (one feels it in London suburbs) would yield, lend itself to this fouling; but the North is indifferent, inviolable. Driving out these evenings, I am struck by the solemnity of these immense skies, whose cumulus are banked up behind some high-lying groups of rough stone cottages and byres, or clumps of great wind-vexed, blackish sycamores.

When one sees a place like Leeds, one feels the irony of this being the visible and price at which certain spiritual qualities are bought?

IN THE GARDENS, MORETON MANOR-HOUSE

After north wind this morning it is getting warm, with gleams of sun among moving clouds. Seated with my back against the green terrace slope above the moat, near one of the two pagodaish summer-houses which had remained in my memory; a wagtail hopping on the mown lawn; a

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little heap, almost like potpourri, of cut green from lawn-mower, decapitated daisies, and lime blossoms, at my elbow. There is a scent also as of potpourri in these kind of places: of warm cedar, roses, yew, and I know not what moisture of shrubberies, which is characteristic of England and quite unlike the scent of other countries, the scent of vine and wheat of Italy, or of hay as I met it—smell of pastoral Germany and Switzerland—the other day, among the cottages of that little Schwarzwald valley. That potpourri scent caught me yesterday afternoon, when I first came down into the Park after unpacking my things; that scent deeply mingled, discreet, Old World, oddly artificial, which I had forgotten, told me, with the coo of the wood-pigeons, that this was England again.

In the train, North Country

One side of England. England of long-preserved and carefully renewed traditions (these Americans sucked into it), of immense affluence and leisure and elbow-room, swept and garnished decorum; the other half of England had stirred up in me puddles and poisons of stored-up hatred already during the drive from Charing Cross to Chelsea, a week ago. The half I never grow accustomed to, each impression as the years pass adding to the previous in merely making me understand why, and how rightly, I suffer from these things and hate them.

More and more I hate them, hate London: the foul atmosphere, fouling wherever it enters and depositing its grime and grits on windows and doors, on everything touching the outer world; the polluted roadways, moist and greasy even in dry weather, and black curbs; the philistine monotony of mean, well-to-do houses and blank unpicturesque squalor of mews and slums behind; the bedizened and feathered ladies hurrying in cabs, the smug men with polished hats and flying frock-coats; the down-at-heel, thin, or grossly overgrown "poor people" in second-hand or imitated clothes; the greasy loafers round the *pubs* every few yards;—all this which means stupid hurry and graspingness and stupid acquiescence with bad things, this acceptance of all spoiling, soiling, wasting, destroying processes so long as they accompany some immediate profit or indulgence. And I feel that the possession of this other side, this empty, sweet country, these swept and garnished houses and parks smelling of potpourri, is what reconciles, in a way hardens, the people of England to the horror and disgrace of London.

IN TOWN

The first day in London particularly, going to Piccadilly on top of a 'bus, I had an impression of draggle-tailed or bedizened people, of sordid or ridiculous architecture, of crowded tawdry shops, of the lack particularly of everything spacious, gay, or monumental, which made me wonder how I could come away last year with the notion of the English people—or at least upper class—as leading æsthetic lives.

That impression was got, of course, from the country, or from places like Oxford, and from the contrast between foreign slatterliness and a certain swept and garnished quality in English domestic arrangements. The contradiction is explained by something more than the mere law of contraries or of contrariness, which doubtless makes certain folk value daintiness, dignity, and similar qualities in proportion as they are made difficult by a damp climate, a dirty kind of fuel, and, say, drunken habits and overcrowding. It can be *better* explained by that polarity observable in all human concerns, the automatic tendency, I mean, for

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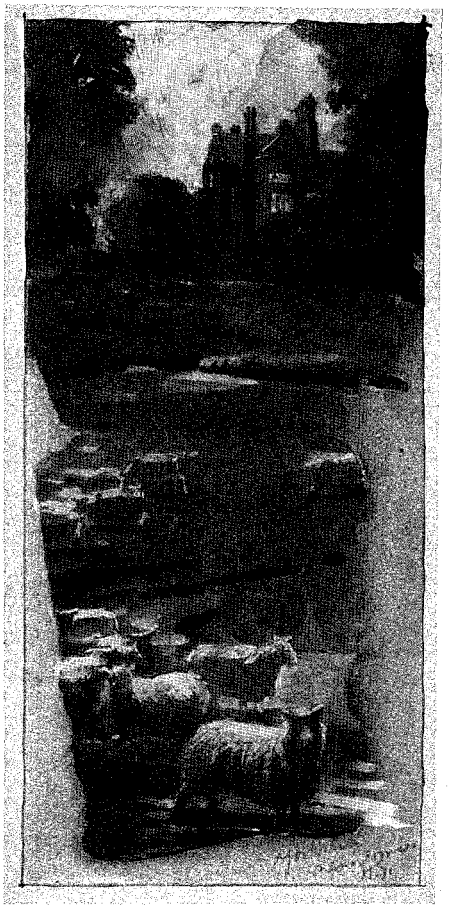
selection to produce opposite types, integration and elimination including in one synthesis all that has been rejected in another; so that a minority will often represent that which the majority rejects or can not attain to. This impression of London brings home to me, moreover, that people have but a limited amount of energy, efficacy, nay, preference; and that, having expended it, everything is endured through sheer weakness and lack of time.

Certainly London represents everything most obviously odious to those very upper middle classes who inhabit it: they have their way in the country, inside their houses, in foreign travel. And London seems to be like those irreducible rubbish-heaps which dodge us in life, increasing in proportion as we tidy up, and accepted possibly by our souls in proportion to their very hatefulness. The English people one knows evidently expect, hope, nothing from the outward aspects of London. *It is London;* and that accounts for every horror and every blank, sensitiveness having been put to sleep, effort diverted in the face of it.



England of long preserved and carefully renewed traditions. Moreton Manor-House.

IN THE EAST END

R. takes me to call on two friends of hers in Whitechapel. Miles and miles apparently of road (misnamed Mile End), wide, not too squalid. I notice among other barrows or booths one selling Spanish or Portuguese grapes, white, over-ripe, dry, like Italian Xmas ones. In earlier part of road, nearer Aldgate and City there are a few old houses with projecting windows like Oxford. Further, a small *Wrennish* house with fronton and two little stone ships. Turn aside into some black streets, absolutely empty—small villaish houses with ornamental porches. No. 64, Miss Evans. Miss E. is her professional name, she is the wife of an engine-driver or stoker called Finch; but she is "the Bow Soprano," sings at weddings, etc. R. knew her when she had a singing class at the People's Palace. She is out. We are admitted by mother. She is cleaning—washing, but ushers us with perfect grace and ease into the parlor. Had washed six pairs of curtains. She talks with evidently *no inkling of difference* of station and mode of life. Tells us, just as one bourgeoise would another, the disagreeables of house-painters, her ailments (at great length), and the delights of Clacton-on-Sea—"Ah, that is a place you would like, Lady B." Discusses portrait of her late husband and character of her grandson who comes in, a chubby, nice, kind little boy, perfectly at his ease. Never *my lady's;* not the smallest attitude of deference or inequality, my friend, but very simple cordiality. Presses R. to return when her daughter is in, another day, when she shall find all quite nice, and *such* nice tea. Then shows us ornaments of room. It is *crammed* with ornaments; indeed, the poor need weeding of possessions as much as the rich: a set of hock glasses, greenish red, decanters and tumblers on sideboard, many oleographs, a cat and

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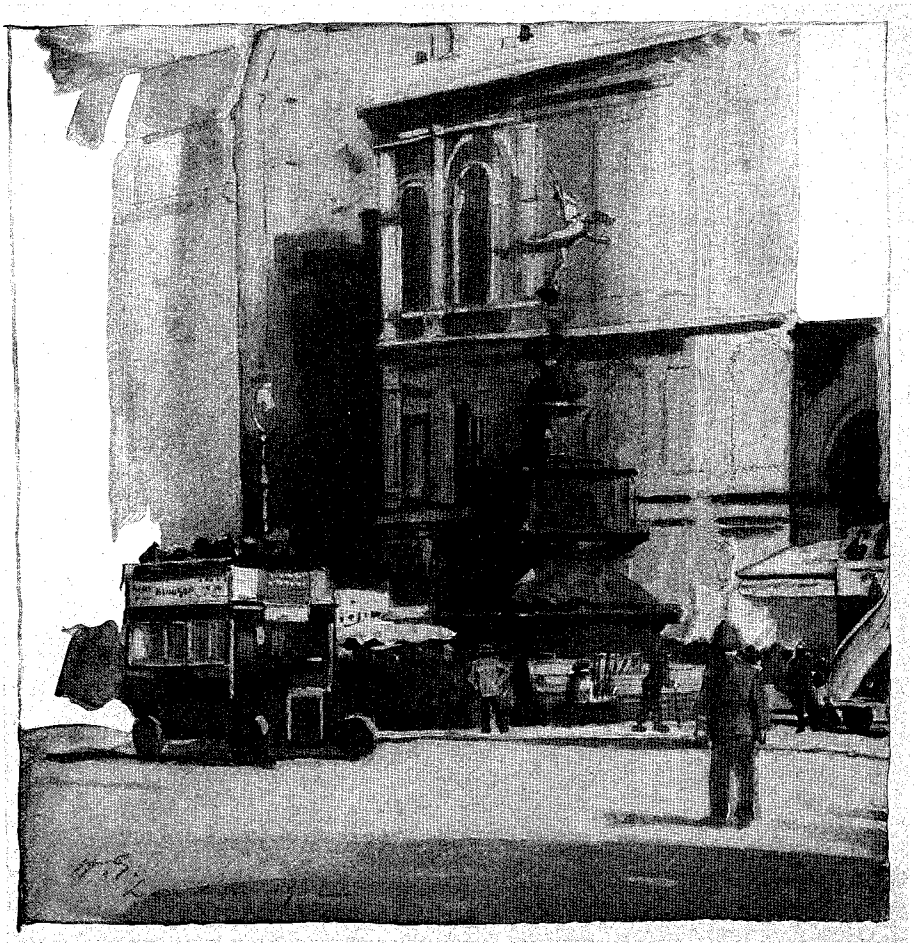

To Piccadilly on the top of a 'bus.

kitten, life-size (*en ronde bosse*), of gray cloth on a deck chair, etc., etc. Sideboard and picture frame carved black and yellow. Miss E. told R. she "did so like black and *hamber*"; these were made by deceased father of Miss E. His masterpiece on a table—a village made of colored plaster figures and trees, public-house in the middle, etc., etc. Altogether an artistic family, Skimpoles of her neighborhood (daughter colored a plaster of Leonardo's "Last Supper," and is the *Bow Soprano*), and the house has traces of much more genius than dusting. Thence we went to something Grove (Grove!! off the Mile End Road) to have tea with another of R.'s musical friends, wife of Singapore skipper. Quite different. Maid most flustered; parlor (full of boats, painted and carved pagodas, shells, etc.) in high gala; tea-table with immense spread—two cakes, silver biscuit-box and bread-basket, jam, sunflowers, and *shrimps*. Our hostess suddenly seemed to have misgivings when she arrived about this part of the entertainment, and timidly stammered, "I dare say you don't care for these sort of things, Lady B." "Oh, yes," interrupts R. briskly, but relieved at not having to eat them, "I love them!" but our hostess hurriedly puts them away on a sideboard. A nicely dressed young woman, a friend (one of R.'s dressmakers' chorus) received us, and said Mrs. Morris was *still dressing*. She took a long time. Decidedly genteel and ill at ease ("Lady B." in at every word), but not unpleasantly so, and understanding that it was good breeding to be simple and easy. Another thing she and her friend had twigged

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(I presume) in their intercourse with R., was speaking of Miss Evans as an equal; now the gulf must be incalculable. Evidently good musicians; read easily, and have done *Israel in Egypt* and *Messiah* at Palace. Music is evidently the civilizing influence here. A parrot imitating tipsy sailor, and two canaries. Piano here and at Miss Evans. Returning (after a rainy morning and gusts of rain), magnificent winter sunset turning houses (all glass and varnished signs, etc.) and wide wet trottoir of Mile End Road into red gold —gold sky behind high houses and churches of the city. Magnificent on Blackfriars embankment; wintry river in great curdles of leaden silver with barges black. Misty gray towers and Waterloo Bridge, and winter rose-copper sky with reflections in water. How grand this part of London is!

In the City.

In the East End of London.

AT HAMPTON COURT

I have often remarked in England a spirit I can only call the *reverse of the monumental*, the one which makes the British Museum look like a drawing-school or an office with its waiting-rooms, instead of a palace. Here, even in this palace of Hampton Court, there is the same: there is, alongside of the daintiness and magnificence, the profuse expenditure, *e. g.*, on flowers and garden-keeping, a funny practical (I can not call it *shabbiness*, for all is in excellent order), but initial meanness. The passages—even the yard cloisters of the William and Mary Palace, are mean. Dark places suggestive, with their dull-gray stonework, of railway stations; the inner staircase and corridors are bare, graceless, dull; none of that magnificence or grace which, on the Continent, we see constantly among decay and filth.

It is this practical spirit which has saved so much that is beautiful in England, putting it to decent, prosaic uses. Abroad, this palace would have stood vacant, been allowed to crumble, become a tragic hulk plastered all over, with perhaps a sordid barracks or office in one corner. Here its historic splendors are cut up for the housing of old ladies! It is amusing, in a way charming, and always funny, to see the little cheap modern Maple and Liberty things through the windows, and the parlor-maids in their lilac cottons.

HOUSEBOATS

The row of houseboats, each with its flowers, awning, flotilla of skiffs; the quantities of well-groomed boats for hire among the willows all along these banks; this impression comes on the top of that of the half-hour, the other day, coming into London in a sickly fog, of the horrible miles of Bermondsey and Lambeth along the lines, the ruthless heaps of rubbish, the hurry and grime of the two stations at Waterloo. The houseboats, etc., are the elaborate flower of that ugly plant called civilization. They stand for the comfort, the luxury, the high standard, of England; which, even in its lower walks of life, offers similar prizes, similar complications, luxuries unknown abroad. One says to oneself, "How these people know how to live! how they *exploit* life!" And one remembers all the fine phrases, in that Italian book I am reading, about man's power to *sfruttare la natura*. Certainly in the south, in the old, stagnant civilizations, there is no such power of exploitation! But then, is it worth while toiling and moiling, say, in an office (nothing worse!) in the City, with a yellow fog in July for all outlook, in order to spend one's evening lounging among the willows on this beautiful river? Is it worth

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while producing so much, if so much natural beauty, time, sensitiveness, etc., are destroyed in the production? Quantities and quantities of goods, material and spiritual, with quantities and quantities of material and spiritual refuse alongside? The *law of*

galleries, society, etc., etc.—are really the *compensation* for all you lose by living in them; but you end by living for the compensations and becoming unable to enjoy those other things for whose loss they compensate. *Sfruttamento della Vita*—Exploi-

Blackfriars embankment; wintry river in great curdles of leaden silver with barges black. How grand this part of London is!—Page 614.

energy, the power of exploitation; . . . formulas of civilization as given by this Italian admirer of English life. But is energy applicable only to material things? Is *exploitation* merely the mechanical extracting of minerals and chemicals, of food stuffs and clothing stuffs, of powers of pushing and pulling, out of what we call Nature? Is this the only way—the real way—of using the world's resources and our own?

Say the man who toils eight hours in an office, in order to spend (when already successful, *i. e.*, well on in life) four more hours on the houseboat. Might it not have been better if not only his reward had cost less, but his work also? A thought always recurs to me in connection with great cities: the so-called resources thereof—theatres,

tation of Life! But are you not trampling life's most obvious resources in your scramble for new and hidden ones? Are you not packing your fruit into boxes, sending it off, and receiving instead, plus sawdust and fish-glue, other fruit, stale and tarnished, from foreign parts, instead of eating your own, fresh off the trees in your garden?

All this hurrying and scurrying, packing and unpacking, filling up with and emptying out of sawdust and shavings and waste paper, is *life;* and where you have not got it, there is little or none. I admit it. There is more keenness of life, more enjoyment most likely, in this England of Bermondsey and foggy City and excursion trains and houseboats than in Italy: the human ener-

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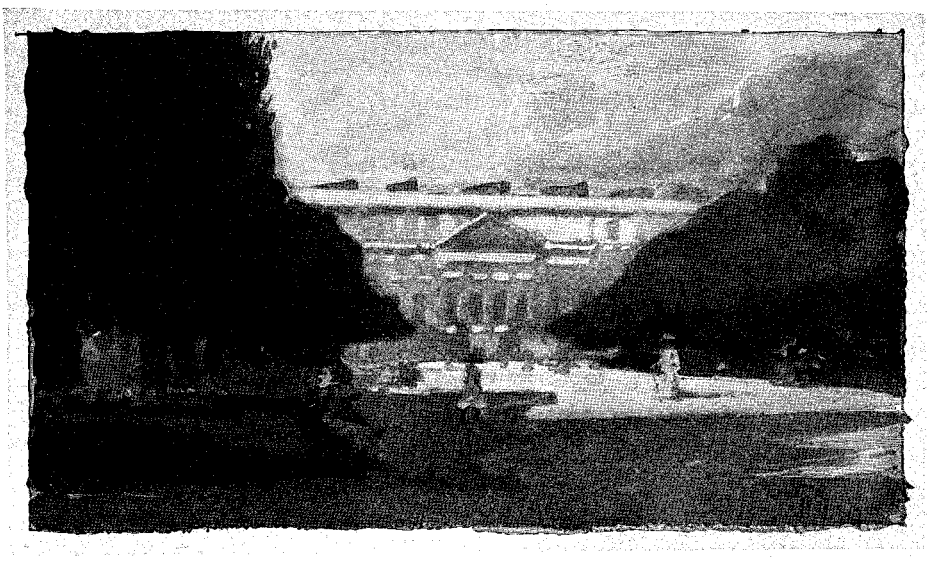

Hampton Court. The East Walk.

It is this practical spirit which has saved so much that is beautiful in England.—Page 614.

gies are full-cock, and probably the human power of feeling. But is it not a pity that human sensitiveness, energy for appreciation and enjoyment, should require to be got up, like the power of some badly constructed machine, by pure waste of movement? And does not this peculiarity of our civilization show that the inner man is uncommonly little civilized? Resources! But why have we, who find so many in minerals and vegetables, found so few in ourselves?

RICH FOLK ON THE RIVER

Yesterday evening, and most of to-day on the river. This afternoon at the gay-looking, but so quiet, regatta at Shepperton. This morning high up on this winding stream. J. S. S. is quite right: these flush streams, spilt on the green flat meadows, winding between the willows which look in some places like park trees, and between the losestrife and willow herb which look like garden-borders—these rivers are the life of England. The life of the landscape, its point of vividness and grace, its possibility of "performance," of answering to the time of day and kind of weather; and the life, imaginative and æsthetic, I should think, also, of the people.

Feeding water-fowl, Hampton Court.

It strikes me that the English upper classes take their poetry, their æstheticism, in their field-sports, hunting, cricket, and certainly the river. That is perhaps why they don't want much art or literature: a life of impressions more or less beautiful, of

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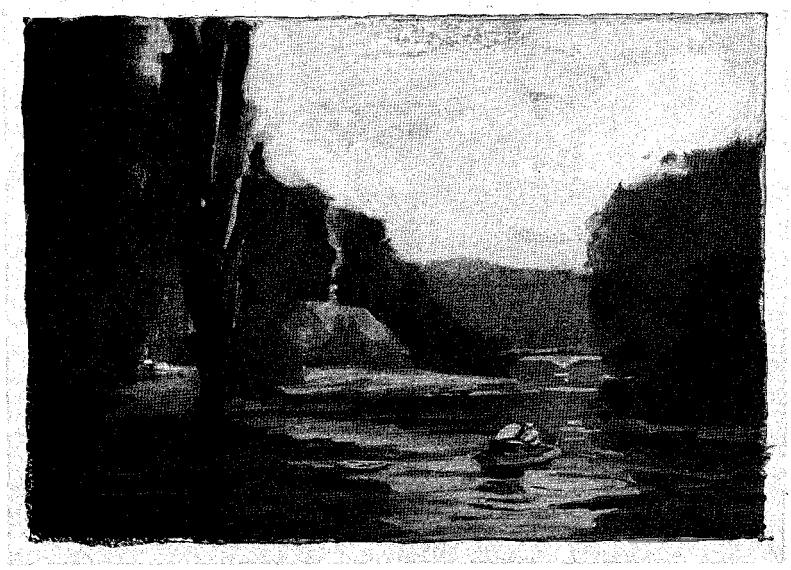
rhythmic movement, lazily contemplative or bracingly rapid. It was latish when we returned last night. The willows were reflected so vividly that for a moment I believed in the short sedge growing below them. Cows came to drink; and horses scampered on the banks. Silence. Not merely the silence of the northern night, but

All this goes with our strenuous civilization. It means not the aristocratic spirit, but the spirit of get and hold; our English energetic appreciation of material advantages and tenacious, though not necessarily rapacious, belief in private property. I think I can admit the usefulness of this spirit in the past and even its respectability



Upper reaches of the Thames near Abingdon.
The only sound that of the oars, coming as a disturbance.

silence of the water; the only sound that of the oars, coming as a disturbance. The nymphs of these flush English rivers are dumb. They have no talk and no laughter and no song.

A *train de vie* like this, which is, I fancy, on the whole, modest of its kind, is an ugly thing! A house as large as a Swiss hotel to hold one family and its guests, servants to match; and clothes which can not be folded, let alone put on properly, save by a skilful professional priestess of one's body and wardrobe. I feel choking till I get outside the Park gates, on to the roads, among the moors; and if it could be cleaned out and made water-tight, would feel more dignity in one of the laborer's cottages of the estate. This fact, in a degree, explains London, its horrid little flats, its omnibuses crammed with people who can not live in the country because the country is a place *de luxe*.

in the present, but I confess it stifles me. Yet I admit that in the seemingly less egoistic civilizations (or barbarisms) of other countries, where no one sits squarely down and says, "This is mine and not yours," there is infinitely more small meanness, haggling, pilfering alongside of a certain rare unworldliness.

POOR FOLK BY THE RIVER

They are cutting down some of the elms which the drought has killed, in front of Ham House. A crowd of villagers are there for small branches and fagot-wood. What an assemblage of fat, sluttish women in sailor hats and battered-down-at-heel children in slatternly inappropriate clothes, tending squealing babies and trundling the wood not on barrows, but on every kind of broken-down perambulator, baby screaming; the offscourings of a London slum in

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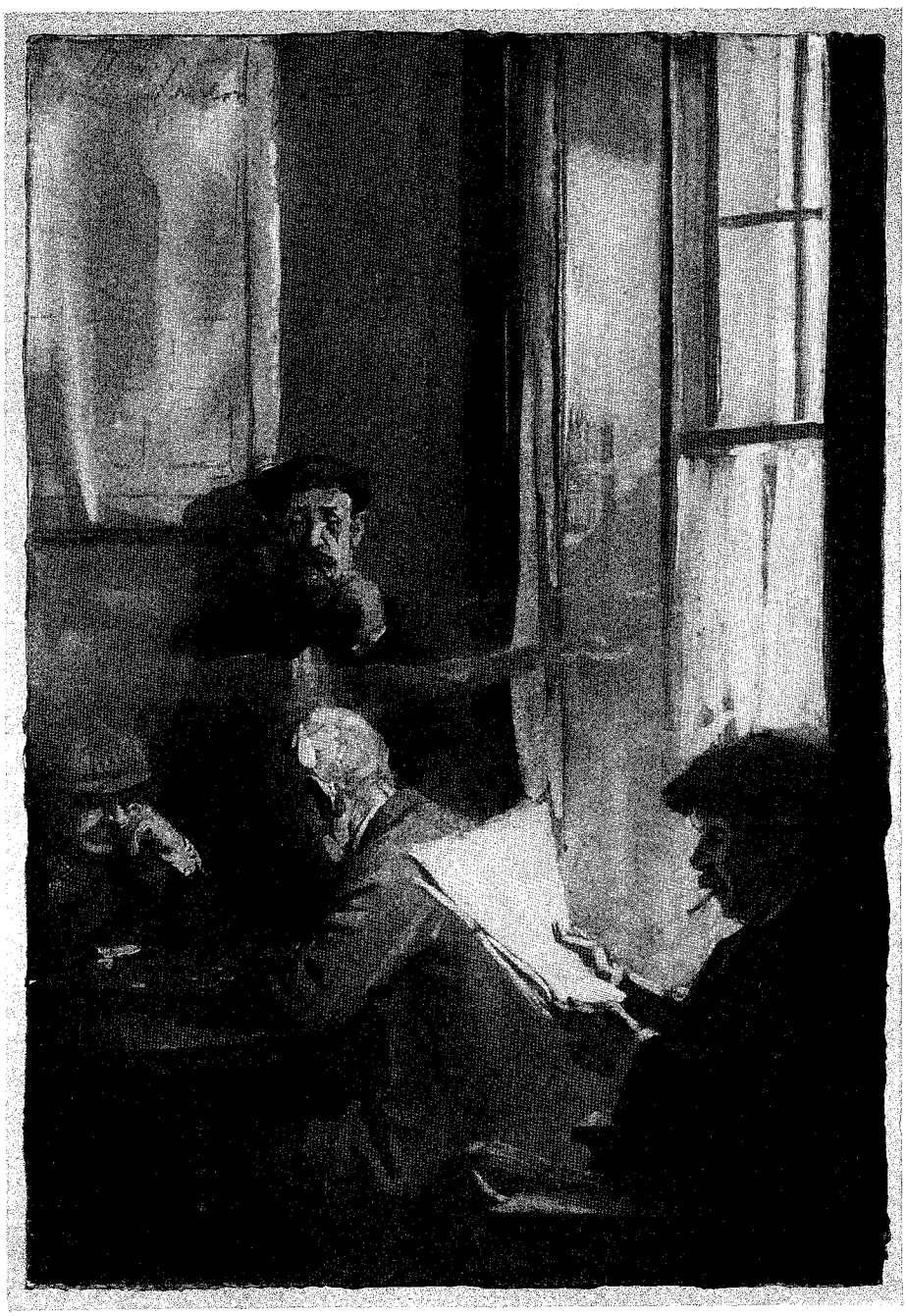

Workingmen's Club.

this aristocratic, romantic country! This is the fearful, disgraceful side of England.

SUNDAY BY THE RIVER

Before penetrating any deeper into this sunny, slatternly, democratic continent, let me put down, if I can, that last-Sunday impression of England, England's dainty, well-to-do-ness, walked from Teddington Lock to Ham House—after rain and cold, a perfectly sunny morning, but veiled in mist: Everything limited, closed in, made

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private by that pale atmosphere, the trees, the next field already a mere outline; things unveiling only in small portions under your feet, close to your eyes; the beautiful reddening hedgerows, the splendid lawns and tidy houses of Twickenham, the great old silver groves of willows on the islands, the losestrife and willow herb along the water, with the skiff moored and the fisherman seated among it. Then the river itself—its shorter reaches (only a brilliant mirror among mist remaining after a hundred yards) covered with craft: people sailing, punting, canoeing. People doubtless (at this season) only of the superior counter-jumping sort, but with that impeccable look which democratic England, when at its games (*vide* the village cricket ground), somehow borrows from Eton. And then, as usual, opposite Twickenham Ferry, I turned up under the lime avenues of Ham House; its flower-garden vivid in the pale air—its ragged pines clearly and beautifully defined on the white sunny sky.

Bloomsbury.

I feel in England, these are the people I would live with.

A CLUB IN BLOOMSBURY

I am so glad that dear Miss F., on that one available evening in London, should have taken me (for her lecture at her working men and women's college) to Bloomsbury and to the things I once believed in and cared for: the drive through the brilliant slummy streets near Euston and Tottenham Court Road, the flare of overloaded barrows, public-houses, and crammed shops, overflowing on to the curb—all multiplied by the wet pavement, and caught up, diffused in yellow vagueness, by the foggy air—the drags and omnibuses, the hurrying crowds.

Then, among the big green plane-trees of the Old World squares of Bloomsbury, the old houses—immense and rambling (with a ghost on the back stairs!)—evidently once of some person of quality of the time of Queen Anne, from whom the square takes its name; filled with pictures and photographs and blackboards, and on this evening with an audience of shabby people with rumpled, pathetic, eager faces; bent on a future which, alas, will never be open to them. I feel in England, these are the people I would live with; these and those few, as much out of the running as they, as far from all successful competition, who belong to the Past, and know nothing of the sordidness of the present: privileged persons, whom privilege has withdrawn from the race of life, and who have lived as independent, and in a way as genuinely and humbly as these.

THE STATION

Last English impression: the drive to Liverpool Street Station; the magnificence of shops and lights caught up by misty, dirty, wet pavements; the endlessness thereof—and the crowds of people streaming along. The colossal shed of the station was filled with the smoke of trains, the blue mist of electric lights, unlimited, without horizon. Large enough to hold, you would think, pieces of the foreign world, as well as the trains and ships going to and fro.

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Drawn by Harry Townsend.

In the Old Pasture.

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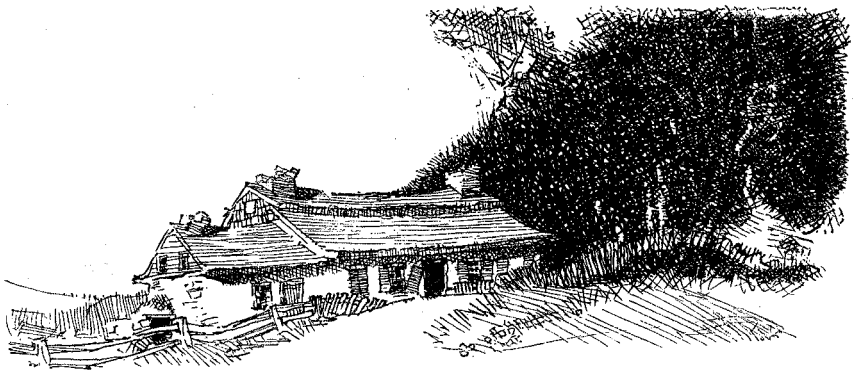


In the Old Pasture

by

Harriet Prescott Spofford

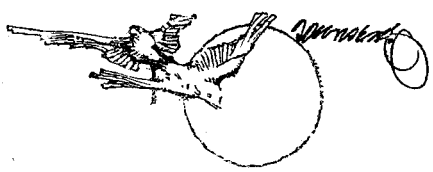
OLD lilacs dying together, sweetening the purple air,
Wilding in wind and weather of half a hundred years,
A rose whose blooms have sadly forgotten they once were fair,
While a bird-song gushing gladly is the only sound one hears.

The weed grows rank in the hollow,—ah, many a bitter leaf!
The seasons follow and follow with idle suns and snows;
And the lonely place is haunted by shades of an ancient grief,
And something of sorrow is chanted on every breeze that blows.

Here on the stone slow sinking in tangles of eager grass
Husband and wife, to my thinking, sat sending their dreams afar,
Or folded close in the gloaming, it may be, lover and lass
Made them an end of roaming, and kissed 'neath the evening star.

Here tremors of love and longing, and the laughter close on tears,
Sweet hopes and strange ones thronging, and the sacrament of birth,
Here children with one another played, guarded by tender fears,
To her baby sang the mother the sweetest songs of earth.

A doorstone long forsaken, a lilac thicket, a flower,
And the dewy dawns that waken in the blue and boundless dome,
And the mighty stars dark wheeling with wide indifferent power,
And a tristful wanderer feeling the life and lapse of home.



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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK V—(Concluded)

XL

AFTER the Princess Estradina's departure, the days at Saint Désert succeeded each other indistinguishably; and more and more, as they passed, Undine felt herself drawn into the slow strong current already fed by so many tributary lives. Some spell she could not have named seemed to emanate from the old house which had so long been the custodian of an unbroken tradition: things had happened there in the same way for so many generations that to try to alter them seemed as vain as to contend with the elements.

Winter came and went, and once more the calendar marked the first days of spring; but though the horse-chestnuts of the Champs Elysées were budding snow still lingered in the grass drives of Saint Désert and along the ridges of the hills beyond the park. Sometimes, as Undine looked out of the windows of the Boucher gallery, she felt as if her eyes had never rested on any other scene. Even her occasional brief trips to Paris left no lasting trace: the life of the vivid streets faded to a shadow as soon as the black and white horizon of Saint Désert closed in on her again.

Though the afternoons were still cold she had lately taken to sitting in the gallery. The smiling scenes on its walls and the tall screens which broke its length made it more habitable than the drawing-rooms beyond; but her chief reason for preferring it was the satisfaction she found in having fires lit in both the monumental chimneys that faced each other down its long perspective. This satisfaction had its source in the old Marquise's disapproval. Never before in the history of Saint Désert had the consumption of fire-wood exceeded a certain carefully-calculated measure; but since Undine had been in authority this allowance had been doubled. If any one had told her, a year earlier, that one of the chief distractions of her new life would be to invent ways of annoying her mother-in-law, she would have laughed at the idea of wasting her time on such trifles. But she found herself with a great deal of time to waste, and with a fierce desire to spend it in upsetting the immemorial customs of Saint Désert. Her husband had mastered her in essentials, but she had discovered innumerable small ways of irritating and hurting him, and one—and not the least effectual—was to do anything that went counter to his mother's prejudices. It was not that he always shared her views, or was a particularly subservient son; but it seemed to be one of his fundamental principles that a man should respect his mother's wishes, and see to it that his household respected them. All Frenchmen of his class appeared to share this view, and to regard it as beyond discussion: it was based on something so much more immutable than personal feeling that one might even hate one's mother and yet insist that her ideas as to the consumption of fire-wood should be regarded.

The old Marquise, during the cold weather, always sat in her bedroom; and there, between the tapestried four-poster and the fireplace, the family grouped itself around the ground-glass of her single carcel lamp. In the evening, if there were visitors, a fire was lit in the library; otherwise the family again sat about the Marquise's lamp till the footman came in at ten with tisane and *biscuits de Reims;* after which every one bade the dowager good night and scattered down the corridors to chill distances marked by tapers floating in cups of oil.

Since Undine's coming the library fire had never been allowed to go out; and of late, after experimenting with the two

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drawing-rooms and the so-called "study" where Raymond kept his guns and saw the bailiff, she had selected the gallery as the most suitable place for the new and unfamiliar ceremony of afternoon tea. Afternoon refreshments had never before been served at Saint Désert except when company was expected; when they had invariably consisted in a decanter of sweet port and a plate of small dry cakes—the kind that kept. That the complicated rites of the tea-urn, with its offering-up of perishable delicacies, should be enacted for the sole enjoyment of the family, was a thing so unheard of that for a while Undine found sufficient amusement in elaborating the ceremonial, and in making the ancestral plate groan under more varied viands; and when this palled she devised the plan of performing the office in the gallery and lighting sacrificial fires in both chimneys.

She had said to Raymond, at first: "It's ridiculous that your mother should sit in her bedroom all day. She says she does it to save fires; but if we have a fire downstairs why can't she let hers go out, and come down? I don't see why I should spend my life in your mother's bedroom."

Raymond made no answer, and the Marquise did, in fact, let her fire go out. But she did not come down—she simply continued to sit upstairs without a fire.

At first this also amused Undine; then the tacit criticism implied began to irritate her. She hoped Raymond would speak of his mother's attitude: she had her answer ready if he did! But he made no comment, he took no notice; her impulses of retaliation spent themselves against the blank surface of his indifference. He was as amiable, as considerate as ever; as ready, within reason, to accede to her wishes and gratify her whims. Once or twice, when she suggested running up to Paris to take Paul to the dentist, or to look for a servant, he agreed to the necessity and went up with her. But instead of going to an hotel they went to their apartment, where carpets were up and curtains down, and a care-taker prepared primitive food at uncertain hours; and Undine's first glimpse of Hubert's illuminated windows deepened her rancour and her sense of helplessness.

As Madame de Trézac had predicted, Raymond's vigilance gradually relaxed, and during their excursions to the capital Undine came and went as she pleased. But their visits were too short to permit of her falling in with the social pace, and when she showed herself among her friends she felt countrified and out-of-place, as if even her clothes had come from Saint Désert. Nevertheless her dresses were more than ever her chief preoccupation: in Paris she spent hours at the dress-maker's, and in the country the arrival of a box of new gowns was the chief event of the vacant days. But there was more bitterness than joy in the unpacking, and the dresses hung in her wardrobe like so many unfulfilled promises of pleasure, reminding her of the days at the Stentorian when she had reviewed other finery with the same cheated eyes. In spite of this, she multiplied her orders, writing up to the dress-makers for patterns, and to the milliners for boxes of hats which she tried on, and kept for days, without being able to make a choice. Now and then she even sent her maid up to Paris to bring back great assortments of veils, gloves, flowers and laces; and after periods of painful indecision she ended by keeping the greater number, lest those she sent back should turn out to be the ones that were worn in Paris. She knew she was spending too much money, and she had lost her youthful faith in providential solutions; but she had always had the habit of going out to buy something when she was bored, and never had she been in greater need of such solace.

The dulness of her life seemed to have passed into her blood: her complexion was less animated, her hair less shining. The change in her looks alarmed her, and she scanned the fashion-papers for new scents and powders, and experimented in facial bandaging, electric massage and other processes of renovation. Odd atavisms woke in her, and she began to pore over patent medicine advertisements, to send stamped envelopes to beauty doctors and professors of physical development, and to brood on the advantage of consulting faith-healers, mind-readers and their kindred adepts. She even wrote to her mother for the receipts of some of her grandfather's forgotten nostrums, and

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modified her daily life, and her hours of sleeping, eating and exercise, in accordance with each new experiment.

Her constitutional restlessness lapsed into an apathy like Mrs. Spragg's, and the least demand on her activity irritated her. But she was beset by endless annoyances: bickerings with discontented maids, the difficulty of finding a tutor for Paul, and the problem of keeping him amused and occupied without having him too much on her hands. A great liking had sprung up between Raymond and the little boy, and during the summer Paul was perpetually at his step-father's side in the stables and the park. But with the coming of winter Raymond was oftener away, and Paul developed a persistent cold that kept him frequently indoors. The confinement made him fretful and exacting, and the old Marquise ascribed the change in his behaviour to the deplorable influence of his tutor, a "laic" recommended by one of Raymond's old professors. Raymond himself would have preferred an abbé: it was in the tradition of the house, and though Paul was not of the house it seemed fitting that he should conform to its ways. Moreover, when the married sisters came to stay they objected to having their children exposed to the tutor's influence, and even implied that Paul's society might be contaminating. But Undine, though she had so readily embraced her husband's faith, stubbornly resisted the suggestion that she should hand over her son to the Church. The tutor therefore remained; but the friction caused by his presence was so irritating to Undine that she began to consider the alternative of sending Paul to school. He was still small and tender for the experiment; but she persuaded herself that what he needed was "hardening," and having heard of a school where fashionable infancy was subjected to this process, she entered into correspondence with the master. His first letter convinced her that his establishment was just the place for Paul; but the second contained the price-list, and after comparing it with the tutor's keep and salary she wrote to say that she feared her little boy was too young to be sent away from home.

Her husband, for some time past, had ceased to make any comment on her expenditure. She knew he thought her too extravagant, and felt sure he was minutely aware of what she spent; for Saint Désert projected on economic details a light as different as might be from the haze that veiled them in West End Avenue. She therefore concluded that Raymond's silence was intentional, and ascribed it to his having shortcomings of his own to conceal. The Princess Estradina's pleasantry had reached its mark. Undine did not believe that her husband was seriously in love with another woman—she could not conceive that any one could tire of her of whom she had not first tired—but she was humiliated by his indifference, and it was easier to ascribe it to the arts of a rival than to any deficiency in herself. It exasperated her to think that he might have consolations for the outward monotony of his life, and she resolved that when they returned to Paris he should see that she was not without similar opportunities.

March, meanwhile, was verging on April, and still he did not speak of leaving. Undine had learned that he expected to have such decisions left to him, and she hid her impatience lest her showing it should incline him to delay. But one day, as she sat at tea in the gallery, he came in in his riding-clothes and said: "I've been over to the other side of the mountain. The February rains have weakened the dam of the Alette, and the vineyards will be in danger if we don't rebuild at once."

She suppressed a yawn, thinking, as she did so, how dull he always looked when he talked of agriculture. It made him seem years older, and she reflected with a shiver that listening to him probably gave her the same look.

He went on, as she handed him his tea: "I'm sorry it should happen just now. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to give up your spring in Paris."

"Oh, no—no!" she broke out. A throng of half-subdued grievances choked in her: she wanted to burst into sobs like a child.

"I know it's a disappointment. But our expenses have been unusually heavy this year."

"It seems to me they always are. I don't see why we should give up Paris

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because you've got to make repairs to a dam. Isn't Hubert ever going to pay back that money?"

He looked at her with a mild surprise. "But surely you understood at the time that it won't be possible till his wife inherits?"

"Till General Arlington dies, you mean? He doesn't look much older than you!"

"You may remember that I showed you Hubert's note. He has paid the interest quite regularly."

"That's kind of him!" She stood up, flaming with rebellion. "You can do as you please; but I mean to go to Paris."

"My mother is not going. I didn't intend to open our apartment."

"I understand. But I shall open it—that's all!"

He had risen too, and she saw his face whiten. "I prefer that you shouldn't go without me."

"Then I shall go and stay at the Nouveau Luxe with my American friends."

"That never!"

"Why not?"

"I consider it unsuitable."

"Your considering it so doesn't prove it."

They stood facing each other, quivering with an equal anger; then he controlled himself and said in a more conciliatory tone: "You never seem to see that there are necessities——"

"Oh, neither do you—that's the trouble. You can't keep me shut up here all my life, and interfere with everything I want to do, just by saying it's unsuitable."

"I've never interfered with your spending your money as you please."

It was her turn to stare, sincerely wondering. "Mercy, I should hope not, when you've always grudged me every penny of yours!"

"You know it's not because I grudge it. I would gladly take you to Paris if I had the money."

"You can always find the money to spend on this place. Why don't you sell it if it's so fearfully expensive?"

"Sell it? Sell Saint Désert?"

The suggestion seemed to strike him as something monstrously, almost fiendishly significant: as if her random word had at last thrust into his hand the clue to their whole unhappy difference. Without understanding this, she guessed it from the change in his face: it was as if a deadly solvent had suddenly decomposed its familiar lines.

"Well, why not?" His horror spurred her on. "You might sell some of the things in it anyhow. In America we're not ashamed to sell what we can't afford to keep." Her eyes fell on the storied hangings at his back. "Why, there's a fortune in this one room: you could get anything you chose for those tapestries. And you stand here and tell me you're a pauper!"

His glance followed hers to the tapestries, and then returned to her face. "Ah, you don't understand," he said.

"I understand that you care for all this old stuff more than you do for me, and that you'd rather see me unhappy and miserable than touch one of your great-grandfather's arm-chairs."

The colour came slowly back to his face, but it hardened into lines she had never seen. He looked at her as though the place where she stood were empty. "You don't understand," he said again.

XLI

THE incident left Undine with the baffled feeling of not being able to count on any of her old weapons of aggression. In all her struggles for authority her sense of the rightfulness of her cause had been measured by her power of making people do as she pleased. Raymond's firmness shook her faith in her own claims, and a blind desire to wound and destroy replaced her usual business-like intentness on gaining her end. But her ironies were as ineffectual as her arguments, and his imperviousness was the more exasperating because she divined that some of the things she said would have hurt him if any one else had said them: it was the fact of their coming from her that made them innocuous. Even when, at the close of their talk, she had burst out: "If you grudge me everything I care about we'd better separate," he had merely answered with a shrug: "It's one of the things we don't do—" and the answer had been like the slamming of an iron door in her face.

An interval of silent brooding had resulted in a reaction of rebellion. She

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dared not carry out her threat of joining her compatriots at the Nouveau Luxe: she had too clear a memory of the results of her former revolt. But neither could she submit to her present fate without attempting to make Raymond understand his selfish folly. She had failed to prove it by argument, but she had an inherited faith in the value of practical demonstration. If he could be made to see how easily he could give her what she wanted perhaps he might come round to her view.

With this idea in mind, she had gone up to Paris for twenty-four hours, on the pretext of finding a new nurse for Paul; and the steps then taken had enabled her, on the first occasion, to set her plan in motion. The occasion was furnished by Raymond's next trip to Beaune. He went off early one morning, leaving word that he should not be back till night; and on the afternoon of the same day she stood at her usual post in the gallery, scanning the long perspective of the poplar avenue.

She had not stood there long before a black speck at the end of the avenue expanded into a motor that was presently throbbing at the entrance. Undine, at its approach, turned from the window, and as she moved down the gallery her glance rested on the great tapestries, with their ineffable minglings of blue and rose, as complacently as though they had been mirrors reflecting her own image.

She was still looking at them when the door opened and a servant ushered in a small swarthy man who, in spite of his conspicuously London-made clothes, had an odd exotic air, as if he had worn rings in his ears or left a bale of spices at the door.

He bowed to Undine, cast a rapid eye up and down the room, and then, with his back to the windows, stood intensely contemplating the wall that faced them.

Undine's heart was beating excitedly. She knew the old Marquise was taking her afternoon nap in her room, yet each sound in the silent house seemed to be that of her heels on the stairs.

"Ah—" said the visitor.

He had begun to pace slowly down the gallery, keeping his face to the tapestries, like an actor playing to the footlights.

"*Ah*—" he said again.

To ease the tension of her nerves Undine began: "They were given by Louis the Fifteenth to the Marquis de Chelles who——"

"Their history has been published," the visitor briefly interposed; and she coloured at her blunder.

The swarthy stranger, fitting a pair of eye-glasses to a nose that was like an instrument of precision, had begun a closer and more detailed inspection of the tapestries. He seemed totally unmindful of her presence, and his air of lofty indifference was beginning to make her wish she had not sent for him. His manner in Paris had been so different!

Suddenly he turned and took off the glasses, which sprang back into a fold of his clothing like retracted feelers.

"Yes." He stood and looked at her without seeing her. "Very well. I have brought down a gentleman."

"A gentleman——?"

"The greatest American collector—he buys only the best. He will not be long in Paris, and it was his only chance of coming down."

Undine drew herself up. "I don't understand—I never said the tapestries were for sale."

"Precisely. But this gentleman buys only things that are not for sale."

It sounded dazzling and she wavered. "I don't know—you were only to put a price on them——"

"Let me see him look at them first; then I'll put a price on them," he chuckled; and without waiting for her answer he went to the door and opened it. The gesture revealed the fur-coated back of a gentleman who stood at the opposite end of the hall examining the bust of a seventeenth century field-marshal.

The dealer addressed the back respectfully. "Mr. Moffatt!"

Moffatt, who appeared to be interested in the bust, glanced over his shoulder without moving. "See here——"

His glance took in Undine, widened to astonishment and passed into apostrophe. "Well, if this ain't the darnedest—!" He came forward and took her by both hands. "Why, what on earth are you doing down here?"

She laughed and blushed, in a tremor at the odd turn of the adventure. "I live here. Didn't you know?"

"Not a word—never thought of asking

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the party's name." He turned jovially to the bowing dealer. "Say—I told you those tapestries 'd have to be out and outers to make up for the trip; but now I see I was mistaken."

Undine looked at him curiously. His physical appearance was unchanged: he was as compact and ruddy as ever, with the same astute eyes under the same guileless brow; but his self-confidence had become less aggressive, and she had never seen him so gallantly at ease.

"I didn't know you'd become a great collector."

"The greatest! Didn't he tell you so? I thought that was why I was allowed to come."

She hesitated. "Of course, you know, the tapestries are not for sale——"

"That so? I thought that was only his dodge to get me down. Well, I'm glad they ain't: it'll give us more time to talk."

Watch in hand, the dealer intervened. "If, nevertheless, you would first take a glance. Our train——"

"It ain't mine!" Moffatt interrupted; "at least not if there's a later one."

Undine's presence of mind had returned. "Of course there is," she said gaily. She led the way back into the gallery, half hoping the dealer would allege a pressing reason for departure. She was excited and amused at Moffatt's unexpected appearance, but humiliated that he should suspect her of being in financial straits. She never wanted to see Moffatt except when she was happy and triumphant.

The dealer had followed the other two into the gallery, and there was a moment's pause while they all stood silently before the tapestries. "By George!" Moffatt finally brought out.

"They're historical, you know: the King gave them to Raymond's great-great-grandfather. The other day when I was in Paris," Undine hurried on, "I asked Mr. Fleischhauer to come down some time and tell us what they're worth . . . and he seems to have misunderstood . . . to have thought we meant to sell them." She addressed herself more pointedly to the dealer. "I'm sorry you've had the trip for nothing."

Mr. Fleischhauer inclined himself eloquently. "It is not nothing to have seen such beauty."

Moffatt gave him a humorous look. "I'd hate to see Mr. Fleischhauer miss his train——"

"I shall not miss it: I miss nothing," said Mr. Fleischhauer. He bowed to Undine and backed toward the door.

"See here," Moffatt called to him as he reached the threshold, "you let the motor take you to the station, and charge up this trip to me."

When the door closed he turned to Undine with a laugh. "Well, this beats the band. I thought of course you were living up in Paris."

Again she felt a twinge of embarrassment. "Oh, French people—I mean my husband's kind—always spend a part of the year on their estates."

"But not this part, do they? Why, everything's humming up there now. I was dining at the Nouveau Luxe last night with the Driscolls and Shallums and Mrs. Rolliver, and all your old crowd were there whooping things up."

The Driscolls and Shallums and Mrs. Rolliver! How carelessly he reeled off their names! One could see from his tone that he was one of them and wanted her to know it. And nothing could have given her a completer sense of his achievement—of the number of millions he must be worth. It must have come about very recently, yet he was already at ease in his new honours—he had the metropolitan tone. While she examined him with these thoughts in her mind she was aware of his giving her as close a scrutiny. "But I suppose you've got your own crowd now," he continued; "you always *were* a lap ahead of me." He sent his glance down the lordly length of the room. "It's sorter funny to see you in this kind of place; but you look it—you always *do* look it!"

She laughed. "So do you—I was just thinking it!" Their eyes met. "I suppose you must be awfully rich."

He laughed too, holding her eyes. "Oh, out of sight! The Consolidation set me on my feet. I own pretty near the whole of Apex. I came down to buy these tapestries for my private car."

The familiar accent of hyperbole exhilarated her. "I don't suppose I could stop you if you really wanted them!"

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"Nobody can stop me now if I want anything."

They were looking at each other with challenge and complicity in their eyes. His voice, his look, all the loud confident vigorous things he embodied and expressed, set her blood beating with curiosity. "I didn't know you and Rolliver were friends," she said.

"Oh *Jim*—" his accent verged on the protective. "Old Jim's all right. He's in Congress now. I've got to have somebody up in Washington." He had thrust his hands in his pockets, and with his head thrown back and his lips shaped to the familiar noiseless whistle, was looking slowly and discerningly about him.

Presently his eyes reverted to her face. "So this is what I helped you to get," he said. "I've always meant to run over some day and take a look. What is it they call you—a Marquise?"

She paled a little, and then flushed again. "What made you do it?" she broke out abruptly. "I've often wondered."

He laughed. "What—lend you a hand? Why, my business instinct, I suppose. I saw you were in a tight place that time I ran across you in Paris—and I hadn't any grudge against you. Fact is, I've never had the time to nurse old scores, and if you neglect 'em they die off like gold-fish." He was still composedly regarding her. "It's funny to think of your having settled down to this kind of life; I hope you've got what you wanted. This is a great place you live in."

"Yes; but I see a little too much of it. We live here most of the year." She had meant to give him the illusion of success, but some underlying community of instinct drew the confession from her lips.

"That so? Why on earth don't you cut it and come up to Paris?"

"Oh, Raymond's absorbed in the estates—and we haven't got the money. This place eats it all up."

"Well, that sounds aristocratic; but ain't it rather out of date? When the swells are hard-up nowadays they generally chip off an heirloom." He wheeled round again to the tapestries. "There are a good many Paris seasons hanging right here on this wall."

"Yes—I know." She tried to check herself, to summon up a glittering equivocation; but his face, his voice, the very words he used, were like so many hammer-strokes demolishing the unrealities that imprisoned her. Here was some one who spoke her language, who knew her meanings, who understood instinctively all the deep-seated wants for which her acquired vocabulary had no terms; and as she talked she once more seemed to herself intelligent, eloquent and interesting.

"Of course it's frightfully lonely down here," she began; and through the opening made by the admission the whole flood of her grievances poured forth. She tried to let him see that she had not sacrificed herself for nothing; she touched on the superiorities of her situation, she gilded the circumstances of which she called herself the victim, and let titles, offices and attributes shed their utmost lustre on her tale; but what she had to boast of seemed small and tinkling compared with the evidences of his power.

"Well, it's a downright shame you don't go round more," he kept saying; and she felt ashamed of her tame acceptance of her fate.

When she had told her story she asked for his; and for the first time she listened to it with interest. He had what he wanted at last. The Apex Consolidation scheme, after a long interval of suspense, had obtained its charter and shot out huge ramifications. Rolliver had "stood in" with him at the critical moment, and between them they had "chucked out" old Harmon B. Driscoll bag and baggage, and got the whole town in their control. Absorbed in his theme, and forgetting her inability to follow him, Moffatt launched out on an epic recital of plot and counter-plot, and she hung, a new Desdemona, on his conflict with the new anthropophagi. It was of no consequence that the details and the technicalities escaped her: she knew their meaningless syllables stood for success, and what that meant was as clear as day to her. Every Wall Street term had its equivalent in the language of Fifth Avenue, and while he talked of building up railways she was building up palaces, and picturing all the multiple lives he would lead in them. To have things had always seemed to her the first essential of

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existence, and as she listened to him the vision of the things he could have unrolled itself before her like the long triumph of an Asiatic conqueror.

"And what are you going to do next?" she asked, almost breathlessly, when he had ended.

"Oh, there's always a lot to do next. Business never goes to sleep."

"Yes; but I mean besides business."

"Why—everything I can, I guess." He leaned back in his chair with an air of placid power, as if he were so sure of getting what he wanted that there was no longer any use in hurrying, huge as his vistas had become.

She continued to question him, and he began to talk of his growing passion for pictures and furniture, and of his desire to form a collection which should be a great representative assemblage of unmatched specimens. As he spoke she saw his expression change, and his eyes grow younger, almost boyish, with a concentrated look in them that reminded her of long-forgotten things.

"I mean to have the best, you know; not just to get ahead of the other fellows, but because I know it when I see it. I guess that's the only good reason," he concluded; and he added, looking at her with a smile: "It was what you were always after, wasn't it?"

XLII

UNDINE had gained her point, and the *entresol* of the Hôtel de Chelles reopened its doors for the season.

Hubert and his wife, in expectation of the birth of an heir, had withdrawn to the sumptuous château which General Arlington had hired for them near Compiègne, and Undine was at least spared the sight of their bright windows and animated stairway. But she had to take her share of the felicitations which the whole far-reaching circle of friends and relations distributed to every member of Hubert's family on the approach of the happy event. Nor was this the hardest of her trials. Raymond had done what she asked—he had stood out against his mother's protests, set aside considerations of prudence, and consented to go up to Paris for two months; but he had done so on the understanding that during their stay they should exercise the most unremitting economy. As dinner-giving put the heaviest strain on their budget, all hospitality was suspended; and when Undine attempted to invite a few friends informally she was warned that she could not do so without causing the gravest offense to the many others genealogically entitled to the same attention.

Raymond's insistence on this rule was simply part of an elaborate and inveterate system of "relations" (the whole of French social life seemed to depend on the exact interpretation of that word), and Undine felt the uselessness of struggling against such mysterious inhibitions. He reminded her, however, that their inability to receive would give them all the more opportunity for going out, and he showed himself more socially disposed than in the past. But his concession did not result as she had hoped. They were asked out as much as ever, but they were asked to big dinners, to impersonal crushes, to the kind of entertainment it is a slight to be omitted from but no compliment to be included in. Nothing could have been more galling to Undine, and she frankly bewailed the fact to Madame de Trézac.

"Of course it's what was sure to come of being mewed up for months and months in the country. We're out of everything, and the people who are having a good time are simply too busy to remember us. We're only asked to the things that are made up from visiting-lists."

Madame de Trézac listened sympathetically, but did not suppress a candid answer.

"It's not altogether that, my dear; Raymond's not a man his friends forget. It's rather more, if you'll excuse my saying so, the fact of your being—you personally—in the wrong set."

"The wrong set? Why, I'm in *his* set—the one that thinks itself too good for all the others. That's what you've always told me when I've said it bored me."

"Well, that's what I mean—" Madame de Trézac took the plunge. "It's not a question of *your* being bored."

Undine coloured; but she could take the hardest thrusts where her personal interest was involved. "You mean that *I'm* the bore, then?"

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"Well, you don't work hard enough—you don't keep up. It's not that they don't admire you—your looks, I mean; they think you beautiful; they're delighted to bring you out at their big dinners, with the Sévres and the plate. But a woman has got to be something more than good-looking to have a chance to be intimate with them: she's got to know what's being said about things. I watched you the other night at the Duchess's, and half the time you hadn't an idea what they were talking about. I haven't always, either; but then I have to put up with the big dinners."

Undine winced under the criticism; but she had never lacked insight into the cause of her own failures, and she had already had premonitions of what Madame de Trézac so bluntly phrased. When Raymond ceased to be interested in her conversation she had concluded it was the way of husbands; but since then it had been slowly dawning on her that she produced the same effect on others. Her entrances were always triumphs; but they had no sequel. As soon as people began to talk they ceased to see her. Any sense of insufficiency exasperated her, and she had vague thoughts of cultivating herself, and went so far as to spend a morning in the Louvre and go to one or two lectures by a fashionable philosopher. But though she returned from these expeditions charged with opinions, their expression did not excite the interest she had hoped. Her views, if abundant, were confused, and the more she said the more nebulous they seemed to grow. She was disconcerted, moreover, by finding that everybody appeared to know about the things she thought she had discovered, and her comments clearly produced more bewilderment than interest.

Remembering the attention she had attracted on her first appearance in Raymond's world she concluded that she had "gone off" or grown dowdy, and instead of wasting more time in museums and lecture-halls she prolonged her hours at the dress-maker's and gave up the rest of the day to the scientific cultivation of her beauty.

"I suppose I've turned into a perfect frump down there in that wilderness," she lamented to Madame de Trézac, who replied inexorably: "Oh, no, you're as handsome as ever; but people here don't go on looking at each other forever as they do in London."

Meanwhile financial cares became more pressing. A dunning letter from one of her tradesmen fell into Raymond's hands, and the talk it led to ended in his making it clear to her that she must settle her personal debts without his aid. All the "scenes" about money which had disturbed her past had ended in some mysterious solution of her difficulty. Disagreeable as they were, she had always, vulgarly speaking, found they paid; but now it was she who was expected to pay. Raymond took his stand without ill-temper or apology: he simply argued from inveterate precedent. But it was impossible for Undine to understand a social organization which did not regard the indulging of woman as its first purpose, or to believe that any one taking another view was not moved by avarice or malice; and the discussion ended in mutual acrimony.

The morning afterward, Raymond came into her room with a letter in his hand.

"Is this your doing?" he asked. His look and voice expressed something she had never known before: the disciplined anger of a man trained to keep his emotions in fixed channels, but knowing how to fill them to the brim.

The letter was from Mr. Fleischhauer, who begged to transmit to the Marquis de Chelles an offer for his Boucher tapestries from a client prepared to pay the large sum named on condition that it was accepted before his approaching departure for America.

"What does it mean?" Raymond continued, as she did not speak.

"How should I know? It's a lot of money," she stammered, shaken out of her self-possession. She had not expected so prompt a sequel to the dealer's visit, and she was vexed with him for writing to Raymond without consulting her. But she recognized Moffatt's high-handed way, and her fears faded in the great blaze of the sum he offered.

Her husband was still looking at her. "It was Fleischhauer who brought a man down to see the tapestries one day when I was away at Beaune?"

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He had known, then—everything was known at Saint Désert!

She wavered a moment and then gave him back his look.

"Yes—it was Fleischhauer; and I sent for him."

"You sent for him?"

He spoke in a voice so veiled and repressed that he seemed to be consciously saving it for some premeditated outbreak. Undine felt its menace, but the thought of Moffatt sent a flame through her, and the words he would have spoken seemed to fly to her lips.

"Why shouldn't I? Something had to be done. We can't go on as we are. I've tried my best to economize—I've scraped and scrimped, and gone without heaps of things I've always had. I've moped for months and months at Saint Désert, and given up sending Paul to school because it was too expensive, and asking my friends to dine because we couldn't afford it. And you expect me to go on living like this for the rest of my life, when all you've got to do is to hold out your hand and have two millions francs drop into it!"

Her husband stood looking at her coldly and curiously, as though she were some alien apparition his eyes had never before beheld.

"Ah, that's your answer—that's all you feel when you lay hands on things that are sacred to us!" He stopped a moment, and then let his voice break out with the volume she had felt it to be gathering. "And you're all alike," he exclaimed, "every one of you. You come among us from a country we don't know, and can't imagine, a country you care for so little that before you've been a day in ours you've forgotten the very house you were born in—if it wasn't torn down before you knew it! You come among us speaking our language and not knowing what we mean; wanting the things we want, and not knowing why we want them; aping our weaknesses, exaggerating our follies, ignoring or ridiculing all we care about—you come from hotels as big as towns, and from towns as flimsy as paper, where the streets haven't had time to be named, and the buildings are demolished before they're dry, and the people are as proud of changing as we are of holding to what we have—and we're fools enough to imagine that because you copy our ways and pick up our slang you understand anything about the things that make life decent and honourable for us!"

He stopped again, his white face and drawn nostrils giving him so much the look of an extremely distinguished actor in a fine part that, in spite of the vehemence of his emotion, his silence might have been the deliberate pause for a *replique*. Undine kept him waiting long enough to give the effect of having lost her cue—then she brought out, with a little soft stare of incredulity: "Do you mean to say you're going to refuse such an offer?"

"Ah—!" He turned back from the door, and picking up the letter that lay on the table between them, tore it in pieces and tossed the pieces on the floor. "That's how I refuse it!"

The violence of his tone and gesture made her feel as though the fluttering strips were so many lashes laid across her face, and a rage that was half fear possessed her.

"How dare you speak to me like that? Nobody's ever dared to before. Is talking to a woman in that way one of the things you call decent and honourable? Now that I know what you feel about me I don't want to stay in your house another day. And I don't mean to—I mean to walk out of it this very hour!"

For a moment they stood face to face, the depths of their mutual incomprehension at last bared to each other's angry eyes; then Raymond, his glance travelling past her, pointed to the fragments of paper on the floor.

"If you're capable of that you're capable of anything!" he said as he went out of the room.

XLIII

She watched him go in a kind of stupour, knowing that when they next met he would be as courteous and self-possessed as if nothing had happened, but that everything would nevertheless go on in the same way—in *his* way—and that there was no more hope of shaking his resolve or altering his point of view than there would have been of transporting the

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deep-rooted masonry of Saint Désert by means of the wheeled supports on which Apex architecture performed its easy transits.

One of her childish rages possessed her, sweeping away every feeling save the primitive impulse to hurt and destroy; but search as she would she could not find a crack in the strong armour of her husband's habits and prejudices. For a long time she continued to sit where he had left her, staring at the portraits on the walls as though they had joined hands to imprison her. Hitherto she had almost always felt herself a match for circumstances, but now the very dead were leagued to defeat her: people she had never seen and whose names she couldn't even remember seemed to be plotting and contriving against her under the escutcheoned grave-stones of Saint Désert.

Her eyes turned to the old warm-toned furniture beneath the pictures, and to her own idle image in the mirror above the mantelpiece. Even in that one small room there were enough things of price to buy a release from her most pressing cares; and the great house, in which the room was a mere cell, and the other greater house in Burgundy, held treasures to deplete even such a purse as Moffatt's. She liked to see such things about her—without any real sense of their meaning she felt them to be the appropriate setting of a pretty woman, to embody something of the rareness and distinction she had always considered she possessed; and she reflected that if she had still been Moffatt's wife he would have given her just such a setting, and the power to live in it as became her.

The thought sent her memory flying back to things she had turned it from for years. For the first time since their far-off weeks together she let herself relive the brief adventure. She had been drawn to Elmer Moffatt from the first—from the day when Ben Frusk, Indiana's brother, had brought him to a church picnic at Mulvey's Grove, and he had taken instant possession of Undine, sitting in the big "stage" beside her on the "ride" to the grove, supplanting Millard Binch (to whom she was still, though intermittently and incompletely, engaged), swinging her between the trees, rowing her on the lake, catching and kissing her in "forfeits," awarding her the first prize in the Beauty Show he hilariously organized and gallantly carried out, and finally (no one knew how) contriving to borrow a buggy and a fast colt from old Mulvey, and driving off with her at a two-forty gait while Millard and the others took their dust in the crawling stage.

No one in Apex knew where young Moffatt had come from, and he offered no information on the subject. He simply appeared one day behind the counter in Luckaback's Dollar Shoe-store, drifted thence to the office of Semple and Binch, the coal-merchants, reappeared as the stenographer of the Police Court, and finally edged his way into the power-house of the Apex Water-Works. He boarded with old Mrs. Flynn, down in North Fifth Street, on the edge of the red-light slum, he never went to church or attended lectures, or showed any desire to improve or refine himself; but he managed to get himself invited to all the picnics and lodge sociables, and at a supper of the Phi Upsilon Society, to which he had contrived to affiliate himself, he made the best speech that had been heard there since young Jim Rolliver's first flights. The brothers of Undine's friends all pronounced him "great," though he had fits of uncouthness that made the young women slower in admitting him to favour. But at the Mulvey's Grove picnic he suddenly seemed to dominate them all, and Undine, as she drove away with him, tasted the public triumph which was necessary to her personal enjoyment.

After that he became a leading figure in the youthful world of Apex, and no one was surprised when the Sons of Jonadab, (the local Temperance Society) invited him to deliver their Fourth of July oration. The ceremony took place, as usual, in the Baptist church, and Undine, all in white, with a red rose in her breast, sat just beneath the platform, with Indiana jealously glaring at her from a less privileged seat, and poor Millard's long neck craning over the row of prominent citizens behind the orator.

Elmer Moffatt had been magnific nt, rolling out his alternating effects of humour and pathos, stirring his audience by moving references to the Blue and the

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Gray, convulsing them by a new version of Washington and the Cherry Tree (in which the infant Patriot was depicted as having cut down the tree to check the deleterious spread of cherry bounce), dazzling them by his erudite allusions and apt quotations (he confessed to Undine that he had sat up half the night over Bartlett), and winding up with a peroration that drew tears from the Grand Army pensioners in the front row and caused the minister's wife to say that many a sermon from that platform had been less uplifting.

An ice-cream supper always followed the "exercises," and as repairs were being made in the church basement, which was the usual scene of the festivity, the minister had offered the use of his house. The long table ran through the doorway between parlour and study, and another was set in the passage outside, with one end under the stairs. The stair-rail was wreathed in fire-weed and early golden-rod, and Temperance texts in smilax decked the walls. When the first course had been despatched the young ladies, gallantly seconded by the younger of the "Sons," helped to ladle out and carry in the ice-cream, which stood in great pails on the larder floor, and to replenish the jugs of lemonade and coffee. Elmer Moffatt was indefatigable in performing these services, and when the minister's wife pressed him to sit down and take a mouthful himself he modestly declined the place reserved for him among the dignitaries of the evening, and withdrew with a few chosen spirits to the dim table-end beneath the stairs. Explosions of hilarity came from this corner with increasing frequency, and now and then tumultuous rappings and howls of "Song! Song!," followed by adjurations to "Cough it up" and "Let her go," drowned the conversational efforts at the other table.

At length the noise subsided, and the group was ceasing to attract attention when, toward the end of the evening, the upper table, drooping under the lengthy elucubrations of the minister and the President of the Temperance Society, called on the orator of the day for a few remarks. There was an interval of scuffling and laughter beneath the stairs, and then the minister's lifted hand enjoined silence and Elmer Moffatt got to his feet.

"Step out where the ladies can hear you better, Mr. Moffatt!" the minister called. Moffatt did so, steadying himself against the table and twisting his head about as if his collar had grown too tight. But if his bearing was vacillating his smile was unabashed, and there was no lack of confidence in the glance he threw at Undine Spragg as he began: "Ladies and Gentlemen, if there's one thing I like better than another about getting drunk —and I like most everything about it except the next morning—it's the opportunity you've given me of doing it right here, in the presence of this Society, which, as I gather from its literature, knows more about the subject than anybody else. Ladies and Gentlemen"—he straightened himself, and the table-cloth slid toward him—"ever since you honoured me with an invitation to address you from the temperance platform I've been assiduously studying that literature; and I've gathered from your own evidence—what I'd strongly suspected before—that all your converted drunkards had a hell of a good time before you got at 'em, and that . . . and that a good many of 'em have gone on having it since. . ."

At this point he broke off, swept the audience with his confident smile, and then, collapsing, tried to sit down on a chair that didn't happen to be there, and disappeared among his agitated supporters.

There was a night-mare moment during which Undine, through the doorway, saw Ben Frusk and the others close about the fallen orator to the crash of crockery and tumbling chairs; then some one jumped up and shut the parlour door, and a long-necked Sunday school teacher, who had been nervously waiting his chance, and had almost given it up, rose from his feet and recited High Tide at Gettysburg amid hysterical applause.

The scandal was considerable, but Moffatt, though he vanished from the social horizon, managed to keep his place in the power-house till he went off for a week and turned up again without being able to give a satisfactory reason for his absence. After that he drifted from one job to another, now extolled for his "smartness" and business capacity, now dismissed in

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disgrace as an irresponsible loafer. His head was always full of immense nebulous schemes for the enlargement and development of any business he happened to be employed in. Sometimes his suggestions interested his employers, but proved unpractical and inapplicable; sometimes he wore out their patience or was thought to be a dangerous dreamer. Whenever he found there was no hope of his ideas being adopted he lost interest in his work, came late and left early, or disappeared for two or three days at a time without troubling himself to account for his absences. At last even those who had been cynical enough to smile over his disgrace at the temperance supper began to speak of him as a hopeless failure, and he lost the support of the feminine community when one Sunday morning, just as the Baptist and Methodist churches were releasing their congregations, he walked up Eubaw Avenue with a young woman less known to those sacred edifices than to the saloons of North Fifth Street.

Undine's estimate of people had always been based on their apparent power of getting what they wanted—provided it came under the category of things she understood wanting. Success was beauty and romance to her; yet it was at the moment when Elmer Moffatt's failure was most complete and flagrant that she suddenly felt the extent of his power. After the Eubaw Avenue scandal he had been asked not to return to the surveyor's office to which Ben Frusk had managed to get him admitted; and on the day of his dismissal he met Undine in Main Street, at the shopping hour, and, sauntering up cheerfully, invited her to take a walk with him. She was about to refuse when she saw Millard Binch's mother looking at her disapprovingly from the opposite street-corner.

"Oh, well, I will—" she said; and they walked the length of Main Street and out to the immature park in which it ended. She was in a mood of aimless discontent and unrest, tired of her engagement to Millard Binch, disappointed with Moffatt, half-ashamed of being seen with him, and yet not sorry to have it known that she was independent enough to choose her companions without regard to the Apex verdict.

"Well, I suppose you know I'm down and out," he began; and she responded virtuously: "You must have wanted to be, or you wouldn't have behaved the way you did last Sunday."

"Oh, shucks!" he sneered. "What do I care, in a one-horse place like this? If it hadn't been for you I'd have got a move on long ago."

She did not remember afterward what else he said: she recalled only the expression of a great sweeping scorn of Apex, into which her own disdain of it was absorbed like a drop in the sea, and the affirmation of a soaring self-confidence that seemed to lift her on wings. All her own attempts to get what she wanted had come to nothing; but she had always attributed her lack of success to the fact that she had had no one to second her. It was strange that Elmer Moffatt, a shiftless outcast from even the small world she despised, should give her, in the very moment of his downfall, the sense of being able to succeed where she had failed. It was a feeling she never had in his absence, but that his nearness always instantly revived; and he seemed nearer to her now than he had ever been. They wandered on to the edge of the vague park, and sat down on a bench behind the empty band-stand.

"I went with that girl on purpose, and you know it," he broke out abruptly. "It makes me too damned sick to see Millard Binch going round looking as if he'd patented you."

"You've got no right—" she interrupted; and suddenly she was in his arms, and feeling that no one had ever kissed her before. . .

The week that followed was a big bright blur—the wildest vividest moment of her life. And it was only eight days later that they were in the train together, Apex and all her plans and promises behind them, and a bigger and brighter blur ahead, into which they were plunging as the "Limited" plunged into the sunset. . .

Undine stood up, looking about her with vague eyes, as if she had come back from a long distance. Elmer Moffatt was still in Paris—he was in reach, within telephone-call. She stood hesitating a

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moment; then she went into her dressing-room, and turning over the pages of the telephone book, looked out the number of the Nouveau Luxe. . .

XLIV

UNDINE had been right in supposing that her husband would expect their life to go on as before. There was no appreciable change in the situation save that he was more often absent—finding abundant reasons, agricultural and political, for frequent trips to Saint Désert—and that, when he was in Paris, he no longer showed any curiosity concerning her occupations and engagements. They lived as much apart as if their cramped domicile had been a palace; and when Undine—as she now frequently did—joined the Shallums or Rollivers for a dinner at the Nouveau Luxe, or a party at a *petit théâtre*, she was not put to the trouble of prevaricating.

Her first impulse, after her scene with Raymond, had been to ring up Indiana Rolliver and invite herself to dine. It chanced that Indiana (who was now in full social progress, and had "run over" for a few weeks to get her dresses for Newport) had organized for the same evening a showy cosmopolitan banquet in which she was enchanted to include the Marquise de Chelles; and Undine, as she had hoped, found Elmer Moffatt of the party. When she drove up to the Nouveau Luxe she had not fixed on any plan of action; but once she had crossed its threshold her energies revived like plants in water. At last she was in her native air again, among associations she shared and conventions she understood; and all her self-confidence returned as the familiar accents uttered the accustomed things.

Save for an occasional perfunctory call, she had hitherto had no relations with her compatriots, and she noticed that Mrs. Jim Driscoll and Bertha Shallum received her with a touch of constraint; but it vanished when they remarked the long-established intimacy of Moffatt's greeting. Her seat was at his side, and the old sense of triumph stirred in her as she became aware of the importance his notice conferred, not only in the eyes of her own party but of the surrounding diners. It was evident that Moffatt was a notable figure in all the worlds represented about the crowded tables, and Undine observed that many people who seemed personally unacquainted with him were recognizing and pointing him out. She was conscious of receiving a considerable share of the attention he attracted, and as the bright air of publicity once more enveloped her she remembered another evening when Raymond de Chelles' first admiring glance had given her the same sense of triumph.

Even this inopportune memory did not trouble her. She almost found it in her heart to be grateful to Raymond for giving her the touch of superiority her compatriots clearly felt in her. It was not merely her title and her "situation," but the experiences she had gained through them, that gave her this advantage over the rest of the loud vague company. She had learned things they did not guess: shades of conduct, turns of speech, tricks of attitude—and easy and free and enviable as she found them, she would not for the world have been back among them at the cost of knowing no more than they knew.

Moffatt made no allusion to his visit to Saint Désert; but after dinner, when the party had re-grouped itself about coffee and liqueurs on the terrace, he bent over to ask confidentially: "What's the news about my tapestries?"

She replied in the same tone: "You oughtn't to have let Fleischhauer write that letter. My husband's furious."

He seemed honestly surprised. "What about? Didn't I offer him enough?"

"He's furious that any one should offer anything. I thought when he found out what they were worth he might be tempted; but he'd rather see me starve than part with one of his grand-father's snuff-boxes."

"Well, he knows now what the tapestries are worth. I offered more than Fleischhauer advised."

"Yes; but you were in too much of a hurry."

"I've got to be; I'm going back next week."

She felt her eyes cloud with disappointment. "Oh, why do you? I hoped you might stay on."

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They looked at each other gropingly a moment; then he dropped his voice to say: "I shouldn't see anything of you if I did."

"Why not? Why won't you come and see me? I've always wanted to be friends."

He came the next day and found two ladies with her, whom she introduced as her sisters-in-law. The ladies lingered on for a long time, sipping their tea stiffly and exchanging low-voiced remarks while Undine talked with Moffatt; and when they left, with small sidelong bows in his direction, Undine turned to him to say: "Now you see how they all watch me!"

She began to go into the details of her married life, drawing on the experiences of the first months for instances that scarcely applied to her present state of emancipation. She could thus, without appreciable exaggeration, picture herself as entrapped into a bondage hardly conceivable to Moffatt, and she saw him redden with excitement as he listened. "It's darned low—it's darned low—" he broke in at intervals.

"Of course I go round more now," she concluded. "I've made up my mind to see my friends—I don't care what he says."

"What *can* he say?"

"Oh, he despises Americans—they all do."

"Well, I guess we can still sit up and take nourishment."

They laughed and slipped back to talking of earlier things. She urged him to put off his sailing—there were so many things they might do together: sight-seeing and excursions—and she could perhaps show him some of the private collections he hadn't seen, the ones it was hard to get admitted to. This instantly roused his attention, and after naming one or two collections he had already seen she hit on one he had found inaccessible and was particularly anxious to visit. "There's an Ingres there that's one of the things I came over to have a look at, but I was told there was no use trying."

"Oh, I can easily manage it: the Duke's Raymond's uncle." It gave her a peculiar satisfaction to say it: she felt as though she were taking a surreptitious revenge on her husband. "But he's down in the country this week," she continued, "and no one—not even the family—is allowed to see the pictures when he's away. Of course his Ingres are the finest in France."

She ran it off glibly, though a year ago she had never heard of the painter, and did not, even now, remember whether he was an Old Master or one of the very new ones whose names one hadn't had time to learn.

Moffatt put off sailing, saw the Duke's Ingres under her guidance, and accompanied her to various other private collections to which strangers were not easily admitted. She had lived in almost total ignorance of the opportunities surrounding her, but now that she could use them to advantage she showed a surprising quickness in picking up "tips", ferreting out rare things and getting a sight of jealously hidden treasures. She even acquired as much of the jargon as a pretty woman needs to produce the impression of being well-informed; and Moffatt's sailing was more than once postponed.

They saw each other almost daily, for she continued to come and go as she pleased, and Raymond gave no sign of surprise or disapproval. When they were asked to family dinners she usually excused herself at the last moment on the plea of indisposition and, calling up Indiana or Bertha Shallum, improvised a little party at the Nouveau Luxe; and on other occasions she accepted such invitations as she chose, without mentioning to her husband where she was going.

In this world of lavish pleasures she lost what little prudence the discipline of Saint Désert had inculcated. She could never be with people who had all the things she envied without being hypnotized into the belief that she had only to put her hand out to obtain them. All the unassuaged rancours and hungers of her early days in West End Avenue came back with increased acuity. She knew her wants so much better now, and was so much more worthy of the things she wanted!

She was no longer sustained by the hope that her father might make another hit in Wall Street. His wife's letters gave the impression that the days of big strokes were over for Mr. Spragg, that he had gone down in the conflict with forces be-

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yond his measure. Perhaps if he had remained in Apex the tide of its new prosperity might have carried him to wealth; but New York's mighty waves of success had submerged instead of floating him, and Rolliver's old enmity was a hand perpetually stretched out to strike him lower. At most, Mr. Spragg's tenacity would keep him at the level he now held, and, though it was clear that he and his wife had still further simplified their way of living, Undine understood that their self-denial would not increase her opportunities. She felt no compunction in continuing to accept an undiminished allowance from her father: it was the natural and hereditary habit of the parent animal to despoil himself for his progeny. But this conviction did not seem to her incompatible with a sentimental pity for her parents. Aside from all interested motives, she wished for their own sakes that they were better off. Their personal requirements were pathetically limited, but renewed prosperity would at least have procured them the happiness of giving her what she wanted.

Moffatt still lingered on; but he began to speak more definitely of sailing and she foresaw that the day would come when, strong as her attraction was, stronger influences would snap it like a thread. She was aware that she interested and amused him, and that it flattered his vanity to be seen with her, and to know that rumour coupled their names; but he gave her, more than any one she had ever known, the sense of being in command of his life, detached from it, in control of it, and able, without weakness or uncertainty, to choose which of its calls he should obey. If the call were that of business—of any of the great perilous affairs he handled like a snake-charmer spinning the deadly reptiles about his head—she knew she would drop from his life like a loosened petal.

These contending anxieties sharpened the intensity of her present enjoyment, and made the contrast more delectable between her crowded sparkling hours and the vacant months at Saint Désert. Little as she understood of the qualities that made Moffatt what he was, the results were of the sort most palpable to her. He used life exactly as she would have used it if it had been at her feet as it was at his. There were elements of his enjoyment that were beyond her range, but even these appealed to her because a great deal of money was required to gratify them. When she took him to see some inaccessible picture, or went with him to inspect the treasures of some famous dealer, she saw that the things he looked at moved him in a way she could not understand, and that the actual touching of rare textures—bronze or marble or velvets flushed with the bloom of age—gave him sensations akin to those her own beauty had once roused in him. But the next moment he was laughing over some commonplace joke, or absorbed in a long cipher cable handed to him as they reentered the Nouveau Luxe for tea, and his æsthetic emotions had been thrust back into their own compartment of the great steel strong-box of his mind.

Her new life continued to go on without comment or interference from her husband, and she saw that he had accepted their altered relation, and intended merely to keep up an external semblance of harmony. To that semblance she knew he attached intense importance: it was an article of his complicated social creed that a man of his class should appear to live on good terms with his wife. For different reasons it was scarcely less important to Undine: she had no wish to affront again the social reprobation that had so nearly wrecked her. But she could not keep up the life she was leading without more money, a great deal more money; and the thought of contracting her requirements to Raymond's standards was no longer tolerable.

One afternoon, several weeks later, she came in to find a tradesman's representative awaiting her with a bill. There was a noisy scene in the anteroom before the man threateningly withdrew—a scene witnessed by the servants, and overheard by her mother-in-law, whom she found awaiting her in the drawing-room.

The old Marquise's visits to her daughter-in-law were made at long intervals but with ritual regularity; she called every other Friday at five, and Undine had forgotten that she was due that day. This did not make for greater cordiality between them, and the altercation in the anteroom had been too loud and explicit

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for concealment. The Marquise was on her feet when her daughter-in-law entered, and instantly said with lowered eyes: "It would perhaps be best for me to go."

"Oh, I don't care. You're welcome to tell Raymond you've heard me insulted because I'm too poor to pay my bills—he knows it well enough already!" The words broke from Undine unguardedly, but once spoken they fed her defiance.

"I'm sure my son has frequently recommended greater prudence—" the Marquise murmured.

"Yes! It's a pity he didn't recommend it to your other son instead! All of the money I was entitled to has gone to pay Hubert's debts."

"Raymond has told me that there are certain things you fail to understand—I have no wish whatever to discuss them." The Marquise had made her way to the door; with her hand on it she paused to add: "I shall say nothing whatever of what has happened."

Her icy magnanimity added the last touch to Undine's wrath. They knew her extremity, one and all, and it did not move them. At most, they would conspire to conceal it like a blot on their honour. And meanwhile the menace grew and mounted, and not a hand was stretched to help her. . .

Hardly a half-hour earlier Moffatt, with whom she had been visiting a "Private View", had sent her home in his motor with the excuse that he must hurry back to the Nouveau Luxe to meet his stenographer and sign a batch of letters for the New York mail. It was therefore probable that he was still at home—that she should find him if she hastened there at once. She hardly knew with what object she was going, but an overwhelming desire to cry out her wrath and wretchedness brought her to her feet and sent her down to hail a passing cab. As it whirled her through the bright streets powdered with amber sunlight her brain throbbed with confused intentions. She did not think of Moffatt as a power she could use, but simply as some one who knew her and understood her grievance. It was essential to her at that moment to be told that she was right and that every one opposed to her was wrong.

At the hotel she asked his number and was carried up in the lift unannounced. On the landing she paused a moment, disconcerted—it had occurred to her that he might not be alone. But she moved on quickly, found the number and knocked. . . He opened the door, and she glanced beyond him and saw that the great gaudy sitting-room was empty.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, surprise and pleasure in his voice; but as he stood aside to let her enter she saw him draw out his watch and glance at it surreptitiously. He was expecting some one, or he had an engagement elsewhere—something claimed him from which she was excluded. The thought flushed her with sudden resolution. She knew now what she had come for—to keep him from every one else, to keep him for herself alone.

"Don't send me away!" she said, and laid her hand on his beseechingly.

XLV

She advanced into the room and slowly looked about her. The big vulgar writing-table wreathed with showy bronze was heaped with letters and papers. Among them stood a lapis bowl in a mounting of Renaissance enamel and a vase of Phenician glass that was like a bit of rainbow caught in cobwebs. On another table, against the window, a little Greek marble lifted its pure lines. On every side some rare and sensitive object seemed to be shrinking back from the false colours and crude contours of the hotel furniture. There were no books in the room, but the florid gilt console under the mirror was stacked with old numbers of *Town Talk* and the New York *Radiator*. Undine recalled the dingy hall-room that Moffatt had lodged in at Mrs. Flynn's, over Hober's livery stable, and her heart began to beat more violently at the signs of his altered state. When her eyes came back to him their lids were moist.

"Don't send me away," she repeated.

Moffatt looked at her and smiled. "What is it? What's the matter?"

"I don't know—but I had to come. To-day, when you spoke again of sailing, I felt as if I couldn't stand it." She lifted her eyes and looked in his profoundly.

He reddened a little under her gaze, but she could detect no softening or con-

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fusion in the shrewd steady glance he gave her back.

"Things going wrong again—is that the trouble?" he merely asked with a comforting inflexion.

"They always *are* wrong; it's all been an awful mistake. But I shouldn't care if you were here and I could see you sometimes. You're so *strong:* that's what I feel about you, Elmer. I was the only one to feel it that time they all turned against you out at Apex. . . Do you remember the afternoon I met you down on Main Street, and we walked out together to the Park? I knew then that you were stronger than any of them. . ."

She had never spoken more sincerely. For the moment all thought of self-interest was in abeyance, and she felt again, as she had felt that day, the instinctive yearning of her nature to be one with his. Something in her voice must have attested it, for she saw a change in his face.

"You're not the beauty you were," he said irrelevantly; "but somehow you're a lot more fetching."

The oddly qualified praise made her laugh with mingled pleasure and annoyance.

"I suppose I must be dreadfully changed——"

"You're all right!—But I've got to go home," he broke off abruptly. "I've put it off too long already."

She paled and looked away from him, helpless in her sudden disappointment. "I knew you'd say that. . . And I shall just be left here. . ." She sat down on the sofa near which they had been standing, and two tears formed on her lashes and fell.

Moffatt sat down beside her, and both were silent. She had never seen him at a loss before. She made no attempt to draw nearer, or to use any of the arts of cajolery; but presently she said, without rising: "I saw you look at your watch when I came in. I suppose somebody else is waiting for you."

"Yes—but it don't matter."

"Some other woman?"

"It don't matter."

"I've wondered so often about your life—but of course I've got no right to ask." She stood up slowly, understanding that he meant to let her go.

"Just tell me one thing—did you never miss me?"

"Oh, damnably!" he brought out with sudden bitterness.

She flushed with triumph and came nearer, sinking her voice to a low whisper. "It's the only time I ever really cared—all through!"

He had risen too, and they stood intensely gazing at each other. Moffatt's face was fixed and grave, as she had seen it in hours she now suddenly found herself reliving.

"I believe you *did,*" he said.

"Oh, Elmer—if I'd known—if I'd only known!"

He made no answer, and she turned away, touching with an unconscious hand the edge of the lapis bowl among his papers. Then she came back to him.

"Elmer, if you're going away it can't do any harm to tell me—is there any one else?"

He gave a laugh that seemed to shake him free. "In that kind of way? Lord, no! Too busy!"

She came close again and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Then why not—why shouldn't we—?" She leaned her head back so that her gaze slanted up at him through clouded lashes. "I can do as I please—my husband does. They think so differently about marriage over here: it's just a business contract, that's all. As long as a woman doesn't make a show of herself no one cares." She put her other hand up, so that she held him facing her. "I've always felt, all through everything, that I belonged to you."

Moffatt did not move. He left her hands on his shoulders, but did not lift his own to clasp them. For a moment she thought she had mistaken him, and a leaden sense of shame descended on her. Then he asked abruptly: "You say your husband goes with other women?"

Lili Estradina's taunt flashed through her and she seized on it. "People have told me so—his own relations have. I've never stooped to spy on him. . ."

"And the women in your set—I suppose it's taken for granted they all do the same?"

She laughed.

"Everything fixed up for them, same as it is for the husbands, eh? Nobody med-

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dles or makes trouble if you know the ropes?"

"No, nobody . . . it's all quite easy. . ." She stopped, her faint smile checked, as his backward movement made her hands drop from his shoulders.

"And that's what you're proposing to me now? That you and I should do like the rest of 'em?" His face had lost its comic roundness and grown harsh and dark, as it had when her father had taken her away from him at Opake. He turned on his heel, walked the length of the room and halted with his back to her in the embrasure of the window. There he paused a full minute, his hands in his pockets, staring out at the incessant criss-cross of motors in the luminous setting of the square. Then he turned and spoke to her from where he stood.

"Look here, Undine, if I'm to have you again I don't want to have you that way. That time out in Apex, when everybody in the place was dead against me, and I was down and out, you stood up to them and stuck by me. You want to know if I remember that walk down Main Street? Don't I!—and the way the people glared and hurried by; and how you kept on alongside of me, talking and laughing, and looking your Sunday best. When Abner Spragg came out to Opake after us and pulled you back I was pretty sore at your deserting; but after a while I came to see it was natural enough. You were only a spoilt girl, used to having everything you wanted; and I couldn't give you a thing then, and the folks you'd been taught to believe in all told you I never would. Well, I did look like a back number, and no blame to you for thinking so. I used to say it to myself over and over again, laying awake nights and totting up my mistakes . . . and then there were days when the wind set another way, and I knew I'd pull it off yet, and I thought you might have held on and trusted me. . ." He stopped, his head a little lowered, his concentrated gaze on her flushed face. "Well, anyhow," he broke out, "you were my wife once, and you were my wife first—and if you want to come back to me you've got to come that way: not slink through the back way when there's no one watching, but come in by the front door, with your head up, and your Main Street look."

Since the early days when he had poured out to her his great fortune-building projects she had never heard him make so long a speech; and her heart, as she listened, beat with an unknown joy and terror. It seemed to her that the great moment of her life had come at last—the moment all her minor failures and successes had been building up for her with blind indefatigable hands.

"Elmer—Elmer—" she sobbed out.

She expected to find herself in his arms, shut in and shielded from all pursuing troubles; but he stood his ground across the room, immovable.

"Is it yes?"

She faltered the word after him: "Yes—?"

"Are you going to marry me?"

She stared, bewildered. "Why, Elmer—marry you? You forget!"

"Forget what? That you don't want to give up what you've got!"

"That I can't—how can I? Such things are not done out here. Why, I'm a Catholic; and the Catholic Church—" She broke off, reading the end in his face. "But later, perhaps . . . things might change. Oh, Elmer, if only you'd stay over here and let me see you sometimes!"

"Yes—the way your friends see each other. We're differently made out in Apex. When I want that sort of thing I go down to North Fifth Street for it."

She paled under the retort, but her heart beat high with it. What he asked was impossible—and she gloried in his asking it. Feeling her power, she tried to temporize. "At least if you stayed here we could be friends—I shouldn't feel so terribly alone."

He laughed impatiently. "Don't talk magazine stuff to me, Undine Spragg. I guess we want each other the same way. Only our ideas are different. You've got all muddled, living out here among a lot of loafers who call it a career to run round after every petticoat. I've got my job out at home, and I belong where my job is."

"Are you going to be tied to business all your life?" Her smile was faintly depreciatory.

"I guess business is tied to *me:* Wall

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Street acts as if it couldn't get along without me." He gave his shoulders a shake and moved a few steps nearer. "See here, Undine—you're the one that don't understand. If I was to sell out to-morrow, and devote the rest of my life to reading art magazines in a pink villa, I wouldn't do what you're asking me. And I've about as much idea of dropping business as you have of taking to district nursing. There are some things a man doesn't do. I understand why your husband won't sell those tapestries—till he's got to. His ancestors are *his* business: Wall Street's mine."

He paused, and for a moment they silently faced each other. Undine made no attempt to approach him: she understood that if he yielded it would be only to recover his advantage and deepen her feeling of defeat. She put out her hand and took up the sun-shade she had dropped on entering. "Well, I suppose it's good-bye, then," she said.

He gave her a long look. "You haven't got the nerve?"

"The nerve for what?"

"To come where you belong: with me."

She laughed a little and then sighed. She wished he would come nearer, or look at her differently: she felt, under his cool eye, no more compelling than a wax woman in a show-case.

"How could I get a divorce? With my religion——"

"Why, you were born a Baptist, weren't you? That's where you used to attend church when I waited round the corner, Sunday mornings, with one of old Hober's buggies." They both laughed, and he went on: "If you'll come along home with me I'll see you get your divorce all right. Who cares what they do over here? You're an American, ain't you? What you want is the home-made article."

She listened, discouraged yet fascinated by his sturdy inaccessibility to all her arguments and objections. He knew what he wanted, saw his road before him, and acknowledged no obstacles. Her defense seemed to be drawn from reasons he did not understand, or based on difficulties that did not exist for him; and gradually she felt herself yielding to the steady impact of his will. Yet the reasons he brushed away came back with redoubled tenacity whenever he paused long enough for her to picture the consequences of the monstrous renunciation he exacted.

"You don't know—you don't understand—" she kept repeating; but she knew it was part of his terrible power that he didn't: that his very ignorance of the coil of conventions she was trapped in turned their impenetrable net into a cobweb. It was hopeless to try to make him feel the value of what he was asking her to give up.

"See here, Undine," he said slowly, as if he measured her resistance though he couldn't fathom it, "I guess it had better be yes or no right here. It ain't going to do either of us any good to drag this thing out. If you want to come back to me, come—if you don't, we'll shake hands on it now. I'm due in Apex for a directors' meeting on the twentieth, and as it is I'll have to cable for a special to get me out there. No, no, don't cry—it ain't that kind of a story . . . but I'll have a deck suite for you on the *Semantic* if you'll sail with me the day after to-morrow."

XLVI

In the great high-ceilinged library of a private *hôtel* overlooking one of the new quarters of Paris, Paul Marvell stood listlessly gazing out into the twilight.

The symmetrical trees were budding along the avenue below; and Paul, looking down, saw, between windows and tree-tops, a pair of tall iron gates with gilt ornaments, the marble curb of a semi-circular drive, and bands of spring flowers set in turf. He was now a big boy of nearly nine, who went to a fashionable private school, and he had come home that day for the Easter holidays. He had not been back since Christmas, and it was the first time he had seen the new *hôtel* which his step-father had bought, and in which Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt had hastily established themselves, a few weeks earlier, on their return from a flying trip to America. They were always coming and going; during the two years since their marriage they had been perpetually dashing over to New York and back, or rushing down to Rome or up to the Engadine: Paul never knew where they were except when, now and then, a telegram announced

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that they were going somewhere else. He did not even know that there was any method of communication between mothers and sons less laconic than that of the electric wire; and once, when a boy at school asked him if his mother often wrote, he had answered in all sincerity: "Oh yes—I got a telegram last week."

He had been almost sure—as sure as he ever was of anything—that he should find her at home when he arrived; but a message (she hadn't had time to write) apprised him that she and Mr. Moffatt had run down to Deauville the night before to look at a house they thought of hiring for the summer; they were taking an early train back, and would be at home in time for dinner—were in fact having a lot of people to dine.

It was just what he ought to have expected, and had been used to ever since he could remember; and generally he didn't much mind, especially since his mother had become Mrs. Moffatt, and the father he had been most used to, and fondest of, had abruptly disappeared from his life. But the new *hôtel* was big and strange, and his own room, without a toy or a book, or any of his dear battered relics in it (none of the new servants—they were always new—could find his things, or think where they had been put), seemed the strangest and loneliest spot in the whole house. He had gone up there after his solitary luncheon, served in the immense marble dining-room by a footman on the same scale, and had tried to occupy himself with pasting post-cards into his album; but the newness and sumptuousness of the room embarrassed him—the white fur rugs and brocade chairs seemed maliciously on the watch for smears and ink-spots—and after a while he pushed the album aside and began to roam through the house.

He went to all the rooms in turn: his mother's first, the wonderful lacy bedroom, all pale silks and velvets, artful mirrors and veiled lamps, and the boudoir as big as a drawing-room, with pictures he would have liked to know about, and frail tables and cabinets holding things he was afraid to touch. Mr. Moffatt's rooms came next. They were soberer and richer, but as big and splendid; and in the bedroom, on the dark brown wall, hung a single picture—the portrait of a boy in grey velvet—that interested Paul most of all. The boy's hand rested on a big dog's head, and he looked infinitely noble and charming, and yet (in spite of the dog) so sad and lonely that he too, that very day, might have come home to a strange house in which none of his old things could be found.

From these rooms Paul wandered downstairs again. The library attracted him most; there were rows and rows of books, bound in dim browns and golds, and old faded reds as rich as velvet: they all looked as if they might have had stories in them as splendid as their bindings. But the tall book-cases were closed with gilt trellising, and when Paul reached up to open one, a servant told him that Mr. Moffatt's secretary kept them locked because the books were too handsome to be taken down. This seemed to make the library as strange as the rest of the house, and he passed on to the ballroom at the back. Through its closed doors he heard a sound of hammering, and when he tried the door handle a servant passing with a tray-full of glasses told him that "they" hadn't finished, and wouldn't let anybody in till they had.

The mysterious pronoun somehow increased his sense of isolation, and he wandered on to the drawing-rooms, steering his way prudently between the gold arm-chairs and the shining tables, and wondering whether the wigged and corseleted heroes on the walls represented Mr. Moffatt's ancestors, and why, if they did, he looked so little like them. The dining-room beyond was more amusing, because, when Paul got back to it, busy servants were already laying the long table. It was too early for the florist, and the centre of the table was empty, but down the sides were gold baskets heaped with pulpy summer fruits—figs, strawberries and big blushing nectarines. Between these stood crystal decanters with red and yellow wine, and little dishes full of sweets; and on each side of the room were sideboards with great pieces of gold and silver, ewers and urns and branching candelabra, which sprinkled the green marble walls with starlike reflections.

Presently, however, he grew tired of watching the coming and going of white-

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sleeved footmen, and of listening to the butler's vociferated orders, and strayed back into the library. The habit of solitude had developed in him a passion for the printed page, and if he could have found a book anywhere—any kind of a book—he would have forgotten the long hours and the empty house. But the tables in the library held only massive unused inkstands and immense immaculate blotters: not a single volume had slipped its golden prison.

An overwhelming loneliness possessed him, and he suddenly thought of Mrs. Heeny's clippings. His mother, alarmed by an insidious gain in weight, had brought the masseuse back from New York with her, and Mrs. Heeny, with her old black bag and waterproof, was established in one of the grand bedrooms lined with mirrors. She had been loud in her joy at seeing her little friend that morning, but four years had passed since their last parting, and her personality had grown remote to him. He saw too many people, and they too often disappeared and were replaced by others: his scattered affections had ended by concentrating themselves on the charming image of the gentleman he called his French father; and since his French father had also vanished no one else seemed to matter much to him.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Heeny, discerning the reluctance under his civil greeting, "I guess you're as strange here as I am, and we're both pretty strange to each other. You just go and look round, and see what a lovely home your Ma's got to live in; and when you get tired of that, come up here to me and I'll give you a look at my clippings."

The word woke a train of dormant associations, and Paul saw himself seated on a dingy carpet, between two familiar taciturn old presences, while he rummaged in the depths of a bag stuffed with strips of newspaper.

He found Mrs. Heeny sitting in a pink arm-chair, her bonnet perched on a pink-shaded electric lamp and her numerous implements spread out on an immense pink toilet-table. Although his recollection of her was but vague she gave him at once a sense of stability and reassurance that nothing else in the house conveyed, and after he had examined all her scissors and pastes and nail-polishers he turned to the bag, which stood on the carpet at her feet as if she were waiting for a train.

"My, my!" she said, "do you want to get into that again? How you used to hunt in it for taffy, to be sure, when your Pa brought you up to Grandma Spragg's o' Saturdays! Well, I'm afraid there ain't any taffy in it now; but there's piles and piles of lovely new clippings you ain't seen."

"My Papa?" He paused, his hand among the strips of newspaper. "My Papa never saw my Grandma Spragg. He never went to America."

"Never went to America? Your Pa never—? Why, land alive!" Mrs. Heeny gasped, a blush empurpling her large warm face. "Why, Paul Marvell, don't you remember your own father, you that bear his name?" she exclaimed.

The boy blushed also, conscious that it must have been wrong to forget, and yet not seeing how he was to blame for it.

"That one died a long, long time ago, didn't he? I was thinking of my French father," he explained.

"Oh, mercy," ejaculated Mrs. Heeny; and as if to cut the conversation short she stooped over, creaking like a ship, and thrust her plump strong hand into the bag.

"Here, now, just you look at these clippings—I guess you'll find a lot about your Ma.—Where do they come from? Why, out of the papers, of course," she added, in response to Paul's enquiry. "You'd oughter start a scrap-book yourself—you're plenty old enough. You could make a beauty just about your Ma, with her picture pasted in the front—and another about Mr. Moffatt and his collections. There's one I cut out the other day that says he's the greatest collector in America."

Paul listened, fascinated. He had the feeling that Mrs. Heeny's clippings, aside from their great intrinsic interest, might furnish him the clue to many things he didn't understand, and that nobody had ever had time to explain to him. His mother's marriages, for instance: he was sure there was a great deal to find out about them. But she always said: "I'll tell you all about it when I come back"—and when she came back it was invariably

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to rush off somewhere else. So he had remained without a key to her transitions, and had had to take for granted numberless things that seemed to have no parallel in the experience of the other boys he knew.

"Here—here it is," said Mrs. Heeny, adjusting the big tortoiseshell spectacles she had taken to wearing, and reading out in a slow chant that seemed to Paul to come out of some lost remoteness of his infancy.

"'It is reported in London that the price paid by Mr. Elmer Moffatt for the celebrated Grey Boy is the largest sum ever given for a Vandyck. Since Mr. Moffatt began to buy extensively it is estimated in art circles that values have gone up at least seventy-five per cent.'"

But the price of the Grey Boy did not interest Paul, and he said a little impatiently: "I'd rather hear about my mother."

"To be sure you would! You wait now." Mrs. Heeny made another dive, and again began to spread her clippings on her lap like cards on a big black table.

"Here's one about her last portrait—no, here's a better one about her pearl necklace, the one Mr. Moffatt gave her last Christmas. 'The necklace, which was formerly the property of an Austrian Archduchess, is composed of five hundred perfectly matched pearls that have taken thirty years to collect. It is estimated among dealers in precious stones that since Mr. Moffatt began to buy the price of pearls has gone up over fifty per cent.'"

Even this did not fix Paul's attention. He wanted to hear about his mother and Mr. Moffatt, and not about their things; and he didn't quite know how to frame his question. But Mrs. Heeny looked kindly at him and he tried. "Why is mother married to Mr. Moffatt now?"

"Why, you must know that much, Paul." Mrs. Heeny again looked warm and worried. "She's married to him because she got a divorce—that's why." And suddenly she had another inspiration. "Didn't she ever send you over any of those splendid clippings that came out the time they were married? Why, I declare, that's a shame; but I must have some of 'em right here."

She dived again, shuffled, sorted, and pulled out a long discoloured strip. "I've carried this round with me ever since, and so many's wanted to read it, it's all torn." She smoothed out the paper and began:

"'Divorce and remarriage of Mrs. Undine Spragg-de Chelles. American Marquise renounces ancient French title to wed Railroad King. Quick work untying and tying. Boy and girl romance renewed.

"'Sioux Falls, November 23d. The Marquise de Chelles, of Paris, France, formerly Mrs. Undine Spragg Marvell, of Apex City and New York, got a decree of divorce at a special session of the Court last night, and was remarried fifteen minutes later to Mr. Elmer Moffatt, the billionaire Railroad King, who was the Marquise's first husband.

"'No case has ever been railroaded through the divorce courts of this State at a higher rate of speed: as Mr. Moffatt said last night, before he and his bride jumped onto their east-bound special, every record has been broken. It was just six months ago yesterday that the present Mrs. Moffatt came to Sioux Falls to look for her divorce. Owing to a delayed train, her counsel was late yesterday in receiving some necessary papers, and it was feared the decision would have to be held over; but Judge Toomey, who is a personal friend of Mr. Moffatt's, held a night session and rushed it through so that the happy couple could have the knot tied and board their special in time for Mrs. Moffatt to spend Thanksgiving in New York with her aged parents. The hearing began at seven ten p. m. and at eight o'clock the bridal couple were steaming out of the station.

"'At the trial Mrs. Spragg-de Chelles, who wore copper velvet and sables, gave evidence as to the brutality of her French husband, but she had to talk fast as time pressed, and Judge Toomey wrote the entry at top speed, and then jumped into a motor with the happy couple and drove to the Justice of the Peace, where he acted as best man to the bridegroom. The latter is said to be one of the six wealthiest men east of the Rockies. His gifts to the bride are a necklace and tiara of pigeon-blood rubies belonging to Queen Marie Antoinette, a million dollar cheque and a house in New York. The happy pair

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will pass the honeymoon in Mrs. Moffatt's new home, 5009 Fifth Avenue, which is an exact copy of the Pitti Palace, Florence. They plan to spend their springs in France.'"

Mrs. Heeny drew a long breath, folded the paper and took off her spectacles. "There," she said, with a benignant smile and a tap on Paul's pale cheek, "now you see how it all happened. . ."

Paul was not sure he did; but he made no answer. His mind was too full of troubled thoughts. In the dazzling description of his mother's latest nuptials one fact alone stood out for him—that she had said things that weren't true of his French father. Something he had half-guessed in her, and averted his frightened thoughts from, took his little heart in an iron grasp. She said things that weren't true. . . That was what he had always feared to find out. . . She had got up and said before a lot of people things that were awfully false about his dear French father. . .

The sound of a motor turning in at the gates made Mrs. Heeny exclaim "Here they are!" and a moment later Paul heard his mother calling to him. He got up reluctantly, and stood wavering till he felt that Mrs. Heeny must be asking herself what ailed him. Then he heard Mr. Moffatt's jovial call of "Paul Marvell, ahoy there!" and roused himself to run downstairs.

From the landing he saw that the ballroom doors were open and the crystal lustres lit. His mother and Mr. Moffatt stood in the middle of the shining floor, looking up at the walls; and as Paul came in his heart gave a joyful bound, for there, set in great gilt panels, were the pink and blue tapestries that had always hung in the gallery at Saint Désert.

"Well, old man, it feels good to shake your fist again!" his step-father said, taking him in a friendly grasp; and his mother, who looked handsomer and taller and more splendidly dressed than ever, exclaimed: "Mercy! how they've cut his hair!" before she bent to kiss him.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he burst out, feeling, between his mother's face and the others, hardly less familiar, on the walls, that he was really at home again, and not in a strange house.

"Gracious, how you squeeze!" she protested, loosening his arms. "But you look splendidly—and how you've grown!" She turned away from him and began to inspect the tapestries critically. "Somehow they look smaller here," she said with a tinge of disappointment.

Mr. Moffatt gave a slight laugh and walked slowly down the room, as if to study its effect. As he turned back his wife said: "I didn't think you'd ever get them."

He laughed again, more complacently. "Well, I don't know as I ever should have, if General Arlington hadn't happened to bust up."

They both smiled, and Paul, seeing his mother's softened face, stole his hand in hers and began: "Mother, I took a prize in composition——"

"Did you? You must tell me about it to-morrow. No, I really must rush off now and dress—I haven't even placed the dinner-cards." She freed her hand, and as she turned to go Paul heard Mr. Moffatt say: "Can't you ever give him a minute's time, Undine?"

She made no answer, but sailed through the door with her head high, as she did when anything annoyed her; and Paul and his step-father stood alone in the illuminated ballroom.

Mr. Moffatt smiled good-naturedly at the little boy and then turned back to the contemplation of the hangings.

"I guess you know where those come from, don't you?" he asked in a tone of satisfaction.

"Oh, yes," Paul answered eagerly, with a hope he dared not utter that, since the tapestries were there, his French father might be coming too.

"You're a smart boy to remember them. I don't suppose you ever thought you'd see them here?"

"I don't know," said Paul, embarrassed.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't have if their owner hadn't been in a pretty tight place. It was like drawing teeth for him to let them go."

Paul flushed up, and again the iron grasp was on his heart. He hadn't, hitherto, actually disliked Mr. Moffatt, who was always in a good humour, and seemed less busy and absent-minded

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than his mother; but at that instant he felt a rage of hate for him. He turned away and burst into tears.

"Why, hullo, old chap—why, what's up?" Mr. Moffatt was on his knees beside the boy, and the arms embracing him were firm and friendly. But Paul, for the life of him, couldn't answer: he could only sob and sob as the great surges of loneliness broke over him.

"Is it because your mother hadn't time for you? Well, she's like that, you know; and you and I have got to lump it," Mr. Moffatt continued, getting to his feet. He stood looking down at the boy with a queer smile. "If we two chaps stick together it won't be so bad—we can keep each other warm, don't you see? I like you first rate, you know; when you're big enough I mean to put you in my business. And it looks as if one of these days you'd be the richest boy in America. . ."

The lamps were lit, the vases full of flowers, the footmen assembled on the landing and in the vestibule below, when Undine descended to the drawing-room. As she passed the ballroom door she glanced in approvingly at the tapestries. They really looked better than she had been willing to admit: they made her ballroom the handsomest in Paris. But something had put her out on the way up from Deauville, and the simplest way of easing her nerves had been to affect indifference to the tapestries. Now she had quite recovered her good humour, and as she glanced down the list of guests she was awaiting she said to herself, with a sigh of satisfaction, that she was glad she had put on her rubies.

For the first time since her marriage to Moffatt she was about to receive in her house the people she most wished to see there. The beginnings had been a little difficult; their first attempt in New York was so unpromising that she feared they might not be able to live down the sensational details of their reunion, and insisted on her husband's taking her back to Paris. But her apprehensions were unfounded. It was only necessary to give people the time to pretend they had forgotten; and already they were all pretending beautifully. The French world had of course held out longest; it had strongholds she might never capture. But already seceders were beginning to show themselves, and her dinner-list that evening was graced with the names of an authentic Duke and a not too damaged Countess. In addition, of course, she had the Shallums, the Chauncey Ellingers, May Beringer, Dicky Bowles, Walsingham Popple, and the rest of the New York frequenters of the Nouveau Luxe; she had even, at the last minute, had the amusement of adding Peter Van Degen to their number. In the evening there was to be Spanish dancing and Russian singing; and Dicky Bowles had promised her a Grand Duke for her next dinner, if she could secure the new tenor who always refused to sing in private houses.

Even now, however, she was not always happy. She had everything she wanted, but she still felt, at times, that there were other things she might want if she knew about them. And there had been moments lately when she had been obliged to confess to herself that Moffatt did not fit into the picture. At first she had been dazzled by his success and subdued by his authority. He had given her all she had ever wished for, and more than she had ever dreamed of having: he had made up to her for all her failures and her blunders, and there were hours when she still felt his dominion and exulted in it. But there were others when she saw his defects and was irritated by them: when his loudness and redness, his misplaced joviality, his familiarity with the servants, his alternating swagger and ceremony with her friends, jarred on perceptions that had developed in her unawares. Now and then she caught herself thinking that his two predecessors—who were gradually becoming merged in her memory—would have said this or that differently, behaved otherwise in such and such a case. And the comparison was almost always to Moffatt's disadvantage.

This evening, however, she thought of him indulgently. She was pleased with his clever stroke in capturing the Saint Désert tapestries, which General Arlington's sudden bankruptcy, and a fresh gambling scandal of Hubert's, had compelled their owner to part with. She knew that Raymond de Chelles had told the dealers he would sell his tapestries to any one but

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Mr. Elmer Moffatt, or a buyer acting for him; and it amused her to think that, thanks to Elmer's astuteness, they were under her roof after all, and that Raymond and all his clan were no doubt aware of it. These considerations disposed her favourably toward her husband, and deepened the sense of well-being with which—according to her invariable habit—she walked up to the mirror above the mantelpiece and studied the image it reflected.

She was still lost in this pleasing contemplation when she saw her husband enter the room and come up behind her. He was stouter and redder than ever, and his evening clothes looked a little too tight. His shirt front was as glossy as his baldness, and he wore in his buttonhole the red ribbon bestowed on him for surrendering his claim on a Velasquez that was wanted for the Louvre. He carried a newspaper in his hand, and stood looking about the room with a complacent eye.

"Well, I guess this is all right," he said, and she answered briefly: "Don't forget you're to take down Madame de Follerive; and for goodness' sake don't call her 'Countess.'"

"Why, she is one, ain't she?" he returned good-humouredly.

"I wish you'd put that newspaper away," she continued; his habit of leaving old newspapers about the drawing-room annoyed her.

"Oh, that reminds me—" instead of obeying her he unfolded the paper. "I brought it in to shew you something. Jim Driscoll's been appointed Ambassador to England."

"Jim Driscoll—!" She caught up the paper and stared at the flaring paragraph. Jim Driscoll—that pitiful nonentity, with his stout mistrustful commonplace wife! It seemed extraordinary that any one should have hunted up such insignificant people. And immediately she had a great vague vision of the splendours they were going to—all the banquets and ceremonies and precedences. . .

"I shouldn't say she'd want to, with so few jewels—" She dropped the paper and turned to Moffatt. "If you had any ambition, that's the kind of thing you'd try for. You could have got it just as easily as not!"

He laughed and thrust his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes with the gesture she disliked. "As it happens, it's about the one thing I couldn't."

"You couldn't? Why not?"

"Because you're divorced. They won't have divorced Ambassadresses."

"They won't? Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I guess the court ladies are afraid there'd be too many pretty women in the Embassies," he answered jocularly.

She burst into an angry laugh, and the blood flamed up into her face. "I never heard of anything so insulting!" she cried, as if the rule had been invented to humiliate her.

There was a noise of motors backing and advancing in the court, and she heard the first voices on the stairs. She turned to give herself a last look in the glass, saw the blaze of her rubies, the glitter of her hair, and remembered the brilliant names upon her list.

But under all the dazzle a tiny black cloud remained. There was something she could never get, something that neither beauty nor influence nor millions could ever buy for her. She could never be an Ambassador's wife; and as she advanced to welcome her first guests she said to herself that it was the one part she was really made for.

THE END.

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HIS PROFESSIONAL HONOR

By Linn Murdoch Huntington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MISS PARMALEE was forty—unfortunately or fortunately, as you choose to look at it, for she never bothered her head about it herself—but she was neither fat nor yet very fair. She was of a comfortable plumpness, and, in the eyes of her favorite nephew, "the corkingest aunt going." Having made up her mind to "taste the romance of the Spanish Main," she had promptly decided to visit the nephew, and, after long study of the map of Central America in her atlas, had actually located his present abiding-place and set out.

After a lifetime of New York—she was a born New Yorker, though science tells us it is an extinct species—and a more or less thorough knowledge of the well-travelled routes, the tubby little *San Miguel* was a shock, and the distinct flavor of garlic in the romance she had so far collected was a further one. But the spirit of romance dies hard, even in the young, and when one is forty and romantic it is unconquerable.

The first little port the wallowing old fruit-steamer reached revived her, and the gaudily painted houses, the brown-skinned boatmen, and the overplump native beauties who travelled from port to port were almost equal to what she had imagined. But her greatest interest was for the occasional Americans who boarded and left the ship as she trundled her leisurely way down the coast. Lean, brown-faced men they were, for the most part, clad in khaki or white drill, living in unpronounceable places and doing most interesting things.

The little Irish ship's doctor, who for once found his duties as entertainer of the feminine passengers a pleasure instead of a bore, carefully sorted the goats from the sheep and presented the small remainder to her at every port. That these strangely old young men thought themselves and their lives dull and uninteresting was an added delight to her, and she told them so—so that they blushed and then told her their inmost longings. She was that sort.

It did not seem strange to her that a tall, quiet-eyed young engineer (the doctor told her confidentially that he was known on the coast as "Mule" Sutton, because a certain foreman had likened the weight of his fist to that useful animal's foot) had always wanted to be an author, and entertained weird theories of the supernatural along with a childlike belief in the efficacy of prayer.

Nor did it startle her when the doctor said that a pink-faced little Irishman, who had talked entertainingly and regretfully about the restaurants of New York and Paris, had once held an abandoned house alone against a hundred blood-crazed revolutionists—and had later calmly sold out his (previously) respected chief for four thousand dollars.

It was in Puerto Barrios that she saw Seabright. She liked him, she thought—he was tall and brown and straight, as a man ought to be. He had good shoulders, and his khaki breeches were well cut. His blue eyes were steady and clear, the mouth under the close-cut fair mustache was firm, and the line of his jaw was most uncommonly square.

He shook hands laughingly with the doctor, and returned to the friends who were seeing him off. Miss Parmalee liked their talk—it was what she had thought men said in these Spanish places.

"Who is *he?*" she asked the doctor when her guide and counsellor settled down beside her. "That tall young man in khaki?"

"That? That's Jack Seabright, and a good sort, too. I'll bring him up presently, when he's shifted. He's going to Santa Marta, too, where your nephew is, and you'll like him."

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Drawn by C. D. Williams.

She speaks French and Spanish and Portuguese, and knows as much engineering as I do.—Page 651.

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"What does he do?" she asked.

"Oh, he's an engineer—builds things. He has built something in every town on the coast, from harbor works to a reputation for draw-poker and bridge. Every one likes him, except some of the contractors. He's a man's man, though—keen as can be on his work, square and straight—we call him Honest John when we want to stir him up—plays the best bridge of any American I know, holds his liquor like a man, speaks good Spanish, and has a temper like chain-lightning. The consul at Port Limon says he comes of good blood, and I know he's a gentleman. You should start him talking on professional ethics; he says we medicos only practise the rudiments of it." The doctor inhaled his perpetual cigarette. "Here he comes."

Miss Parmalee did like Seabright, and he liked her. He amused her and talked to her all the way down the coast, and when they finally reached Santa Marta, it was he who showed her the old churches and the Murillo in the cathedral, and told her quaint legends of the thick-walled houses.

She apologized half-heartedly for taking up his time, but he would have none of it. He had plenty of time, he said, and since he was by way of being one of the bosses now, he liked to *feel* the leisure. He was very proud in a shy way of his profession, and of the fact that he was second in charge here, and, true to the doctor's prediction, he talked at length on the ethics of engineering. He liked Bob Russell, the nephew, too, and predicted big things for him in the profession.

So it was that when Miss Parmalee returned to her flesh-pots, after steeping herself in the Atmosphere of Santa Marta—Atmosphere with a big A—she thought often of the big, clean-limbed engineer. If she sighed at times for her own long-ago girlhood, and almost envied some girl, who was sure to come—for Miss Parmalee, as I have said, was romantic—she only laughed at herself and made up her mind to send him a post-card, which she never did.

The spring and summer passed away—they always do—and Miss Parmalee, between the distractions of the seashore and a new book by her dearest enemy, forgot Santa Marta entirely for a time.

Then one day in early winter came the nephew. A well-built young chap he was, too, and enough to gladden the heart of the most critical aunt, which Miss Parmalee was not.

"Tell me all about it," she demanded, after the greetings and kisses and nephew-like hugs were over, "tell me about the cathedral, and the Mercedes Church, and the band. And that nice Mr. Seabright, and the job, too. Tell me all you know!"

"That's an easy one, that last!" grinned the youth. "The cathedral and the Mercedes Church are there yet, you know, though the irreverent beggars call the *Mercedes* the *Viuda Alegre* now, since the Franciscans spruced it up. Seabright is the chief now, and he's married, and——"

"Married? And who did he marry? Why? And what became of that Mr. Carson who came the day I left? Wasn't he the chief?" asked Miss Parmalee in a breath.

"Come now, Aunt Nan—one at a time. The old man died—heart failure. And Jack married his daughter. And he married her because he wanted to, I guess, and she didn't seem to mind. It's a long story, and Jack will never tell it, and I can't—not right. I can't tell any one but you, anyway, and you mustn't tell any one else.

"To begin with, that job down there was one in a thousand. They had had the annual revolution just before we went down, and the usual new government, with the usual high ideals, came into power. Only, in this case the new president seems to mean it, for the present, anyway, and he started in on the reservoir and the water system.

"Then everybody—engineers, I mean—was surprised when Mr. Carson took the job. He was one of the big bugs, you see, with a reputation as long and broad as South America. Why, he's the man who built the jetty at Puerto López, and the harbor works at Esmeralda, and—oh, lots of other things. I worked on that Esmeralda job, you know, when I first went down, and you never saw such plans! Just like pictures, and as clear as a good transit. Even the little things on his work were like that. So we were all

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thunderstruck when the *Engineering News* said he was going to Santa Marta—and tickled we were, too, for it's a big thing to have worked under him.

"Well, he hired Jack—Seabright, you know—through Colonel Grady, who knew Jack in Cuba and tried to do him and couldn't. And the office had hired the rest of us.

"The size of it was that the old gentleman had made up his mind to retire and go to New York with Bab—his daughter, you know. Then the Empire Trust Company failure came along, and his money went smash.

"Yes, he had a daughter, but I guess you didn't see her. You remember the old gentleman, don't you? Tall and handsome, snow-white hair and mustache, and pink skin, just like an old French marquis. Well, Bab was just like him, only a girl. She speaks French and Spanish and Portuguese, and knows as much engineering as I do. And she does wear the stunningest clothes!

"Well, after they came, Jack saw a lot of her, and he was mighty hard hit. The chief had an office at the house, too, you see, and Jack used to go out in the evening to talk things over. They lived in that house on the *Carretera* right next the Legation. Bab always brought in the whiskey and soda, and Jack says it used to take his breath away every time, she was so pretty. And she and Jack used to have long talks about his favorite hobby, professional ethics. If you think Jack was rabid about it, you ought to have heard Bab. She was *so* proud of her father's reputation for squareness that she fairly puffed about it. He *had* a fine rep, you know, not only for doing splendid work professionally, but for being absolutely fair, and so honest he almost leaned over backward.

"Jack was in direct charge of the job, you see, and after construction started he made me cost engineer. That's how I come to know it all.

"You see, our company had a contract with the government to do the job, and then run the system for twenty years, and the government engineers drew up the *Pliego*. That *Pliego* was awfully queer—the specifications, you know—a set of conditions telling how the company had to do the work, and the sort of steel and cement we could use, and so on. Well, it said that the government would furnish all the steel and cement at a specified price, and then they made a contract with a man called Peña to furnish it for them. So we had to test the stuff and then pay Peña.

"He was a funny little beggar, Peña. He was very brown, and very long, and very thin, and very friendly. My! how he loved the Americans—when we were around. His father or uncle or something had been president once, or, rather, several times off and on, and finally died in exile. So Luis—that was his other name—studied engineering somewhere and came back. He didn't know a great deal, but he made a big bluff, and all the other *Martaños* thought he was the real thing.

"He used to be at the office a lot, though Jack didn't like him a bit and neither did I. It was funny how much he used to see the chief, too, for he was such a splendid old Roman, and this Peña chap was *such* a rotter.

"Then the steel and cement began to come in, and my troubles began. I had to look after the testing, too, as well as keep the costs, and those two infernal freshmen who did the laboratory work had about as much sense of responsibility as Jack's terrier pup.

"About the second shipment, things began to go queer. We were supposed to use high-carbon steel, to begin with, and, of course, that was what Peña was supposed to give us. The first shipment tested up fine—seventy thousand pounds or better right along. Then one day Raye, who was running the machine, called me in.

"'Look here, Mr. Russell,' he said. 'There's something wrong with the machine, and I can't tell for the life of me what. This is the same steel we have been getting, and it's seventy-thousand-pound stuff, but this bloomin' old rattletrap only shows about fifty thousand.'

"I laughed at him, of course, and told him he'd got the scale bar unbalanced. But I tried it, and turned the machine inside out, so to speak, and she answered every test as sweet as you please. I couldn't understand it, for I *knew* the machine must be unbalanced. Then I

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picked up the last test bar Raye had broken, and if that was high-carbon steel I never saw any before. There's a sort of a look about the fracture of a high-carbon bar that this didn't have. Well, I broke every other piece myself, and they were all alike. *That whole shipment was hardly medium steel.*

"I was certainly knocked all in a heap, but I told Raye to keep his mouth shut and I'd look into it. It never rains but it pours, you know, and when I went into the cement shed it began to pour. There were about fifty barrels unheaded, and there were no two barrels the same color. It looked funny, for that Atlas cement is famous for its uniformity in color as well as for its uniform strength. So I began to look over the cards. There was never such a range before! At seven days Bennet had gotten all the way from five hundred to six hundred and fifty—not a one over six hundred and fifty, and most of them under six hundred. And that cement ought not to vary over thirty pounds from its average!

"So I reported it, and Jack swore a little and sent for Peña. When that particular '*competente ingeniero*' arrived, all smiles and interest, he got just about the finest dressing down that ever got across. Wow! how Jack did bless him! He was *desolado*, of course, and couldn't *el Señor* use the steel anyway? And the cement? He was sure it was good cement, and weren't the specifications a little severe in demanding an average of six hundred and fifty pounds at seven days? And, really now, wouldn't the cement make quite good concrete? Just until he could look into the matter, of course. Oh, he's a wise guy all right!

"Jack never took his eyes off him—just leaned back in his chair and rubbed his boot with one hand and looked at him. Then he said softly—oh, very softly—that the cement would *not* do, and that it would be held at Señor Peña's risk. What he thought or what Señor Peña thought of the *Pliego* was entirely beside the question. The *Pliego* said *thus* and *so*, and he had no option. And, *of course*, he was sure that Señor Peña must be desolated at the discovery the laboratory had made, and would take steps. Peña winced at that last, too, but Jack was so quiet, Peña never caught on how mad he was. Gee! I wouldn't have given him any lip that day for a year's pay!

"Things went on for a couple of weeks—the chief was up in the hills on an investigation for the government—and then another shipment came in. We tested it right up, and it was just like the last! We were running short, too, for, of course, we didn't use that second shipment, and we couldn't afford to waste any time.

"When I took the test slips into the office and laid them on Jack's desk, I was some scared, and the look on his face when he read them was enough for your Uncle Dudley! Talk about steel traps! His mouth looked like the plate-shearing machine at Bethlehem. I just beat it over to my own desk and crawled into my shell.

"Peña came a-running, and looked a little as if he wanted a cyclone cellar. But he went in. Jack was very quiet this time, too, but his voice had an edge to it that made even me squirm. He told Peña just what kind of an animal he was—and it wasn't a nice kind—and just what he thought of him. And he gave him twelve hours to take both those shipments out of the sheds and to cable for more on the *Benson*, which would get in just in time to save us if she wasn't delayed.

"He made quite a little speech, and Peña sat there, and at first he looked scared, and then he looked mad. I could see him out of the corner of my eye. There wasn't any one else in the office but just us three, and when I started to go out, Jack looked around and said, 'Sit down!' Maybe you think I didn't sit down!

"Don Luis cleared his throat a time or two and started to make the same sort of speech he made before. He was very much grieved, and he couldn't understand, and, anyway, it was good cement. Just then Jack said—well, what he said was in Spanish, and I won't translate it. Peña got red in the face and for a minute he couldn't talk at all—just waved his hands and made motions with his face. Then he got started.

"'*Canalla! Puercos!* You cursed *Americanos* are all alike! You make

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Drawn by C. D. Williams.

Bab always brought in the whiskey and soda, and Jack says it used to take his breath away, she was so pretty.—Page 651.

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fine *Pliegos* to show how well you work, and then you tell me you don't really need that good cement, and you will take the other! And I—I, because I am *caballero*, and have made you the offer of a *caballero*, I believe you and conform me to one half! It looks so *respetable*, that white *bigote*, that I deceive myself! Honor! You haven't even *vergüenza*, you *Americanos!* You think to rob me, boy? Go see your *jefe*—ask *him* about the cement! And then pay me my money! *Mira! Mira!*' and he waved a bit of paper in the air and slammed it down on the desk.

"All this time Jack had been sitting like he was frozen, but just then he thawed out! He's pretty tall, you know, and he's so much wider than Peña! Well, he took him by the scruff of the neck and led him to the door. Peña had shut up like a clock that's run down, and he looked pretty sick. Jack opened the door and then at the head of the stairs he turned loose just once! It was the prettiest punt you ever saw! Peña never hit a thing till he got to the landing.

"Jack went back to his desk, and, somehow, he looked about a thousand years old. That little paper—he showed it to me—was the chief's receipt for fifteen hundred dollars, received of Peña! Jack read it again, very carefully, and then tore it into tiny pieces and dropped them on the floor.

"He filled his pipe carefully, but it took four matches to light it, his hand shook so. And when I got up again he said, 'Sit down!' just the same way. Didn't want to be alone, I guess!

"Then he began to talk—not to me, but to himself. It was getting dark, too, and I could just see his face like a white blur—and one white patch on the floor where the moonlight came in.

"He saw it all at once, I guess, and after a while so did I. All the nasty little things Levor, of the bank, had said at the club, and the gossip that newspaper man—the red-faced one—had brought from home—it all fitted in, like pieces in one of those jig-saw puzzles.

"Here was the chief, getting an old man. He'd had a hard sort of life, after all, I guess. His wife had gotten herself talked about in Callao, I heard once, and the chief had left there—only job he ever quit. Then she died the next year, and all he had left was Bab—she was just a tiny thing then. He worked all over, and Bab went with him. He got to be a big man, professionally, but he never saved much. Engineers don't get very big pay, even the big ones, and it costs to live down there. But he did good work, and he was straight—and I can tell you, it's not always easy to be straight, down there in the hot places!

"Finally, he had a little something ahead—enough for him and Bab to live on. I heard he had something to do with that vanadium discovery at Oroya. So he said he was going to retire. I know Bab told me once about a little place they were going to buy, up in Vermont.

"Then the panic came along, and the trust company, where his money was, smashed—and there he was, just where he was to start with, and nothing left but his reputation, and his brains—an old man now, with a daughter he worshipped, and nothing to give her when he went. That was why he came to Santa Marta. The pay was pretty good. So when that snake Peña came along, the poor old chief was easy prey. It meant thirty thousand dollars to him, for we used over a hundred thousand barrels of cement. How it must have hurt his pride, and how he must have squirmed under the idea that it was only his reputation that made it possible! There was some mistake, of course. We were only to have tested some selected barrels of cement and bundles of steel, I suppose.

"But don't you see Jack's fix? He was in love with Bab, you see, and the chief was her father. He was an old man, and his reputation for squareness was the dearest thing in the world to her. There was no use going to him—he couldn't break with Peña if he wanted to. If Jack put the thing up to the company, it would break the chief, and it would about kill Bab. And if he didn't, he was throwing away every principle of professional honor he had, and which Bab preached. Even if he just resigned, that wouldn't alter matters any. The stuff would be in the job just the same, and it would be he who put it there. It looked like his own honor or the chief's, and Jack to lose either way.

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"All the stuff Peña had said came into his head, too. It wasn't *rotten* cement, you know—it just wasn't what the *Pliego* called for. And the same way with the steel. The dam would stand if it *were* used, and there wasn't one chance in a million of any one ever finding out. Only the company wouldn't be getting what they paid for, and were entitled to—and what Jack was there to see that they got. It only meant cutting the safety factor from four to two and a half, say. There wasn't a chance once in a hundred years of a flood like last year's, and if it *did* come, wasn't a factor of two and a half enough? But—the plans and the specifications said it was to be four, and Jack had pledged his honor as an engineer to see that it *was* four. It was his honor or the chief's —one of them had to be smashed. And it didn't mean anything to Jack that if it were *his*, no one need ever know. *He'd* know, and he'd have to lose Bab.

"You mustn't think he said all this in so many words, but he said a lot, and I could fill in. At last he seemed to have made up his mind to something, for he dropped his pipe on the desk, turned on the light, and sat down at the typewriter. I thought he would never get done. He wrote a long time, looking at his notebook from time to time. Finally he signed the last sheet, addressed an envelope, stamped it and sealed it. Then he wrote another letter, a short one this time, signed and sealed that, and got up from the machine. He moved heavily, like an old man, as he walked into the

He waved his hands and made motions with his face. "You cursed *Americanos* are all alike."—Page 652.

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chief's office and laid the short letter on his desk.

"His face looked wet, and his lips were tight shut when he came out, but he spoke almost in his ordinary voice. 'Come on, Russ, let's go home,' was all he said.

"I was just putting on my coat when we heard a horse come down the street on a run. Then some one ran up the stairs and fell against the door. Jack opened it, and it was Manuel, the *peon*, who had been with the chief.

"'*Don Juan*—' he gasped between breaths. The man was pretty near all in. '*Don Juan—ven! El Jefe—está malo! Se—muere! Ven!*'

"Jack picked him up, and I gave him a drink from the flask in my desk, and finally he talked intelligibly. The chief had gotten home half an hour before, he said, and was just going up the steps at the house when Peña's boy came up with a note. The chief opened it and read it. Manuel said he got very white and tore it up into tiny pieces. '*Está bien,*' he told the boy, and then just fell in a heap. Manuel and the boy carried him into the house, and Bab sent for Jack and the doctor.

"We grabbed the first coach we saw —there was a nigger in it, but Jack threw him out—and just about killed the horse. The chief was still alive, and when we went in he opened his eyes. 'Jack,' he said quite plainly. 'For Bab. Too late! Sorry!' and then the doctor said he was dead.

"There isn't much more. He was buried the next day—fancy being buried in Santa Marta! And Bab and Jack were married very quietly at the Legation the next week. They made Jack chief, too, and, oh yes! Peña cabled for cement by the *Benson*. It was just a little deal of his own, you see. The government wasn't in on it at all."

Miss Parmalee's eyes were bright with tears, and she said nothing for a time. Then she asked:

"And what did Mr. Seabright mean to do about the cement before the chief died?"

"Why, don't you see?" asked her nephew, filling his pipe. "The long letter was the report to the company, and the short one was his resignation. What else could he do?"

And Miss Parmalee—for she was romantic—murmured, "I could not love thee, dear, so much——"

THE GHOST

By Hermann Hagedorn

One whom I loved and never can forget
  Returned to me in dream, and spoke with me,
  As audibly, as sweet familiarly
As though warm fingers twined warm fingers yet.
Her eyes were bright and with great wonder wet
  As in old days when some strange, swift decree
  Brought touch-close love or death; and sorrow-free
She spoke as one long purged of all regret.

I heard, oh, glad beyond all speech, I heard,
  Till to my lips the flaming query flashed:
    How is it—over there? Then, quite undone,
She trembled; in her deep eyes like a bird
  The gladness fluttered, and as one abashed
    She shook her head bewildered, and was gone.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

DEEPLY, perhaps too deeply, interested as we have always been in the first impressions of our distinguished visitors, we seldom trouble to ask the effect that his native land makes on the returning American. Yet an eye, at once fresh and intimate, ought to see further than a foreigner's. For my own part, I never come home without receiving the same vivid effect—one which I have never heard commented on—the effect of the acute awareness of American faces. By this sign more than by any other you recognize your countrymen abroad; and when on your return you see them once more in the mass, you realize the extraordinary difference between them and the nations you have just left.

The Returning American

Ours is not the hard, childlike, almost hostile stare of the Latin, nor the complete indifference of the English. The veil is never over our eyes; our ears are never deaf, however meaningless the sounds that beat upon them; nothing is excluded from our attention, which ripples like a pool to every breeze. There is a peace-like solitude in entering an English restaurant, for not a single pair of eyes will be turned on you; and as for an English railway carriage, one almost feels one has lost all corporeal presence as one enters it. But in America we seem to react automatically to each other. Notice, for instance, the expression of pointless amiability with which the average American enters a public conveyance, and if you doubt it is occasioned by his consciousness of his fellow travellers, compare it with the same face in solitude. Nor does the audience awaiting him fail to respond. They are aware of his every gesture; all eyes are directed to the vacant seat which he has not yet perceived; every one follows his debate between giving his last five-cent piece or having a dollar bill changed; no one really relaxes until he has paid his fare and settled back in his place. In any crowd you may see five or six watching faces illuminated by reflex smiles because somewhere in sight two utter strangers are hailing each other.

An old English novel speaks of "that blank expression of eye which is said to belong to the high and the low, but which is a finesse of countenance entirely beyond the intervening classes." As good democrats perhaps we ought to be content with the abilities suited to the "intervening classes," and yet we must admit that this is one of the less agreeable results of our friendly equality. In fact, so wearing is the effect of this mutual action and reaction on those fresh from the crowded solitudes of Europe, that we find ourselves asking this question: Is it a high state of nervous tension that renders us all so aware of each other? or is it rather this eternal self and other-self consciousness that has reduced us to our unstable nervous condition?

AS I jog on in years, by comfortable stages and slow, more and more often the old figure, favorite of poets and of moralists, comes back to me, of life as a journey wherein, whether one will or no, one must keep moving on. This increasing sense of perpetual adventure brings its own delight; on the other hand, more troublesome becomes that deep feeling of possession of things that impede a journey and hamper one in the eternal wayfaring. If I recapture at times something of that joyous mood with which I undertook my first journey to Italy, with an absurd, illogical intimation of likeness in the destination, there comes back too that old realization of the need of minimizing my personal possessions—taking then, I remember, the form of a conviction that, for the brief journey, I must carry nothing that would not go into a huge extension bag. It is good to pack and travel now and then the ways of earth, because one must perforce sort over old possessions, letting the less worthy go; even here one cannot take one's all. If this task proves

The Final Packing—Of Things Material

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puzzling, what of the final sifting and selecting, the spiritual house-cleaning that must come before the ultimate packing?

At the outset I find myself hampered in my setting forth; I have lived so long with this earthly furniture, have grown so fond of it, that I am loath to start for any region whatsoever to which I cannot take it. My father's desk, my mother's great gilt mirror, my grandmother's rush-bottomed rocking-chair—the passing years and the care I give these things but tighten their hold upon me. I sit and watch my treasures, wondering. The Baluchistan rug, with the leopard-skin pattern; the Herati; the hangings with the pomegranate pattern, deep red and deeper blue, secretly darned in many places by my devoted fingers—how shall I let them go? What those do who really have great possessions I can but conjecture, yet I suppose that, as the number increases, the intensity of the grasp lessens; the human hand, after all, cannot hold more than it can hold. These insistent household furnishings—it would not do to sell them, or to give them away; they would but trouble me the more, for nothing looms so large as joy or possession foregone. Here, I sometimes forget them, but were they gone beyond my walls I could not get them out of my mind with longing for them back.

There is the trouble—they get into the wrong place! I leave them in living-room and dining-room; I find them in the secret, inner chambers of immaterial me. My house of wood was built large enough for all that it must shelter; house room I have; my difficulty is in finding mind room for my good and chattels, for they take more space than I would have them. Amphibian as we are between flesh and spirit, as old Sir Thomas Browne used to say, what shall I do when the time draws near when I must choose my element? I cannot go carrying my rugs, like an old Armenian pedler, along that narrowest way, yet my mind is full of these things, and I hope to take that with me. I do not like the way my fingers cling to the little mahogany table; there will be difficulty in making them let go. The thought of the high-boy at the gates of heaven troubles me; tug and tug as I will, I cannot get it through.

There is some excuse for these prepossessions, for many of these articles have, through long association, ceased to be mere bits of furniture and have become embodied emotions, memories, states of mind. That aforesaid desk—it is not its deep rich red-brown of old black walnut that holds me, nor its fine, severe contours; it is the personality that called it into being; its dignity, its silences are my father's own. It gives the same infrequent, grave reproofs; it seems now and then to burst into deep, uncontrollable, shaking laughter, the unquenchable laughter of the Homeric gods. It is no mere object, but a something fashioned for my father's needs, something that became himself!

The old daguerreotypes—it is easy to think of them as half-way between the spirit world and the material, in their elusive charm, face, expression, evading you always in whimsical fashion until just the right light, just the right angle, wins a moment's vision. Slim-waisted, erect, with parted waving hair demurely brushed behind their ears, in charming, old-fashioned, surpliced gowns of flowered muslin that they made themselves, my mother and her sister, smiling out upon the world, before trouble came, before we came—is this a mere material property, may I ask, or is it strange that I should hate to leave it behind? Or this, which is no daguerreotype, but always a moment's fit of mirth—this now triumphant and masterful leader in the suffrage movement, at six years old, in low-necked dress, curls hanging at each side of her pretty head, her bashful finger in her mouth? And that old mirror, which has reflected the few weddings, the many funerals, is to me no mere object; it is a record of faces, illumined faces, grief-stricken it may be, but holding the high expression of fine insight that comes, perhaps, but seldom, and most surely through sorrow. If we are amphibian between flesh and spirit—what, pray, is this, with its unfading reflection of pure soul?

And these books—they seem to be tangible things upon my shelves; I turn the yellowing leaves and see quaint pictures, fragrances of old days come to me. They seem to be tangible things, but they are breathless moments of wonder at new beauty. The Coleridge, the Keats are indeed

> "Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

They are whole enchanted days of mirth, of tragic suffering, for the old leather-bound

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Shakespeare, despite its wickedly small print and its absurd pseudo-classic illustrations, meant the anticipatory sting and thrill of life itself. These books are not things; they are not mere possessions; they are moments of aspiration, of struggle, of victory or defeat: for "a good book is but the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Surely, nothing in the relation of soul to body is a deeper mystery than this marvel of the transmission of the spiritual through mere material devices of paper and printer's ink. Child-fingers touch the leaves, and there flows in upon the young spirit the splendor of those who vanished long ago from sight and sense. Through them the glory and the passion of old prophets, of old poets, is alive and quick in all of us to-day. I have no sense of real loss in leaving these books behind; they are translated and transmuted into inmost me. There is only one I would fain take with me, so thin, so slender in its austere black cover that I could almost, I think, smuggle it over the border line that separates the visible from the invisible, the old *Sartor Resartus*, which I used to learn by heart as if it were poetry. I cannot hear its name to-day without a sudden leaping of the soul, a thrill in the blood.

Of Things Spiritual

GREAT as is the difficulty about the material or so-called material things, greater still is the difficulty in getting ready my purely mental luggage for that last long journey. What have I in the way of intellectual and spiritual furnishing that those celestial customs will permit to pass? How much must be thrown from me shred by shred that I may go in?

This silent, thoughtful, ironic, watching tendency, may that go with me through the divine adventure as it has through the earthly? I could not help it; it was bestowed upon me; one must not throw one's father's gifts away. If it has meant at times, through fear of doing harm, a lack of radiant, immediate, feminine philanthropy; if its hesitations have been, perhaps, incomplete without that beard to stroke, slowly and more slowly, still, if it has been in many ways a poor thing, it yet has been mine own, and I know not how to fare forth without it. I can only trust that with it came something of its old accompaniment, that sad sincerity of honest act that ran steadfastly through all questioning of God and doubt of man.

And that quick humor, that "sense of sudden glory," at keen thrust of wit or revelation of incongruity in things—did he take that with him, and did he get it through the narrow gate? I cannot think of him without it; for him endless existence would be flat and tame were it gone. Surely, lacking this, that silent power of thought deep within himself could not get the full savor of what is to come, for life—and Shakespeare—prove that the deepest significance of any experience may not be without the penetration of humor.

I think of other inheritances—my mother's ready hospitable instinct—may that go with me in my extension soul? Without it, how could I get used to the hosts of saints and of angels—Michael, Gabriel, and Presbyterians all, with whom, my childhood was instructed, heaven is peopled; those neighbors of eternity whose acquaintance I have sometimes dreaded? This instinct has been intermittently my own, but with a difference. With her, by some survival of Scotch-clan feeling, it concerned all relatives however remote, and was connected with thoughts of bed and board; with me, it concerns strangers, the more unknown the better, and is evinced by swift, mute question as to how far they have solved the mystery that baffles us all. Wayfarers whom I meet for an instant on railway-car or avenue, friendly beggars, faces that I see but once and understand—surely Michael, Gabriel, and all Presbyterians cannot be so much stranger than those with whom I have in a minute's flash of sympathy made friends.

And that maternal passion of faith: as I trudge on with staff and scrip, I think that some small part of this—perhaps even Benjamin's share, for I was the youngest—is mine. Yet the heaviest articles of that Scotch creed I can neither lift nor carry. How could I bear them across the heavenly hills, who could not hold them here? I remember with pity how hard a burden for frail old age became that thought of endless punishment and the stern image of a righteous judge, and I try to imagine that sudden sense of lightness and of joy with which they were dropped at the great portal, while the soul passed through without them.

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Going on with my inventory, I find that, after all, there is not much to take. The old longings, ambitions, even some of the conscientious scruples seem to fall away. As one weighs in the hands in packing before the open hand-bag this garment or that, pondering whether it should go in, I sit and weigh many things, inherited and acquired, realizing with relief that they may be left behind. I shall indeed travel light! Dim stirrings of memory in regard to the resources of London and of Paris with respect to a new outfit at the journey's end blend, not blasphemously, but figuratively, in joyous foretaste, with far-off promises in regard to making all things new. The mental accumulation of all these years, information in regard to this or that, conscientiously acquired, as conscientiously shared—the business of a lifetime—how gladly do I throw it all away! They are useless, these facts, and wholly of earth; in all this pile there are no charts and maps of celestial geography that may help me now. Not with one's old notebooks does one enter a new country, but with wide-opened eyes. I want no cold mental stores with which to go on; I cannot be hampered with mere dates and summaries and ideas. It is with a fresh mind that I must start, a fresh sense of adventure, as of a schoolboy who has thrown his books away. Even the philosophers I shall leave behind—to Schopenhauer of the muddy mind I long since said good-by. How gladly, at the outer confines of Space and of Time, shall I say farewell even to Kant, for I am tired of trying to think, and thinking space and time is wearisome! The poets I shall carry a bit farther: Shakespeare, Shelley, Browning sing songs at heaven's gate. I seem to divine that, of all one's mental furnishings, the reasoned formulæ, like the facts, shall not linger. Only the spiritual impulse, the quickening mood, the leaping flame of mind and of spirit shall persist.

Pondering on that last journey, the old figure of the wayfarer becomes the figure of the runner; one can take but the swiftness in one's feet, the soul's deep courage, the energy within as one speeds toward that goal. Not even that most cherished property, one's high-piled deeds of good, and charities, if such there be, may go; only the impulse that led to them, the pity, the sympathy with man and beast. I begin to discern a more profound significance than I had dreamed in the rules of that far Inn, so different from those of the inns of earth, in refusing to admit any luggage at all, instead of refusing those who come without. The old warning that having all we lose all; the simple statement that, as we brought nothing into this world, we can take nothing away, become the clew to some dim knowledge of the immortal in us—the inner vitality of mind and of soul, the quickening intellectual aspiration, the quickening sympathy. That which went out from one, not that which one tried to save; that energy of creative love that gives, not asks—this is the purely spiritual part of one, and one's only real possession. This is the secret of our going stripped and empty-handed through heaven's gate.

So I sit and review my belongings, material, mental, spiritual, aware afresh, in this eternal paradox of things, that I may keep only that which I did not try to keep; that the secret of holding, in death as in life, is in letting go.

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THE FIELD OF ART

JOHN TRUMBULL

IT is the opinion of not a few whose estimate carries weight that the name of John Trumbull stands first in the order of merit among American painters following the War of Independence, and that in a so-called "Hall of Fame" Trumbull's name should have been given the precedence over all others in estimating the relative rank of the artists of that period. The portraits of Gilbert Stuart are more widely scattered and consequently his merits as a painter are more generally recognized, while Trumbull's best work can only be seen at New Haven, in the collection bearing his name in Yale University; when these works are studied the inclination is to give to Trumbull the higher rank as an artist. Stuart could paint a better life-size portrait, though he fell into a pronounced mannerism, especially as shown in his Washington portraits, including the unfinished head in the Boston art museum; but Trumbull, taken at his best, in his "Declaration of Independence," "Battle of Bunker's Hill," "Death of Montgomery at Quebec," and in his remarkable collection of oil miniatures of distinguished persons of the period, with an occasional life-size portrait—as the "Alexander Hamilton" in the city hall, New York—shows a much broader range of capacity than Stuart; indeed, it may be said that his historical pictures, as such, have not since been equalled in American art.

Comparisons are not important, however, except as they may have been called forth by estimates claiming to be authoritative, which seem to challenge other opinions as to relative merit. In Trumbull's art, especially in the historical works above mentioned, there is very marked distinction, recognized also in his portraits, whether grouped in historical compositions or as single heads. He was himself thoroughbred and quick to discern the mark of distinction in his sitters, indicating a type that is often remarked upon as having become modified in succeeding generations. Whether this be so or not, it frequently is a subject of comment in connection with portraits of that older generation of Americans.

Trumbull's mother was the great-granddaughter of John Robinson, who led the Pilgrim Fathers out of England. His father, Jonathan Trumbull, Senior, was the colonial governor of Connecticut when the War of Independence began, and he continued in office throughout the Revolution. He is reckoned the most distinguished governor of the time, upon whom Washington relied in an emergency. The son was reared in an atmosphere of patriotism, being daily in contact with those who were fired by that spirit. It is not strange, therefore, with the development of his powers as an artist, that this influence remained dominant in the production of his historical works. With the first rumblings of the approaching conflict he joined the assembling army in the vicinity of Boston, and later was for a time aide-de-camp to General Washington. This brought him in intimate association with federal officers, both civic and military, many of whose portraits he painted at the conclusion of the war. Though his military service was brief and unimportant, nevertheless it had its influence in his treatment of military subjects, tending to equip him with the requisite knowledge for this, apart from his training as an artist.

First among his works in the order of historic interest, and in some respects as to artistic merit, is his "Declaration of Independence." In 1848 the sculptor Horatio Greenough wrote of this picture: "Trumbull has earned the respect of all who have watched the development of American art, and the admiration of those who have tried their hand at wielding a weighty and difficult subject. I admire in this composition the skill with which he has collected so many portraits in formal session, without theatrical effort in order to enliven it, and without falling into bald insipidity by adhering to trivial fact. These men are earnest, yet full of dignity; they are firm yet cheerful; they are gentlemen; and you see at a glance that they meant something very serious in pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour." This well suggests the spirit in which the dominant motive is conceived in Trumbull's treatment of this subject. He himself wrote: "In order to give some variety to the composition I found it necessary

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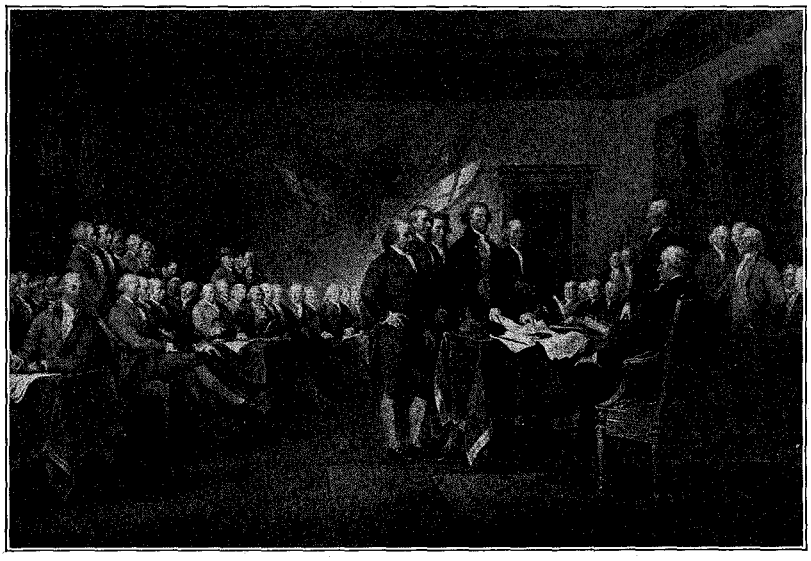
to depart from the usual practice of reporting an act, and made the whole committee of five advance to the table of the president to make their report, instead of having the chairman rise in his place for the purpose; the silence and solemnity of the scene offered such real difficulties to a pictorial composition as to justify this departure from custom and fact." Excellent judgment is thus shown in arranging the details of the composition in subordination to its impressive moral theme; this is seen also in the characteristic grouping, and in the animated expression of the individual heads, treated not merely as likenesses but as actually under the dominant interest of the occasion; yet the whole assembly is expressive of a certain feeling of dignified reserve which comports with the gravity of the scene. To appreciate these merits the small original canvas at Yale must be studied; the enlargement of the composition to figures of life-size in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington was made thirty years later, when the artist's technical powers were on the decline. Trumbull carried this original canvas with him as he drove through the States in search of those of the signers who were then living, for the picture was painted in 1791, fifteen years subsequent to the act represented. How far he painted these heads directly upon the canvas is conjectural, for the technical execution, with few exceptions, bears no trace of their having been painted in different lights, or at different times. Adams was painted in London, and Jefferson in Paris. The latter advised Trumbull not to introduce persons of whom it was impossible to obtain likenesses, "lest doubt should be inspired in the mind of posterity as to the truth of those claiming to be authentic."

Trumbull's treatment of this momentous event was the result of prolonged and careful study, and the picture shows that his conception was well on the plane of the moral act represented. This is what gives him high rank as a historical painter, for a distinction may be drawn between works so conceived and those which are historical only in name.



The Declaration of Independence, by John Trumbull.
From the line-engraving by Asher B. Durand.

The "Battle of Bunker's Hill" is in some respects Trumbull's masterpiece, and is properly so characterized. Its technical merits are surprising, considering it was the first of his important works. He had made careful sketches of the locality in preparation for this, but the picture was painted in the studio of Benjamin West, in London, with whom he was then studying. It is crisp and racy in execution, finely composed and spirited in action; it was once thought that Trumbull was an eye-witness of the battle, but he saw only the smoke of

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the action from Roxbury, four miles away, where he had joined the army then forming under General Washington as commander-in-chief.

All intelligent battle-pieces possessing interest as works of art are necessarily confined to the portrayal of some single incident which is characteristic of a general action that is constantly changing as to time and locality; an eye-witness can see only what is immediately in view at a chosen moment for pictorial representation. In selecting for the dominant interest of the battle the death of General Warren, Trumbull showed good judgment, for this centralizes the composition, to which everything else is subordinated. The expression of the persons comprising this central group is remarkable, and the technical execution masterly. In a letter written by Goethe to Schiller, from Stuttgart, dated the 30th of August, 1797, he writes: "I found Professor Müller [the engraver] busy with the death of a general, and that an American, a young man who fell at Bunker's Hill. The picture is by an American, Trumbull, and has merits of the artist and faults of the amateur. The merits are characteristic and admirably handled portrait faces. It is composed relatively to the subject right well, and for a picture in which there must be so many red uniforms, is very judiciously colored; yet at first it makes a glaring impression, until one gets reconciled to it on account of its merits." This is of interest as coming from the great German poet, who evidently was impressed with the picture.

That Trumbull should have produced this important work at the beginning of his career is only another form of evidence, often remarked, that genius is born with its powers already matured. This picture antedates the movement of romanticism in French art by more than two decades; for the "Battle of Bunker's Hill" was painted in 1785; Gros's "Pest at Jaffa" in 1806; Géricault's "Medusa" in 1816; and Delacroix's "Barque of Dante" in 1822. Trumbull visited David in his studio in the old Louvre in 1786; he was then the acknowledged leader of classicism, which dominated the art of the time. The originality and independence of Trumbull's art is the more remarkable therefore when these facts are taken into consideration.

The Battle of Bunker Hill, by John Trumbull.
From the engraving by Müller of Stuttgart.

Trumbull had met Thomas Jefferson in London in 1785, and stayed with him in Paris; he writes of him in his autobiography: "He had a taste for the fine arts and highly approved my intention of preparing myself for the accomplishment of a national work. He encouraged me to persevere in this, and kindly invited me to Paris to see and study the great works of art

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there and to make his house my home during my stay." Trumbull took with him his two paintings, the "Battle of Bunker's Hull" and "Death of Montgomery," and these "met Jefferson's warm approbation." It was during this visit that he began his "Declaration of Independence," "with the assistance of Jefferson's information and advice." He was well received by the principal artists in Paris, by David, Houdon, and Le Brun. David became his "warm and efficient friend." Of Le Brun's works he writes: "The coloring is all that is bad, and, after seeing the works of Rubens, quite insufferable. While they have great merit as compositions, and are great in point of drawing, as colored pictures they are as bad as possible"—which indicates his critical independence at that early date. He writes: "In November I returned to London, my brain half-turned by the attention which had been paid my paintings in Paris, and by the multitude of fine things I had seen." He adds: "Mr. Adams, in the summer of 1787, having taken leave of the Court of St. James, and combed the powder out of his hair, I took that opportunity to paint his portrait in the 'Declaration of Independence.'"

To no other artist, and to no one historian, does the nation owe so great a debt of gratitude as to Trumbull for preserving such a record of these important events. His pictures are much more than a pictorial record, however; they are the presentation of those events in a form that has stamped the impression indelibly in the minds of the people through succeeding generations, including the countless numbers who know the events of history in no other way than through such memorials of art. Of his sense of responsibility in this important undertaking he writes: "To preserve and diffuse (through the engravings from these pictures) the memory of the noblest actions; to impart to future generations the glorious lessons of human rights, and of the spirit with which these should be asserted and supported; and to transmit to posterity the personal resemblance of those who have been great actors in those illustrious scenes, are objects that give dignity to my profession. No other artist now living possesses this advantage, and no one can come after me to divide the honor of truth and authenticity, however easily I may hereafter be exceeded in elegance."

In a letter to the Marquis de Lafayette, dated November 21, 1791, Washington wrote, in furthering the publication of engravings from Trumbull's works:

"Mr. John Trumbull, with whom you are acquainted, is engaged in painting a series of pictures of the most important events of the Revolution in this country, from which he proposes to have plates engraved. I have taken peculiar satisfaction in giving every proper aid in my power to a subscription here supporting his work, which likewise has been patronized by the principal people in this country. In the hope of meeting the patronage of the French nation, to whose honour as well as that of America this plan is directed, Mr. Trumbull informs me that he has ordered a subscription to be opened in Paris; and the object of this letter is to engage you to support the subscription in that city, and in other parts of the nation, where it may be offered. . . . His pieces, so far as they are executed, meet the applause of all who have seen them; the greatness of the design, and the masterly execution of the work, equally interest the man of capacious mind, as the approving eye of the connoisseur. He has spared no pains in obtaining from the life the likenesses of those characters, French as well as American, who bore a conspicuous part in our Revolution; and the success with which his efforts have been crowned will form no small part of the value of his pieces. To you, my dear sir, who know Mr. Trumbull as a man and as an artist, it would perhaps have been hardly necessary to say so much as I have done on this occasion; but I could not in justice say less of him, when I believe that in his profession he will do much honour to the liberal art of painting, as well as to this his native country. . . .

(Signed) GEO. WASHINGTON."

While Trumbull's earlier historical paintings are few in number their merit is great—great enough to have made his name illustrious in the annals of American art. When the first great impulse that vitalized his art had spent itself, his powers gradually declined. Nevertheless the proper estimate of merit to be formed of the work of any artist should be with reference to the high-water mark of attainment.

JOHN F. WEIR.

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Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

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